

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1904

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD HAND

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

"ABOVE all," the letter ended, "don't leave Siena without seeing Doctor Lombard's Leonardo. Lombard is a queer old Englishman, a mystic or a madman (if the two are not synonymous), and a devout student of the Italian Renaissance. He has lived for years in Italy, exploring its remotest corners, and has lately picked up an undoubted Leonardo, which came to light in a farmhouse near Bergamo. It is believed to be one of the missing pictures mentioned by Vasari, and is at any rate, according to the most competent authorities, a genuine and almost untouched example of the best period.

"Lombard is a queer stick, and jealous of showing his treasures; but we struck up a friendship when I was working on the Sodomas in Siena three years ago, and if you will give him the enclosed line you may get a peep at the Leonardo. Probably not more than a peep, though, for I hear he refuses to have it reproduced. I want badly to use it in my monograph on the Windsor drawings, so please see what you can do for me, and if you can't persuade him to let you take a photograph or make a sketch, at least jot down a detailed description of the picture and get from him all the facts you can. I hear that the French and Italian governments have offered him a large advance on his purchase, but that he refuses to sell at any price, though he certainly can't afford such luxuries; in fact, I don't see where he got enough money to buy the picture. He lives in the Via Papa Giulio."

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Wyant sat at the table d'hôte of his hotel, re-reading his friend's letter over a late luncheon. He had been five days in Siena without having found time to call on Doctor Lombard; not from any indifference to the opportunity presented, but because it was his first visit to the strange red city and he was still under the spell of its more conspicuous wonders — the brick palaces flinging out their wrought-iron torch-holders with a gesture of arrogant suzerainty; the great council-chamber emblazoned with civic allegories; the pageant of Pope Julius on the Library walls; the Sodomas smiling balefully through the dusk of mouldering chapels — and it was only when his first hunger was appeased that he remembered that one course in the banquet was still untasted.

He put the letter in his pocket and turned to leave the room, with a nod to its only other occupant, an olive-skinned young man with lustrous eyes and a low collar, who sat on the other side of the table, perusing the *Fanfulla di Domenica*. This gentleman, his daily vis-à-vis, returned the nod with a Latin eloquence of gesture, and Wyant passed on to the ante-chamber, where he paused to light a cigarette. He was just restoring the case to his pocket when he heard a hurried step behind him, and the lustrous-eyed young man advanced through the glass doors of the dining-room.

"Pardon me, sir," he said in measured English, and with an intonation of exquisite politeness; "you have let this letter fall."

Wyant, recognizing his friend's note of introduction to Doctor Lombard, took it with a word of thanks, and was about to turn away when he perceived that the eyes of his fellow diner remained fixed on him with a gaze of melancholy interrogation.

"Again pardon me," the young man at length ventured, "but are you by chance the friend of the illustrious Doctor Lombard?"

"No," returned Wyant, with the instinctive Anglo-Saxon distrust of foreign advances. Then, fearing to appear rude, he said with a guarded politeness: "Perhaps, by the way, you can tell me the number of his house. I see it is not given here."

The young man brightened perceptibly. "The number of the house is thirteen; but any one can indicate it to you — it is well known in Siena. It is called," he continued after a moment, "the House of the Dead Hand."

Wyant stared. "What a queer name!" he said.

"The name comes from an antique hand of marble which for many hundred years has been above the door."

Wyant was turning away with a gesture of thanks, when the other added: "If you would have the kindness to ring twice."

"To ring twice?"

"At the doctor's." The young man smiled. "It is the custom."

It was a dazzling March afternoon, with a shower of sun from the mid-blue, and a marshalling of slaty clouds behind the umber-colored hills. For nearly an hour Wyant loitered on the Lizza, watching the shadows race across the naked landscape and the thunder blacken in the west; then he decided to set out for the House of the Dead Hand. The map in his guidebook showed him that the Via Papa Giulio was one of the streets which radiate from the Piazza, and thither he bent his course, pausing at every other step to fill his eye with some fresh image of weather-beaten beauty. The clouds

had rolled upward, obscuring the sunshine and hanging like a funereal baldachin above the projecting cornices of Doctor Lombard's street, and Wyant walked for some distance in the shade of the beettling palace fronts before his eye fell on a doorway surmounted by a sallow marble hand. He stood for a moment staring up at the strange emblem. The hand was a woman's — a dead drooping hand, which hung there convulsed and helpless, as though it had been thrust forth in denunciation of some evil mystery within the house, and had sunk struggling into death.

A girl who was drawing water from the well in the court said that the English doctor lived on the first floor, and Wyant, passing through a glazed door, mounted the damp degrees of a vaulted stairway with a plaster Æsculapius mouldering in a niche on the landing. Facing the Æsculapius was another door, and as Wyant put his hand on the bell-rope he remembered his unknown friend's injunction, and rang twice.

His ring was answered by a peasant woman with a low forehead and small close-set eyes, who, after a prolonged scrutiny of himself, his card, and his letter of introduction, left him standing in a high, cold ante-chamber floored with brick. He heard her wooden pattens click down an interminable corridor, and after some delay she returned and told him to follow her.

They passed through a long saloon, bare as the ante-chamber, but loftily vaulted, and frescoed with a seventeenth-century Triumph of Scipio or Alexander — martial figures following Wyant with the filmed melancholy gaze of shades in limbo. At the end of this apartment he was admitted to a smaller room, with the same atmosphere of mortal cold, but showing more obvious signs of occupancy. The walls were covered with tapestry which had faded to the gray-brown tints of decaying vegetation, so that the young man felt as though he were entering a sunless autumn wood. Against these

hangings stood a few tall cabinets on heavy gilt feet, and at a table in the window three persons were seated: an elderly lady who was warming her hands over a brazier, a girl bent above a strip of needle-work, and an old man.

As the latter advanced toward Wyant, the young man was conscious of staring with unseemly intentness at his small round-backed figure, dressed with shabby disorder and surmounted by a wonderful head, lean, vulpine, eagle-beaked as that of some art-loving despot of the Renaissance: a head combining the venerable hair and large prominent eyes of the humanist with the greedy profile of the adventurer. Wyant, in musing on the Italian portrait-medals of the fifteenth century, had often fancied that only in that period of fierce individualism could types so paradoxical have been produced; yet the subtle craftsmen who committed them to the bronze had never drawn a face more strangely stamped with contradictory passions than that of Doctor Lombard.

"I am glad to see you," he said to Wyant, extending a hand which seemed a mere framework held together by knotted veins. "We lead a quiet life here and receive few visitors, but any friend of Professor Clyde's is welcome." Then, with a gesture which included the two women, he added dryly: "My wife and daughter often talk of Professor Clyde."

"Oh yes — he used to make me such nice toast; they don't understand toast in Italy," said Mrs. Lombard in a high plaintive voice.

It would have been difficult, from Doctor Lombard's manner and appearance, to guess his nationality; but his wife was so inconsciently and ineradicably English that even the silhouette of her cap seemed a protest against Continental laxities. She was a stout fair woman, with pale cheeks netted with red lines. A brooch with a miniature portrait sustained a bogwood watch-chain upon her bosom, and at her elbow lay a heap of knitting and an old copy of *The Queen*.

The young girl, who had remained standing, was a slim replica of her mother, with an apple-cheeked face and opaque blue eyes. Her small head was prodigally laden with braids of dull fair hair, and she might have had a kind of transient prettiness but for the sullen droop of her round mouth. It was hard to say whether her expression implied ill-temper or apathy; but Wyant was struck by the contrast between the fierce vitality of the doctor's age and the inanimateness of his daughter's youth.

Seating himself in the chair which his host advanced, the young man tried to open the conversation by addressing to Mrs. Lombard some random remark on the beauties of Siena. The lady murmured a resigned assent, and Doctor Lombard interposed with a smile: "My dear sir, my wife considers Siena a most salubrious spot, and is favorably impressed by the cheapness of the marketing; but she deplores the total absence of muffins and cannel coal, and cannot resign herself to the Italian method of dusting furniture."

"But they don't, you know — they don't dust it!" Mrs. Lombard protested, without showing any resentment of her husband's manner.

"Precisely — they don't dust it. Since we have lived in Siena we have not once seen the cobwebs removed from the battlements of the Mangia. Can you conceive of such housekeeping? My wife has never yet dared to write it home to her aunts at Bonchurch."

Mrs. Lombard accepted in silence this remarkable statement of her views, and her husband, with a malicious smile at Wyant's embarrassment, planted himself suddenly before the young man.

"And now," said he, "do you want to see my Leonardo?"

"Do I?" cried Wyant, on his feet in a flash.

The doctor chuckled. "Ah," he said, with a kind of crooning deliberation, "that's the way they all behave — that's what they all come for." He turned to

his daughter with another variation of mockery in his smile. "Don't fancy it's for your *beaux yeux*, my dear; or for the mature charms of Mrs. Lombard," he added, glaring suddenly at his wife, who had taken up her knitting and was softly murmuring over the number of her stitches.

Neither lady appeared to notice his pleasantries, and he continued, addressing himself to Wyant: "They all come — they all come; but many are called and few are chosen." His voice sank to solemnity. "While I live," he said, "no unworthy eye shall desecrate that picture. But I will not do my friend Clyde the injustice to suppose that he would send an unworthy representative. He tells me he wishes a description of the picture for his book; and you shall describe it to him — if you can."

Wyant hesitated, not knowing whether it was a propitious moment to put in his appeal for a photograph.

"Well, sir," he said, "you know Clyde wants me to take away all I can of it."

Doctor Lombard eyed him sardonically. "You're welcome to take away all you can carry," he replied; adding, as he turned to his daughter: "That is, if he has your permission, Sybilla."

The girl rose without a word, and laying aside her work, took a key from a secret drawer in one of the cabinets, while the doctor continued in the same note of grim jocularity: "For you must know that the picture is not mine — it is my daughter's."

He followed with evident amusement the surprised glance which Wyant turned on the young girl's impassive figure.

"Sybilla," he pursued, "is a votary of the arts; she has inherited her fond father's passion for the unattainable. Luckily, however, she also recently inherited a tidy legacy from her grandmother; and having seen the Leonardo, on which its discoverer had placed a price far beyond my reach, she took a step which deserves to go down to history: she invested her whole inheritance in the

purchase of the picture, thus enabling me to spend my closing years in communion with one of the world's masterpieces. My dear sir, could Antigone do more?"

The object of this strange eulogy had meanwhile drawn aside one of the tapestry hangings, and fitted her key into a concealed door.

"Come," said Doctor Lombard, "let us go before the light fails us."

Wyant glanced at Mrs. Lombard, who continued to knit impassively.

"No, no," said his host, "my wife will not come with us. You might not suspect it from her conversation, but my wife has no feeling for art — Italian art, that is; for no one is fonder of our early Victorian school."

"Frith's *Railway Station*, you know," said Mrs. Lombard, smiling. "I like an animated picture."

Miss Lombard, who had unlocked the door, held back the tapestry to let her father and Wyant pass out; then she followed them down a narrow stone passage with another door at its end. This door was iron-barred, and Wyant noticed that it had a complicated patent lock. The girl fitted another key into the lock, and Doctor Lombard led the way into a small room. The dark panelling of this apartment was irradiated by streams of yellow light slanting through the disbanded thunder clouds, and in the central brightness hung a picture concealed by a curtain of faded velvet.

"A little too bright, Sybilla," said Doctor Lombard. His face had grown solemn, and his mouth twitched nervously as his daughter drew a linen drapery across the upper part of the window.

"That will do — that will do." He turned impressively to Wyant. "Do you see the pomegranate bud in this rug? Place yourself there — keep your left foot on it, please. And now, Sybilla, draw the cord."

Miss Lombard advanced and placed her hand on a cord hidden behind the velvet curtain.

"Ah," said the doctor, "one moment:

I should like you, while looking at the picture, to have in mind a few lines of verse. Sybilla — "

Without the slightest change of countenance, and with a promptness which proved her to be prepared for the request, Miss Lombard began to recite, in a full round voice like her mother's, St. Bernard's invocation to the Virgin, in the thirty-third canto of the *Paradise*.

"Thank you, my dear," said her father, drawing a deep breath as she ended. "That unapproachable combination of vowel sounds prepares one better than anything I know for the contemplation of the picture."

As he spoke the folds of velvet slowly parted, and the Leonardo appeared in its frame of tarnished gold.

From the nature of Miss Lombard's recitation Wyant had expected a sacred subject, and his surprise was therefore great as the composition was gradually revealed by the widening division of the curtain.

In the background a steel-colored river wound through a pale calcareous landscape; while to the left, on a lonely peak, a crucified Christ hung livid against indigo clouds. The central figure of the foreground, however, was that of a woman seated in an antique chair of marble with bas-reliefs of dancing maenads. Her feet rested on a meadow sprinkled with minute wild-flowers, and her attitude of smiling majesty recalled that of Dosso Dossi's Circe. She wore a red robe, flowing in closely fluted lines from under a fancifully embroidered cloak. Above her high forehead the crinkled golden hair flowed sideways beneath a veil; one hand drooped on the arm of her chair; the other held up an inverted human skull, into which a young Dionysus, smooth, brown and sidelong as the St. John of the Louvre, poured a stream of wine from a high-poised flagon. At the lady's feet lay the symbols of art and luxury: a flute and a roll of music, a platter heaped with grapes and roses, the torso of a Greek statuette, and a bowl overflowing with

coins and jewels; behind her, on the chalky hilltop, hung the crucified Christ. A scroll in a corner of the foreground bore the legend: *Lux Mundi*.

Wyant, emerging from the first plunge of wonder, turned inquiringly toward his companions. Neither had moved. Miss Lombard stood with her hand on the cord, her lids lowered, her mouth drooping; the doctor, his strange Thoth-like profile turned toward his guest, was still lost in rapt contemplation of his treasure.

Wyant addressed the young girl.

"You are fortunate," he said, "to be the possessor of anything so perfect."

"It is considered very beautiful," she said coldly.

"Beautiful — *beautiful!*" the doctor burst out. "Ah, the poor, worn out, overworked word! There are no adjectives in the language fresh enough to describe such pristine brilliancy: all their brightness has been worn off by misuse. Think of the things that have been called beautiful, and then look at *that!*"

"It is worthy of a new vocabulary," Wyant agreed.

"Yes," Doctor Lombard continued, "my daughter is indeed fortunate. She has chosen what Catholics call the higher life — the counsel of perfection. What other private person enjoys the same opportunity of understanding the master? Who else lives under the same roof with an untouched masterpiece of Leonardo's? Think of the happiness of being always under the influence of such a creation; of living *into* it; of partaking of it in daily and hourly communion! This room is a chapel; the sight of that picture is a sacrament. What an atmosphere for a young life to unfold itself in! My daughter is singularly blessed. Sybilla, point out some of the details to Mr. Wyant: I see that he will appreciate them."

The girl turned her dense blue eyes toward Wyant; then, glancing away from him, she pointed to the canvas.

"Notice the modelling of the left hand," she began in a monotonous voice; "it recalls the hand of the Mona Lisa.

The head of the naked genius will remind you of that of the St. John of the Louvre, but it is more purely pagan and is turned a little less to the right. The embroidery on the cloak is symbolic: you will see that the roots of this plant have burst through the vase. This recalls the famous definition of Hamlet's character in *Wilhelm Meister*. Here are the mystic rose, the flame, and the serpent, emblem of eternity. Some of the other symbols we have not yet been able to decipher."

Wyant watched her curiously: she seemed to be reciting a lesson.

"And the picture itself?" he said. "How do you explain that? *Lux Mundi* — what a curious device to connect with such a subject! What can it mean?"

Miss Lombard dropped her eyes: the answer was evidently not included in her lesson.

"What, indeed?" the doctor interposed. "What does life mean? As one may define it in a hundred different ways, so one may find a hundred different meanings in this picture. Its symbolism is as many-faceted as a well-cut diamond. Who, for instance, is that divine lady? Is it she who is the true *Lux Mundi* — the light reflected from jewels and young eyes, from polished marble and clear waters and statues of bronze? Or is that the Light of the World, extinguished on yonder stormy hill, and is this lady the Pride of Life, feasting blindly on the wine of iniquity, with her back turned to the light which has shone for her in vain? Something of both these meanings may be traced in the picture; but to me it symbolizes rather the central truth of existence: that all that is raised in incorruption is sown in corruption; art, beauty, love, religion; that all our wine is drunk out of skulls, and poured for us by the mysterious genius of a remote and cruel past."

The doctor's face blazed: his bent figure seemed to straighten itself and become taller.

"Ah," he cried, growing more dithyrambic, "how lightly you ask what it

means! How confidently you expect an answer! Yet here am I who have given my life to the study of the Renaissance; who have violated its tomb, laid open its dead body, and traced the course of every muscle, bone and artery; who have sucked its very soul from the pages of poets and humanists; who have wept and believed with Joachim of Flora, smiled and doubted with Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini; who have patiently followed to its source the least inspiration of the masters, and groped in neolithic caverns and Babylonian ruins for the first unfolding tendrils of the arabesques of Mantegna and Crivelli; and I tell you that I stand abashed and ignorant before the mystery of this picture. It means nothing — it means all things. It may represent the period which saw its creation; it may represent all ages past and to come. There are volumes of meaning in the tiniest emblem on the lady's cloak; the blossoms of its border are rooted in the deepest soil of myth and tradition. Don't ask what it means, young man, but bow your head in thankfulness for having seen it!"

Miss Lombard laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't excite yourself, father," she said in the detached tone of a professional nurse.

He answered with a despairing gesture. "Ah, it's easy for you to talk. You have years and years to spend with it; I am an old man, and every moment counts!"

"It's bad for you," she repeated with gentle obstinacy.

The doctor's sacred fury had in fact burnt itself out. He dropped into a seat with dull eyes and slackening lips, and his daughter drew the curtain across the picture.

Wyant turned away reluctantly. He felt that his opportunity was slipping from him, yet he dared not refer to Clyde's wish for a photograph. He now understood the meaning of the laugh with which Doctor Lombard had given him leave to carry away all the details he

could remember. The picture was so dazzling, so unexpected, so crossed with elusive and contradictory suggestions, that the most alert observer, when placed suddenly before it, must lose his coördinating faculty in a sense of confused wonder. Yet how valuable to Clyde the record of such a work would be! In some ways it seemed to be the summing up of the master's thought, the key to his enigmatic philosophy.

The doctor had risen and was walking slowly toward the door. His daughter unlocked it, and Wyant followed them back in silence to the room in which they had left Mrs. Lombard. That lady was no longer there, and he could think of no excuse for lingering.

He thanked the doctor, and turned to Miss Lombard, who stood in the middle of the room as though awaiting farther orders.

"It is very good of you," he said, "to allow one even a glimpse of such a treasure."

She looked at him with her odd directness. "You will come again?" she said quickly; and turning to her father she added: "You know what Professor Clyde asked. This gentleman cannot give him any account of the picture without seeing it again."

Doctor Lombard glanced at her vaguely; he was still like a person in a trance.

"Eh?" he said, rousing himself with an effort.

"I said, father, that Mr. Wyant must see the picture again if he is to tell Professor Clyde about it," Miss Lombard repeated with extraordinary precision of tone.

Wyant was silent. He had the puzzled sense that his wishes were being divined and gratified for reasons with which he was in no way connected.

"Well, well," the doctor muttered, "I don't say no—I don't say no. I know what Clyde wants—I don't refuse to help him." He turned to Wyant. "You may come again—you may make notes," he added with a sudden effort. "Jot

down what occurs to you. I'm willing to concede that."

Wyant again caught the girl's eye, but its emphatic message perplexed him.

"You're very good," he said tentatively, "but the fact is the picture is so mysterious—so full of complicated detail—that I'm afraid no notes I could make would serve Clyde's purpose as well as—as a photograph, say. If you would allow me—"

Miss Lombard's brow darkened, and her father raised his head furiously.

"A photograph? A photograph, did you say? Good God, man, not ten people have been allowed to set foot in that room! A *photograph*?"

Wyant saw his mistake, but saw also that he had gone too far to retreat.

"I know, sir, from what Clyde has told me, that you object to having any reproduction of the picture published; but he hoped you might let me take a photograph for his personal use—not to be reproduced in his book, but simply to give him something to work by. I should take the photograph myself, and the negative would of course be yours. If you wished it, only one impression would be struck off, and that one Clyde could return to you when he had done with it."

Doctor Lombard interrupted him with a snarl. "When he had done with it? Just so: I thank thee for that word! When it had been re-photographed, drawn, traced, autotyped, passed about from hand to hand, defiled by every ignorant eye in England, vulgarized by the blundering praise of every art-scribbler in Europe! Pah! I'd as soon give you the picture itself: why don't you ask for that?"

"Well, sir," said Wyant calmly, "if you will trust me with it, I'll engage to take it safely to England and back, and to let no eye but Clyde's see it while it is out of your keeping."

The doctor received this remarkable proposal in silence; then he burst into a laugh.

"Upon my soul!" he said with sarcastic good humor.

It was Miss Lombard's turn to look perplexedly at Wyant. His last words and her father's unexpected reply had evidently carried her beyond her depth.

"Well, sir, am I to take the picture?" Wyant smilingly pursued.

"No, young man; nor a photograph of it. Nor a sketch, either; mind that, — nothing that can be reproduced. Sybilla," he cried with sudden passion, "swear to me that the picture shall never be reproduced! No photograph, no sketch — now or afterward. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, father," said the girl quietly.

"The vandals," he muttered, "the desecrators of beauty; if I thought it would ever get into their hands I'd burn it first, by God!" He turned to Wyant, speaking more quietly. "I said you might come back — I never retract what I say. But you must give me your word that no one but Clyde shall see the notes you make."

Wyant was growing warm.

"If you won't trust me with a photograph I wonder you trust me not to show my notes!" he exclaimed.

The doctor looked at him with a malicious smile.

"Humph!" he said; "would they be of much use to anybody?"

Wyant saw that he was losing ground and controlled his impatience.

"To Clyde, I hope, at any rate," he answered, holding out his hand. The doctor shook it without a trace of resentment, and Wyant added: "When shall I come, sir?"

"To-morrow — to-morrow morning," cried Miss Lombard, speaking suddenly.

She looked fixedly at her father, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"The picture is hers," he said to Wyant.

In the ante-chamber the young man was met by the woman who had admitted him. She handed him his hat and stick, and turned to unbar the door. As the bolt slipped back he felt a touch on his arm.

"You have a letter?" she said in a low tone.

"A letter?" He stared. "What letter?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and drew back to let him pass.

II

As Wyant emerged from the house he paused once more to glance up at its scarred brick façade. The marble hand drooped tragically above the entrance: in the waning light it seemed to have relaxed into the passiveness of despair, and Wyant stood musing on its hidden meaning. But the Dead Hand was not the only mysterious thing about Doctor Lombard's house. What were the relations between Miss Lombard and her father? Above all, between Miss Lombard and her picture? She did not look like a person capable of a disinterested passion for the arts; and there had been moments when it struck Wyant that she hated the picture.

The sky at the end of the street was flooded with turbulent yellow light, and the young man turned his steps toward the church of San Domenico, in the hope of catching the lingering brightness on Sodoma's St. Catherine.

The great bare aisles were almost dark when he entered, and he had to grope his way to the chapel steps. Under the momentary evocation of the sunset, the saint's figure emerged pale and swooning from the dusk, and the warm light gave a sensual tinge to her ecstasy. The flesh seemed to glow and heave, the eyelids to tremble; Wyant stood fascinated by the accidental collaboration of light and color.

Suddenly he noticed that something white had fluttered to the ground at his feet. He stooped and picked up a small thin sheet of note-paper, folded and sealed like an old-fashioned letter, and bearing the superscription:—

To the Count Ottaviano Celsi.

Wyant stared at this mysterious document. Where had it come from? He was distinctly conscious of having seen it fall

through the air, close to his feet. He glanced up at the dark ceiling of the chapel; then he turned and looked about the church. There was only one figure in it, that of a man who knelt near the high altar.

Suddenly Wyant recalled the question of Doctor Lombard's maid-servant. Was this the letter she had asked for? Had he been unconsciously carrying it about with him all the afternoon? Who was Count Ottaviano Celsi, and how came Wyant to have been chosen to act as that nobleman's ambulant letter-box?

Wyant laid his hat and stick on the chapel steps and began to explore his pockets, in the irrational hope of finding there some clue to the mystery; but they held nothing which he had not himself put there, and he was reduced to wondering how the letter, supposing some unknown hand to have bestowed it on him, had happened to fall out while he stood motionless before the picture.

At this point he was disturbed by a step on the floor of the aisle, and turning, he saw his lustrous-eyed neighbor of the table d'hôte.

The young man bowed and waved an apologetic hand.

"I do not intrude?" he inquired suavely.

Without waiting for a reply, he mounted the steps of the chapel, glancing about him with the affable air of an afternoon caller.

"I see," he remarked with a smile, "that you know the hour at which our saint should be visited."

Wyant agreed that the hour was indeed felicitous.

The stranger stood beamingly before the picture.

"What grace! What poetry!" he murmured, apostrophizing the St. Catherine, but letting his glance slip rapidly about the chapel as he spoke.

Wyant, detecting the manœuvre, murmured a brief assent.

"But it is cold here — mortally cold; you do not find it so?" The intruder put

on his hat. "It is permitted at this hour — when the church is empty. And you, my dear sir — do you not feel the dampness? You are an artist, are you not? And to artists it is permitted to cover the head when they are engaged in the study of the paintings."

He darted suddenly toward the steps and bent over Wyant's hat.

"Permit me — cover yourself!" he said a moment later, holding out the hat with an ingratiating gesture.

A light flashed on Wyant.

"Perhaps," he said, looking straight at the young man, "you will tell me your name. My own is Wyant."

The stranger, surprised, but not disconcerted, drew forth a coroneted card, which he offered with a low bow. On the card was engraved: —

Il Conte Ottaviano Celsi.

"I am much obliged to you," said Wyant; "and I may as well tell you that the letter which you apparently expected to find in the lining of my hat is not there, but in my pocket."

He drew it out and handed it to its owner, who had grown very pale.

"And now," Wyant continued, "you will perhaps be good enough to tell me what all this means."

There was no mistaking the effect produced on Count Ottaviano by this request. His lips moved, but he achieved only an ineffectual smile.

"I suppose you know," Wyant went on, his anger rising at the sight of the other's discomfiture, "that you have taken an unwarrantable liberty. I don't yet understand what part I have been made to play, but it's evident that you have made use of me to serve some purpose of your own, and I propose to know the reason why."

Count Ottaviano advanced with an imploring gesture.

"Sir," he pleaded, "you permit me to speak?"

"I expect you to," cried Wyant. "But not here," he added, hearing the clank of the verger's keys. "It is growing dark,

and we shall be turned out in a few minutes."

He walked across the church, and Count Ottaviano followed him out into the deserted square.

"Now," said Wyant, pausing on the steps.

The Count, who had regained some measure of self-possession, began to speak in a high key, with an accompaniment of conciliatory gesture.

"My dear sir — my dear Mr. Wyant — you find me in an abominable position — that, as a man of honor, I immediately confess. I have taken advantage of you — yes! I have counted on your amiability, your chivalry — too far, perhaps? I confess it! But what could I do? It was to oblige a lady" — he laid a hand on his heart — "a lady whom I would die to serve!" He went on with increasing volubility, his deliberate English swept away by a torrent of Italian, through which Wyant, with some difficulty, struggled to a comprehension of the case.

Count Ottaviano, according to his own statement, had come to Siena some months previously, on business connected with his mother's property; the paternal estate being near Orvieto, of which ancient city his father was syndic. Soon after his arrival in Siena the young Count had met the incomparable daughter of Doctor Lombard, and falling deeply in love with her, had prevailed on his parents to ask her hand in marriage. Doctor Lombard had not opposed his suit, but when the question of settlements arose it became known that Miss Lombard, who was possessed of a small property in her own right, had a short time before invested the whole amount in the purchase of the Bergamo Leonardo. Thereupon Count Ottaviano's parents had politely suggested that she should sell the picture and thus recover her independence; and this proposal being met by a curt refusal from Doctor Lombard, they had withdrawn their consent to their son's marriage. The young lady's attitude had hitherto been one of passive submission;

she was horribly afraid of her father, and would never venture openly to oppose him; but she had made known to Ottaviano her intention of not giving him up, of waiting patiently till events should take a more favorable turn. She seemed hardly aware, the Count said with a sigh, that the means of escape lay in her own hands; that she was of age, and had a right to sell the picture, and to marry without asking her father's consent. Meanwhile her suitor spared no pains to keep himself before her, to remind her that he, too, was waiting and would never give her up.

Doctor Lombard, who suspected the young man of trying to persuade Sybilla to sell the picture, had forbidden the lovers to meet or to correspond; they were thus driven to clandestine communication, and had several times, the Count ingenuously avowed, made use of the doctor's visitors as a means of exchanging letters.

"And you told the visitors to ring twice?" Wyant interposed.

The young man extended his hands in a deprecating gesture. Could Mr. Wyant blame him? He was young, he was ardent, he was enamored! The young lady had done him the supreme honor of avowing her attachment, of pledging her unalterable fidelity; should he suffer his devotion to be outdone? But his purpose in writing to her, he admitted, was not merely to reiterate his fidelity; he was trying by every means in his power to induce her to sell the picture. He had organized a plan of action; every detail was complete; if she would but have the courage to carry out his instructions he would answer for the result. His idea was that she should secretly retire to a convent of which his aunt was the Mother Superior, and from that stronghold should transact the sale of the Leonardo. He had a purchaser ready, who was willing to pay a large sum; a sum, Count Ottaviano whispered, considerably in excess of the young lady's original inheritance; once the picture sold, it could, if necessary, be removed by force from Doctor Lom-

bard's house, and his daughter, being safely in the convent, would be spared the painful scenes incidental to the removal. Finally, if Doctor Lombard were vindictive enough to refuse his consent to her marriage, she had only to make a *sommatton respectueuse*, and at the end of the prescribed delay no power on earth could prevent her becoming the wife of Count Ottaviano.

Wyant's anger had fallen at the recital of this simple romance. It was absurd to be angry with a young man who confided his secrets to the first stranger he met in the streets, and placed his hand on his heart whenever he mentioned the name of his betrothed. The easiest way out of the business was to take it as a joke. Wyant had played the wall to this new Pyramus and Thisbe, and was philosophic enough to laugh at the part he had unwittingly performed.

He held out his hand with a smile to Count Ottaviano.

"I won't deprive you any longer," he said, "of the pleasure of reading your letter."

"Oh, sir, a thousand thanks! And when you return to the casa Lombard, you will take a message from me — the letter she expected this afternoon?"

"The letter she expected?" Wyant paused. "No, thank you. I thought you understood that where I come from we don't do that kind of thing — knowingly."

"But, sir, to serve a young lady!"

"I'm sorry for the young lady, if what you tell me is true" — the Count's expressive hands resented the doubt — "but remember that if I am under obligations to any one in this matter, it is to her father, who has admitted me to his house and has allowed me to see his picture."

"His picture? Hers!"

"Well, the house is his, at all events."

"Unhappily — since to her it is a dungeon!"

"Why does n't she leave it, then?" exclaimed Wyant impatiently.

The Count clasped his hands. "Ah, how you say that — with what force, with what virility! If you would but say it to *her* in that tone — you, her countryman! She has no one to advise her; the mother is an idiot; the father is terrible; she is in his power; it is my belief that he would kill her if she resisted him. Mr. Wyant, I tremble for her life while she remains in that house!"

"Oh, come," said Wyant lightly, "they seem to understand each other well enough. But in any case, you must see that I can't interfere — at least you would if you were an Englishman," he added with an escape of contempt.

III

Wyant's affiliations in Siena being restricted to an acquaintance with his landlady, he was forced to apply to her for the verification of Count Ottaviano's story.

The young nobleman had, it appeared, given a perfectly correct account of his situation. His father, Count Celsi-Mongirone, was a man of distinguished family and some wealth. He was syndic of Orvieto, and lived either in that town or on his neighboring estate of Mongirone. His wife owned a large property near Siena, and Count Ottaviano, who was the second son, came there from time to time to look into its management. The eldest son was in the army, the youngest in the Church; and an aunt of Count Ottaviano's was Mother Superior of the Visitandine convent in Siena. At one time it had been said that Count Ottaviano, who was a most amiable and accomplished young man, was to marry the daughter of the strange Englishman, Doctor Lombard, but difficulties having arisen as to the adjustment of the young lady's dowry, Count Celsi-Mongirone had very properly broken off the match. It was sad for the young man, however, who was said to be deeply in love, and to find frequent excuses for coming to Siena to inspect his mother's estate.

Viewed in the light of Count Ottaviano's personality the story had a tinge of opera bouffe; but the next morning, as Wyant mounted the stairs of the House of the Dead Hand, the situation insensibly assumed another aspect. It was impossible to take Doctor Lombard lightly; and there was a suggestion of fatality in the appearance of his gaunt dwelling. Who could tell amid what tragic records of domestic tyranny and fluttering broken purposes the little drama of Miss Lombard's fate was being played out? Might not the accumulated influences of such a house modify the lives within it in a manner unguessed by the inmates of a suburban villa with sanitary plumbing and a telephone?

One person, at least, remained unperturbed by such fanciful problems; and that was Mrs. Lombard, who, at Wyant's entrance, raised a placidly wrinkled brow from her knitting. The morning was mild, and her chair had been wheeled into a bar of sunshine near the window, so that she made a cheerful spot of prose in the poetic gloom of her surroundings.

"What a nice morning!" she said; "it must be delightful weather at Bonchurch."

Her dull blue glance wandered across the narrow street with its threatening house fronts, and fluttered back baffled, like a bird with clipped wings. It was evident, poor lady, that she had never seen beyond the opposite houses.

Wyant was not sorry to find her alone. Seeing that she was surprised at his reappearance he said at once: "I have come back to study Miss Lombard's picture."

"Oh, the picture —" Mrs. Lombard's face expressed a gentle disappointment, which might have been boredom in a person of acuter sensibilities. "It's an original Leonardo, you know," she said mechanically.

"And Miss Lombard is very proud of it, I suppose? She seems to have inherited her father's love for art."

Mrs. Lombard counted her stitches, and he went on: "It's unusual in so

young a girl. Such tastes generally develop later."

Mrs. Lombard looked up eagerly. "That's what I say! I was quite different at her age, you know. I liked dancing, and doing a pretty bit of fancy-work. Not that I could n't sketch, too; I had a master down from London. My aunts have some of my crayons hung up in their drawing-room now — I did a view of Kenilworth which was thought pleasing. But I liked a picnic, too, or a pretty walk through the woods with young people of my own age. I say it's more natural, Mr. Wyant; one may have a feeling for art, and do crayons that are worth framing, and yet not give up everything else. I was taught that there were other things."

Wyant, half-ashamed of provoking these innocent confidences, could not resist another question. "And Miss Lombard cares for nothing else?"

Her mother looked troubled.

"Sybilla is so clever — she says I don't understand. You know how self-confident young people are! My husband never said that of me, now — he knows I had an excellent education. My aunts were very particular; I was brought up to have opinions, and my husband has always respected them. He says himself that he would n't for the world miss hearing my opinion on any subject; you may have noticed that he often refers to my tastes. He has always respected my preference for living in England; he likes to hear me give my reasons for it. He is so much interested in my ideas that he often says he knows just what I am going to say before I speak. But Sybilla does not care for what I think —"

At this point Doctor Lombard entered. He glanced sharply at Wyant. "The servant is a fool; she did n't tell me you were here." His eye turned to his wife. "Well, my dear, what have you been telling Mr. Wyant? About the aunts at Bonchurch, I'll be bound!"

Mrs. Lombard looked triumphantly at Wyant, and her husband rubbed his hooked fingers, with a smile.

"Mrs. Lombard's aunts are very superior women. They subscribe to the circulating library, and borrow *Good Words* and the *Monthly Packet* from the curate's wife across the way. They have the rector to tea twice a year, and keep a page-boy, and are visited by two baronets' wives. They devoted themselves to the education of their orphan niece, and I think I may say without boasting that Mrs. Lombard's conversation shows marked traces of the advantages she enjoyed."

Mrs. Lombard colored with pleasure.

"I was telling Mr. Wyant that my aunts were very particular."

"Quite so, my dear; and did you mention that they never sleep in anything but linen, and that Miss Sophia puts away the furs and blankets every spring with her own hands? Both those facts are interesting to the student of human nature." Doctor Lombard glanced at his watch. "But we are missing an incomparable moment; the light is perfect at this hour."

Wyant rose, and the doctor led him through the tapestried door and down the passageway.

The light was, in fact, perfect, and the picture shone with an inner radiancy, as though a lamp burned behind the soft screen of the lady's flesh. Every detail of the foreground detached itself with jewel-like precision. Wyant noticed a dozen accessories which had escaped him on the previous day.

He drew out his note-book, and the doctor, who had dropped his sardonic grin for a look of devout contemplation, pushed a chair forward, and seated himself on a carved settle against the wall.

"Now, then," he said, "tell Clyde what you can; but the letter killeth."

He sank down, his hands hanging on the arm of the settle like the claws of a dead bird, his eyes fixed on Wyant's note-book with the obvious intention of detecting any attempt at a surreptitious sketch.

Wyant, nettled at this surveillance, and disturbed by the speculations which Doctor Lombard's strange household excited, sat motionless for a few minutes, staring

first at the picture and then at the blank pages of the note-book. The thought that Doctor Lombard was enjoying his discomfiture at length roused him, and he began to write.

He was interrupted by a knock on the iron door. Doctor Lombard rose to unlock it, and his daughter entered.

She bowed hurriedly to Wyant, without looking at him.

"Father, had you forgotten that the man from Monte Amiato was to come back this morning with an answer about the *bas-relief*? He is here now; he says he can't wait."

"The devil!" cried her father impatiently. "Did n't you tell him —?"

"Yes; but he says he can't come back. If you want to see him you must come now."

"Then you think there's a chance? —"

She nodded.

He turned and looked at Wyant, who was writing assiduously.

"You will stay here, Sybilla; I shall be back in a moment."

He hurried out, locking the door behind him.

Wyant had looked up, wondering if Miss Lombard would show any surprise at being locked in with him; but it was his turn to be surprised, for hardly had they heard the key withdrawn when she moved close to him, her small face pale and tumultuous.

"I arranged it — I must speak to you," she gasped. "He'll be back in five minutes."

Her courage seemed to fail, and she looked at him helplessly.

Wyant had a sense of stepping among explosives. He glanced about him at the dusky vaulted room, at the haunting smile of the strange picture overhead, and at the pink-and-white girl whispering of conspiracies in a voice meant to exchange platitudes with a curate.

"How can I help you?" he said with a rush of compassion.

"Oh, if you would! I never have a chance to speak to any one; it's so diffi-

cult — he watches me — he'll be back immediately."

"Try to tell me what I can do."

"I don't dare; I feel as if he were behind me." She turned away, fixing her eyes on the picture. A sound startled her.

"There he comes, and I have n't spoken! It was my only chance; but it bewilders me so to be hurried."

"I don't hear any one," said Wyant, listening. "Try to tell me."

"How can I make you understand? It would take so long to explain." She drew a deep breath, and then with a plunge — "Will you come here again this afternoon — at about five?" she whispered.

"Come here again?"

"Yes — you can ask to see the picture, — make some excuse. He will come with you, of course; I will open the door for you — and — and lock you both in" — she gasped.

"Lock us in?"

"You see? You understand? It's the only way for me to leave the house — if I am ever to do it" — She drew another difficult breath. "The key will be returned — by a safe person — in half an hour, — perhaps sooner —"

She trembled so much that she was obliged to lean against the settle for support.

Wyant looked at her steadily; he was very sorry for her.

"I can't, Miss Lombard," he said at length.

"You can't?"

"I'm sorry; I must seem cruel; but consider —"

He was stopped by the futility of the word: as well ask a hunted rabbit to pause in its dash for a hole!

Wyant took her hand; it was cold and nerveless.

"I will serve you in any way I can; but you must see that this way is impossible. Can't I talk to you again? Perhaps —"

"Oh," she cried, starting up, "there he comes!"

Doctor Lombard's step sounded in the passage.

Wyant held her fast. "Tell me one thing: he won't let you sell the picture?"

"No — hush!"

"Make no pledges for the future, then; promise me that."

"The future?"

"In case he should die: your father is an old man. You have n't promised?"

She shook her head.

"Don't, then; remember that."

She made no answer, and the key turned in the lock.

As he passed out of the house, its scowling cornice and façade of ravaged brick looked down on him with the startlingness of a strange face, seen momentarily in a crowd, and impressing itself on the brain as part of an inevitable future. Above the doorway, the marble hand reached out like the cry of an imprisoned anguish.

Wyant turned away impatiently.

"Rubbish!" he said to himself. "*She* is n't walled in; she can get out if she wants to."

IV

Wyant had any number of plans for coming to Miss Lombard's aid: he was elaborating the twentieth when, on the same afternoon, he stepped into the express train for Florence. By the time the train reached Certaldo he was convinced that, in thus hastening his departure, he had followed the only reasonable course; at Empoli, he began to reflect that the priest and the Levite had probably justified themselves in much the same manner.

A month later, after his return to England, he was unexpectedly relieved from these alternatives of extenuation and approval. A paragraph in the morning paper announced the sudden death of Doctor Lombard, the distinguished English dilettante who had long resided in Siena. Wyant's justification was complete. Our blindest impulses become evidence of perspicacity when they fall in with the course of events.

Wyant could now comfortably specu-

late on the particular complications from which his foresight had probably saved him. The climax was unexpectedly dramatic. Miss Lombard, on the brink of a step which, whatever its issue, would have burdened her with retrospective compunction, had been set free before her suitor's ardor could have had time to cool, and was now doubtless planning a life of domestic felicity on the proceeds of the Leonardo. One thing, however, struck Wyant as odd — he saw no mention of the sale of the picture. He had scanned the papers for an immediate announcement of its transfer to one of the great museums; but presently concluding that Miss Lombard, out of filial piety, had wished to avoid an appearance of unseemly haste in the disposal of her treasure, he dismissed the matter from his mind. Other affairs happened to engage him; the months slipped by, and gradually the lady and the picture dwelt less vividly in his mind.

It was not till five or six years later, when chance took him again to Siena, that the recollection started from some inner fold of memory. He found himself, as it happened, at the head of Doctor Lombard's street, and glancing down that grim thoroughfare, caught an oblique glimpse of the doctor's house front, with the Dead Hand projecting above its threshold.

The sight revived his interest, and that evening, over an admirable *frittata*, he questioned his landlady about Miss Lombard's marriage.

"The daughter of the English doctor? But she has never married, signore."

"Never married? What, then, became of Count Ottaviano?"

"For a long time he waited; but last year he married a noble lady of the Marmemma."

"But what happened — why was the marriage broken?"

The landlady enacted a pantomime of baffled interrogation.

"And Miss Lombard still lives in her father's house?"

"Yes, signore; she is still there."

"And the Leonardo —"

"The Leonardo, also, is still there."

The next day, as Wyant entered the House of the Dead Hand, he remembered Count Ottaviano's injunction to ring twice, and smiled mournfully to think that so much subtlety had been vain. But what could have prevented the marriage? If Doctor Lombard's death had been long delayed, time might have acted as a dissolvent, or the young lady's resolve have failed; but it seemed impossible that the white heat of ardor in which Wyant had left the lovers should have cooled in a few short weeks.

As he ascended the vaulted stairway the atmosphere of the place seemed a reply to his conjectures. The same numbing air fell on him, like an emanation from some persistent will-power, a something fierce and imminent which might reduce to impotence every impulse within its range. Wyant could almost fancy a hand on his shoulder, guiding him upward with the ironical intent of confronting him with the evidence of its work.

A strange servant opened the door, and he was presently introduced to the tapestried room, where, from their usual seats in the window, Mrs. Lombard and her daughter advanced to welcome him with faint ejaculations of surprise.

Both had grown oddly old, but in a dry, smooth way, as fruits might shrivel on a shelf instead of ripening on the tree. Mrs. Lombard was still knitting, and pausing now and then to warm her swollen hands above the brazier; and Miss Lombard, in rising, had laid aside a strip of needlework which might have been the same on which Wyant had first seen her engaged.

Their visitor inquired discreetly how they had fared in the interval, and learned that they had thought of returning to England, but had somehow never done so.

"I am sorry not to see my aunts again," Mrs. Lombard said resignedly; "but Sybilla thinks it best that we should not go this year."

"Next year, perhaps," murmured Miss

Lombard, in a voice which seemed to suggest that they had a great waste of time to fill.

She had returned to her seat, and sat bending over her work. Her hair enveloped her head in the same thick braids, but the rose color of her cheeks had turned to blotches of dull red, like some pigment which has darkened in drying.

"And Professor Clyde — is he well?" Mrs. Lombard asked affably; continuing, as her daughter raised a startled eye: "Surely, Sybilla, Mr. Wyant was the gentleman who was sent by Professor Clyde to see the Leonardo?"

Miss Lombard was silent, but Wyant hastened to assure the elder lady of his friend's well-being.

"Ah — perhaps, then, he will come back some day to Siena," she said, sighing. Wyant declared that it was more than likely; and there ensued a pause, which he presently broke by saying to Miss Lombard: "And you still have the picture?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. "Should you like to see it?" she asked.

On his assenting, she rose, and extracted the same key from the same secret drawer, unlocked the door beneath the tapestry. They walked down the passage in silence, and she stood aside with a grave gesture, making Wyant pass before her into the room. Then she crossed over and drew the curtain back from the picture.

The light of the early afternoon poured full on it: its surface appeared to ripple and heave with a fluid splendor. The colors had lost none of their warmth, the outlines none of their pure precision; it seemed to Wyant like some magical flower which had burst suddenly from the mould of darkness and oblivion.

He turned to Miss Lombard with a movement of comprehension.

"Ah, I understand — you could n't part with it, after all!" he cried.

"No — I could n't part with it," she answered.

"It's too beautiful, — too beautiful," — he assented.

"Too beautiful?" She turned on him with a curious stare. "I have never thought it beautiful, you know."

He gave back the stare. "You have never —"

She shook her head. "It's not that. I hate it; I've always hated it. But he would n't let me — he will never let me now."

Wyant was startled by her use of the present tense. Her look surprised him, too: there was a strange fixity of resentment in her innocuous eye. Was it possible that she was laboring under some delusion? Or did the pronoun not refer to her father?

"You mean that Doctor Lombard did not wish you to part with the picture?"

"No — he prevented me; he will always prevent me."

There was another pause. "You promised him, then, before his death —"

"No; I promised nothing. He died too suddenly to make me." Her voice sank to a whisper. "I was free — perfectly free — or I thought I was till I tried."

"Till you tried?"

"To disobey him — to sell the picture. Then I found it was impossible. I tried again and again; but he was always in the room with me."

She glanced over her shoulder as though she had heard a step; and to Wyant, too, for a moment, the room seemed full of a third presence.

"And you can't" — he faltered, unconsciously dropping his voice to the pitch of hers.

She shook her head, gazing at him mystically. "I can't lock him out; I can never lock him out now. I told you I should never have another chance."

Wyant felt the chill of her words like a cold breath in his hair.

"Oh" — he groaned; but she cut him off with a grave gesture.

"It is too late," she said; "but you ought to have helped me that day."

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

IV

1868-1872

IN the summer of 1868 I again went to Europe with my family. During a week or two which we passed in London Ruskin was with us frequently, and we were more than once at Denmark Hill. At his own home he was charming in his cordial, animated, sympathetic eagerness to give pleasure. He had a boyish alacrity in bringing out his treasures, whatever they might be, — manuscripts, drawings, precious stones, — and he displayed them with such genuine pleasure in the appreciation of them by his guests as to make their enjoyment complete. I see him now on his knees before a chair on which he had set up a Turner drawing, while we stood around listening to his words concerning it; now running to fetch another drawing from his chamber; now mounted on a chair holding a candle to show a picture on the wall. His mother still ruled the house from her upstairs room, and still kept close oversight over the proceedings of her dependents, of whom her son was the chief. Denmark Hill, outwardly, was still one of the pleasant old-fashioned suburban homes, but within there never was another like it.

For three months in the late summer and autumn we were established at Keston, a little village remote from the railway, some thirteen or fourteen miles from London, in a pleasant part of the chalk region of Kent. Down, the home of Mr. Darwin, was perhaps a mile away, near enough for pleasant neighborly relations. Ruskin did everything to make our stay in the country pleasant, coming

over to see us; often writing and sending books or water-color drawings by Turner, himself, and others, to light up the somewhat dull rooms of the old Rectory in which we were living, sending also gifts to my little children, and in every way manifesting a friendly thoughtfulness for our pleasure and comfort.

He had changed since I last saw him; he had become, as I gradually noted, mentally more restless and unsettled, and though often gay, and always keen in his enjoyment of whatever charm the passing moment might afford, he hardly seemed to possess even the moderate happiness and the imperfect peace such as life may afford to a nature so susceptible and so undisciplined as his. The contrast of his sweet and modest bearing, and his considerate regard for the feelings of others in personal intercourse, with the frequent arrogance of expression in his writings was always striking, but the trait which now seemed to me more evident and more controlling than in former years was that of which he has said in writing of his childhood,¹ "Another character of my perceptions I find curiously steady — that I was only interested by things near me, or at least clearly visible and present. I suppose this is so with children generally; but it remained — and remains — a part of my grown-up temper." I said to him one day that when he was looking at a sunset he was altogether forgetful of the sunrise. "Yes," he replied, "but to-morrow morning I shall care only for the sunrise." His mind was of "a temper so interwoven," to use his own words again, so open to strong impressions from widely different objects, that there was an extraordinary variety in his interests, both

¹ *Præterita*, vol. i, ch. vi.

personal and intellectual, and little consecutiveness in his occupations.

In the autumn of 1868 I spent a few delightful days with him at Abbeville, an interesting old town, where he was busy in drawing the church of St. Wulfram, one of the finest late constructions in the flamboyant Gothic style. We went thence for a day or two to Paris, where we had the good fortune to find Longfellow and his admirable brother-in-law Tom Appleton. Neither of them had previously met Ruskin, and one evening we had a dinner at Meurice's, than which there could not have been a pleasanter. Ruskin, Longfellow, and Appleton were each at his respectively unsurpassed best, and when late at night the little company broke up, its members parted from one another as if old friends. Longfellow had been spending a part of the day with Sainte-Beuve, and he told us much of their talk, mentioning, among other things, the saying of Sainte-Beuve, which has since been more than once in print, when after much conversation about the literary men of the century, and of the relative merits of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, Sainte-Beuve wound up the talk with "*Eh bien, charlatan pour charlatan je préfère Lamartine.*"

The next summer I met Ruskin again in Switzerland. He was much out of heart, depressed, worried, embittered. He had fallen in with Longfellow and his party, earlier in the season, at Verona. "The last time I saw him," wrote Longfellow to me two years afterwards, "was at Verona, perched upon a ladder, copying some detail of the tomb of Can Grande; thus representing the coat of arms of the Scala family in his own person. I admired his enthusiasm and singleness of purpose."

During the summer of 1870 my home was in one of the spacious old villas near Siena, and there Ruskin came, with a party of charming ladies, to pass a week with us. His mood was far happier than in the preceding year; for the moment no cloud darkened his soul. He spent several

days in drawing the wonderful pulpit in the wonderful Cathedral. We drove and walked through many of the roads and paths of the picturesque region, and he enjoyed to the full the loveliness of the Tuscan landscape, the interest of its historic associations, and the charm of the Italian atmosphere. He was a delightful inmate of the household.

I returned to England in the autumn of 1872, and till the next spring, when I came home, I saw him frequently in London and in Oxford. He had been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts in 1869, and his first course of lectures at Oxford had been given in the winter of 1870.

During all these years, in the intervals of our meetings, he wrote often to me, in various moods, as the following letters give evidence.

DENMARK HILL, *July 20th, 1868.*

MY DEAREST NORTON, — I am very deeply glad that you are with us again. I cannot write to you — cannot think of you rightly — when you are so far away. I will be here at any time for you, but the sooner you come the better, as exhibitions are fast closing.

My mother, confined now unhappily to the *level* of her room, requires both quiet and space in that story of the house, and in many ways this renders it impossible for me to make arrangements that would be comfortable in receiving friends. I can always make up a bed for you, but could not make it at all right for Mrs. Norton also — you will see, when you come, how it is so — come soon, please — but yet (except for exhibitions) not in any haste interfering with your comfort. I *must* be here for three or four weeks longer at all events.

Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq.

My true regards to all with you.

DENMARK HILL, *22nd August, 1868.*

MY DEAR CHARLES, — Five of the little pebbles were sent yesterday to be

polished, and will be sent, or brought to you, next week; if the children are told on "Saturday" next, they can't be disappointed. I have looked out to-day a few fossils of the chalk — flints and the like — of which I know nothing, though I have them as illustrations of certain methods of mineralization. But they will show you what kind of things are now under your feet, and in the roadside heaps of stones, and the first time Darwin takes them in his hand they will become *Prim-Stones* to you — (I am glad to escape writing the other word after "Prim") — and *Stones-Lips*, instead of Cows. Not that they're worth his looking at, otherwise than as the least things have been. (They are worth carriage to America, however, as you have n't chalk there.) But the little group of shattered vertebræ in the square piece of chalk may have belonged to some beast of character and promise. When is he going to write — ask him — the "Retrospection" of Species or the Origin of Nothing? I am far down on my way into a flint-sponge. Note the little chalcidony casts of spiculæ in the sea-urchins (wrapt up more carefully than the rest).

Next, as Mrs. Norton remembered that bird of Hunt's, I thought she might like to have one a little like it, which would otherwise only be put away just now, and I've sent it, and a shell and bit of stone of my own which I'm rather proud of (I want Darwin to see the shell — only don't say I did, please); I can do much better — but it looked shelly and nice, and I left it. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

ABBEVILLE, 11th September, 1868.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — Come whenever it is most convenient to you — I shall have my work in a more comfortable state in about a week's time than it is now — but come at your own time. . . .

I have often thought of setting down some notes of my life; but I know not how; I should have to accuse my own

folly bitterly — but not less, as far as I can judge, that of the fondest, faithfullest, most devoted, most mistaken parents that ever child was blest with, or ruined by. For myself, I could speak of my follies and my sins — I could not speak of my good. If I did, people would know the one was true — few would believe the other. Many of my own struggles for better things I have forgotten. I cannot judge myself — I can only despise and pity. In my good nature, I have no merit — but much weakness and folly. In my genius I am curiously imperfect and broken. The best and strongest part of it could not be explained. And the greatest part of my Life — as Life (and not merely as an investigating or observant energy), has been . . . a series of delights which are gone forever, and of griefs which remain forever — and my one necessity of strength or of being is to turn away my thoughts from what they refuse to forget. Some day, but not now, I will set down a few things — but the more you understand the less you will care for me. I am dishonest enough to want you to take me for what I am to you, by your own feeling — not for what I am in the hollowness of me. I bought a cane of palm tree a week ago — it was a delightful cane to me — but it has come untwisted, — it is all hollow inside. It is not the poor cane's fault — it would let me lean upon it — if it could. . . .

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, February, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — The enclosed is not a Washington autograph, but I think you will like to have it, as evidently the first sketch of the Moral Theory of his work by the great author of *Modern Painters*.

The Guide came all right — it is so very useful.

Ever your affectionate

J. R.

The enclosures were the following letter and verses. The letter is written in

pencil, the verses which follow it are neatly printed in ink.

May, 1827.

MY DEAR PAPA — I have missed you very much especially on sunday for though I do miss you on the evenings yet I miss you more on sunday Mamma is always thinking of you for when she fills Miss deprey's cup she only puts in the milk and sugar and leaves the rest to Miss deprey. I have changed very much in my lessons for while mary was with me I said them very ill every day, but now I almost say them very well every day. we are perhaps going to make a balloon to-day, perhaps not for a good while. just as I was thinking what to say to you, I turned by chance to your picture, and it came into my mind now what can I say to give pleasure to that papa. the weather is at present very beautiful, though cold. I have nothing more to say to you, dear papa.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Mamma says that I may tell you I have been a very good boy while you have been away.

WALES

That rock with waving willows on its side
That hill with beauteous forests on its top
That stream that with its rippling waves doth
glide
And oh what beauties has that mountain
got

That rock stands high against the sky
Those trees stand firm upon the rock
and seem as if they all did lock
Into each other; tall they stand
Towering above the whitened land

SPRING

What beauties spring thou hast the waving
lilae
and the stiff tall peach with roselike flowers
with yellow chorechorus and with nectarine
blossom
some with grace wave and some though tall are
stiff

waving is lilae, so is yellow chorechorus
waving is cherry blossom though not so graceful
as the spiry lilae and the hyacinth
stiff is the pear and nectarine with the peach

and apricot, all these are stiff but in return
their flowers are beautiful. so are birds and
beasts

as well as flowers some are wild and cruel
such are the tiger, panther, lynx and ounce

so also in return these animals
are pretty in the other sort
some dogs are ugly, but conceal within
some good intentions good ideas good thoughts

but spring, there is one tree that thou bring'st
forth

that is more beautiful than all the others —
this is the apple blossom o how sweet
is that fine tree and so I end.

VERONA, 21st June, '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — Do you recollect that line of Horace's about Ulysses, "Adversis rerum inmersabilis undis"? I do not know any sentence in any book that has so often helped me as that, but there is so strange a relation between it and the end of Ulysses in Dante. I recollect no evidence of Dante's knowing Horace at all: and it is so very strange to me that he has precisely contradicted Horace, in his mysterious death, — "Infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso." It is the most melancholy piece in all Dante — that — to me.

I wish I could give you, for an instant — my sense of sailing on lonely sea — and your writing to me from far away about things so very practical and important on the shore, which of course I ought to care for, and to leave all properly arranged — fin che il mar sia sopra me richiuso. But I don't care about them. Or, take the comic side of it — Jonathan Oldbuck leaves Lovel — who is sensible and practical — to bring out his essay on the Prætorium. Lovel does n't bring it out — and writes its titlepage calling it "an attempt at identification of the Kaim of Kinprunes -- with the landing place of Agricola" and keeps teasing Jonathan to write his Will. . . .

24th June.

And, indeed, if I were to die now, the life would have been such a wreck that you could n't even make anything of the drift wood. It really is more important and practical for me to try before I die to lead two or three people to think "whether there be any Holy Ghost" than even to make sure that you have my watch and seals to play with — though I *should* like you to have them. Only I'm not sure after all whether it is really me, or an ideal of me in your head, that you love. I don't believe anybody loves *me*, except my mother and poor little Joan.¹

I really *am* getting practical. Last night — full moon — the metal cross on the tomb summit — which I have named in the *Stones of Venice* as "chief of all the monuments of a land of mourning"² reflected the moonlight as it rose against the twilight, and looked like a cross of real pale fire — for the last time I believe from the old roof, for they take it off to-day, or to-morrow, to "restore it." Well, in old times, I *should* have thought that very pretty; whereas now I reflected that with four tallow candles stuck on the crossends I could produce a much brighter effect. And I'm thinking of writing Hamlet's soliloquy into Norton- & Mill-esque. "The question which under these circumstances must present itself to the intelligent mind, is whether to exist, or not to exist," etc. . . .

Don't send me any letters that will require any sort of putting up with or pa-

¹ His cousin Miss Agnew, now Mrs. Arthur Severn.

² The exact words in the *Stones of Venice* (vol. i, ch. xi, *ad fin.*) are: "this pure and lovely monument, my most beloved throughout all the length and breadth of Italy; — chief, as I think, among all the sepulchral marbles of a land of mourning." They are the close of a description of (these are Ruskin's words) "as far as I know or am able to judge the most perfect Gothic sepulchral monument in the world . . . the nameless tomb standing over the small cemetery gate of the Church of St. Anastasia at Verona." No one will differ widely from Ruskin in his estimate of the beauty and impressiveness of this tomb, who has become

tience, because I have n't got any. Only this I'll say — I've suffered so fearfully from *Reticences* all my life that I think sheer blurring out of all in one's head is better than silence. . . .

By the way, Charles, when I'm dead, do you mean to publish my sketches entitled "An attempt to draw the cathedral of Verona," etc., etc., because that would be quite true; but remember, one does n't "attempt" to interpret an inscription.³ One either does it right or wrong; it is either a translation or a mistake. Of course, there are mistakes in all interpretation, but the gist of them is either a thing done or undone — it is not an attempt, except in the process of it.

This Italy is such a lovely place to study liberty in! There are the vilest wretches of ape-faced children riding on my griffins all day long, or throwing stones at the carvings — that ever were left to find the broad way to Hades without so much as a blinker, let alone a bridle.

Can't write any more to-day.

Ever your loving

J. R.

VERONA, 9th August, '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — . . . Several things have concurred lately in furthering my preparation for the plan I told you of about the Valais. — To-day in coming from Venice I met an engineer who is negotiating a loan of four millions of francs for an aqueduct to Venice, and had various talks with a Venetian merchant familiar with the simplicity and dignity of its design, and the exquisite refinement of its decoration.

³ Ruskin had left England in April. He had gone off hastily, in a condition of great depression and weariness, leaving many affairs at loose ends and in confusion. He had given me charge of some of these affairs; among them, of revising the final proofs of *The Queen of the Air*, and this sentence must have reference to some ill-judged suggestion of mine, which I have quite forgotten, in regard to the title, which now stands in full as *The Queen of the Air: being a study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm*.

about the lagunes just before. Of course, the thing to be done is to catch — and use — and guide — the rain — when first Heaven sends it. For 1200 years, the Venetians have been fighting vainly with the Brenta and its slime. Every wave of it is just so much gold — running idly into the sea, and dragging the ruin of kingdoms down with it. Catch it when it first falls, and the arid north side of the Alps would be one garden, up to 7000 feet above the plain, and the waters clear and lovely in what portion of them was allowed to go down to the plain for its cultivation. Not a drop should be allowed to find its way into the sea from Lombardy, except as much as would make the Po navigable as far at least as Pavia, or, better, Casale; and the minor rivers constant with clear water in one fifth of their present widths of bed. . . .

Omar is very deep and lovely. But the universe is not a shadow show, nor a game, but a battle of weary wounds and useless cries, and *I* am now in the temper that Omar would have been in, if somebody always stood by him to put mud into his wine, or break his amphora. You don't quite yet understand the humor of thirsty souls, who have seen their last amphora broken — and “*del suo vino farsi in terra lago.*”¹

The Valais plan, however, is only the beginning of a bigger one, for making people old-fashioned. The more I see of your new fashions the less I like them. — I, a second time (lest the first impression should have been too weak), was fated to come from Venice to Verona with an American family — Father and mother and two girls — presumably rich — girls, 15 and 18. I never before conceived the misery of wretches who had spent all their lives in trying to gratify themselves. It was a little warm — warmer than was entirely luxurious — but nothing in the least harmful. They moaned and fidgeted and frowned and

¹ “*Delle mie vene farsi in terra lago.*” *Purgatorio*, v. 84.

puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles, and covered their faces, and tore the cover off again, and had no one thought or feeling during five hours of travelling in the most noble part of all the world, except what four poor beasts would have had in their den in a menagerie, being dragged about on a hot day. Add to this misery every form of possible vulgarity, in methods of doing and saying the common things they said and did. I never yet saw humanity so degraded (*allowing for external circumstances of every possible advantage*). Given wealth, attainable education, and the inheritance of 18 centuries of Christianity, and 10 of noble Paganism; and this is your result — by means of “Liberty.”

I am oppressed with work that I can't do, but must soon close now. Send me a line to Lugano. Love to you all.

Ever your affectionate

J. R.

DENMARK HILL, 7th August, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — Your letter and the photographs, which are delightful, arrived last night — it is better to send some little word of answer at once to your two questions about Turner. His, “I have been cruelly treated,” was reported to me by his friend Mr. Griffith (who was much with him before his death) as having been said one day almost without consciousness of speaking aloud, as he was looking sorrowfully at the pictures then exhibiting at Pallmall — from his gallery — everybody admiring them too late. The other saying came from an unquestionable quarter — Mr. Kingsley of Cambridge — Charles Kingsley's cousin — was in Turner's own gallery with him. They came to the “Crossing the Brook” — a piece of paint out of the sky, as large as a 4^d piece, was lying on the floor. Kingsley picked it up, and said, “Have you noticed this?” “No,” said Turner. “How can you look at the picture and see it so injured?”

said Kingsley. "What does it matter?" answered Turner, "the only use of the thing is to recall the impression." Of course it was false, but he was then thinking of himself only, having long given up the thought of being cared for by the public.

It was very curious your reading Ste. Beuve's *Virgil* with me. You will have seen by the lectures already that I feel as strongly as he, and much more strongly. (I like Ste. Beuve much, and see why you spoke of his style as admirable; but he is altogether shallow, and therefore may easily keep his agitation at ripple-level. Please compare his translation of Homer's *Eolus* at p. 204 with mine in *Queen of Air*, p. 22, and see how he has missed the mythic sense of the feasting, and put in "viandes savoreuses" out of his head, not understanding why Homer made the house misty.) But for Virgil, all you say of him is true — but through and under all that there is a depth and perfectness that no man has reached but he; — just as that Siena arabesque, though in a bad style, is insuperable — so Virgil, in (not a bad — but) a courtly and derivative style, has sterling qualities the most rare.

Thank you for writing what you had told me, but what I am only too glad to have written, of Cervantes. I will look at the two parts carefully.

Yes, I'll write often now, little words to tell you what I am feeling, and trying to do. Loving memory to you all.

Ever your grateful,

J. RUSKIN.

9 August, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — I did not, in my last letter, enter at all on my real meaning in saying Don Quixote was mischievous, and I want you to know it.

I never discerned the difference you point out between the parts. But I read the whole as the *First* — not as the *Last*. It always affected me — *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, real chivalry to me; and it

is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because — thus vain — they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons; and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness, and involved in shame — that I call the book so deadly.

Ever your loving,

J. R.

OXFORD, 23rd February, '71.

. . . I am setting to my work here, recklessly, to do my best with it, feeling quite that it is talking at hazard, for what chance good may come. But I attend regularly in the schools as mere drawing master — and the men begin to come — one by one — about fifteen or twenty already — several worth having as pupils in any way — being of temper to make good growth of.

I am living in a country inn, or, rather, country-town inn — the Crown and Thistle of Abingdon, and drive in, six miles, to Oxford every day but Sunday — two days every week being stately in the schools — and contingently there or in the Bodleian on others. This seems to put an end, abruptly, to all Denmark Hill life.

[DENMARK HILL] 3rd April, '71.

. . . I have had much disturbed work at Oxford, and coming home a few days ago for rest, my poor old Annie dies suddenly, and I've just buried her to-day, within (sight of!) her old master's grave. It is very wonderful to me that those two, who loved me so much, should not be able to see me any more.¹

¹ Anne or Annie, as she was indifferently called, was an important and characteristic member of the Denmark Hill household, — one of the wheels on which it ran its steady course. In 1873 Ruskin wrote of her in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xxviii, words which he repeated twelve years later in the first number of *Præterita*, and which, because of my pleasant memories of her keen inspection and her kind old-fashioned attentions to me as her master's friend when I was at Denmark Hill, I am glad to reprint here :

At Oxford, having been Professor a year and a half, I thought it time to declare open hostilities with Kensington, and requested the Delegates to give me a room for a separate school on another system. They went with me altogether, and I am going to furnish my new room with coins, books, catalogued drawings and engravings, and your Greek vases;¹ the mere fitting will cost me three or four hundred pounds. Then I'm going to found a Teachership under the Professorship, on condition of the teaching being on such and such principles, and this whole spring I must work hard to bring all my force well to bear, and show what I can do.

It is very sad that I cannot come to Venice, but everything is infinitely sad to me — this black east wind for three months most of all. Of all the things that oppress me, this sense of the evil-working of nature herself — my disgust at her barbarity — clumsiness — darkness — bitter mockery of herself — is the most desolating. I am very sorry for my old nurse — but her death is ten times more horrible to me because the sky and blossoms are Dead also.

CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
14th September, 1871.

In haste — more to-morrow — I've bought a small place here, with five

“Among the people whom one must miss out of one's life, dead, or worse than dead, by the time one is past fifty, I can only say for my own part, that the one I practically and truly miss most next to my father and mother . . . is this Anne, my father's nurse and mine. . . . From her girlhood to her old age, the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and speciality for doing disagreeable things, not things disagreeable to others, but those which others found disagreeable to do for themselves. She was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own.” Anne was no saint, but few saints have deserved as she did such a tribute.

¹ Vases which I had obtained in Italy for him.

acres of rock and moor, a streamlet, and I think on the whole the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire — with the sunset visible over the same.

The house — small — old — damp — and smoky chimneyed — somebody must help me get to rights.

MELROSE, 24th September, 1871.

. . . I shall in all probability be fairly settled in the house in November, for one of the reasons of my getting it is that I may fully command the winter sunsets, in clear sky — instead of losing the dead of day in the three o'clock fog of London. Meantime, I am very thankful for that sense of rest, which you feel also; but it is greatly troubled and darkened and lowered by the horrible arrangement of there being women in the world as well as mountains and stars and lambs, and what else one might have been at peace with — but for those other creatures!

What a lovely Tintoret that one at Dresden must be! — I never saw it; and what a gigantic, healthy, Sea-Heaven of a life he had, compared to this sickly, muddy, half eau sucrée and half-poisoned wine which is my River of Life; and yet how vain his also, except to you and me. I am writing a word or two of his work — as true “wealth” opposed to French lithographs and the like, in the preface to second volume of my revised works, *Munera Pulveris*.

DENMARK HILL, 9th December, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — It is Saturday — and on Tuesday last my mother died, and yet I have not written to tell you, feeling continually the same dread that I should have of telling you anything sad concerning yourself.

I am more surprised by the sense of loneliness than I expected to be — but it can only be a sense, never a reality, of solitude, as long as I have such friends as you.

I have been very curious to ask you —

since you will not admit Frederick to have been a hero, what your idea of heroism is?

I believe I shall have to give a subject for an essay at St. Andrews this year — the oldest university of Scotland. I am going to give, "The definition of Heroism, and its function in Scotland at this day."

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

[Added in Mrs. Severn's hand.] P. S. He has n't told you that he has been made Lord Rector of St. Andrews.

[DENMARK HILL] 4th January, 1872.

I have been so singularly, even for me, depressed and weak since the beginning of the year, that I could not write to you. One of the distinctest sources of this depression is my certitude that I ought now to wear spectacles; but much also depends on the sense of loss of that infinitude of love my mother had for me, and the bitter pity for its extinction.

I much delight in this coin of Frederick, and very solemnly and with my whole heart prefer it to the Hercules. I should even prefer my own profile to the Greek Hercules, though mine has the awfulest marks of folly, irresolution and disease. But Frederick and I had both of us, about the worst education that men could get for money, and both had passed through rough times which partly conquered us — being neither of us, certainly not I, made of the best metal, even had we been well brought up. One of the quaintest things in your last letter was your fixing in your search for bad epithets for Frederick on "Unsociable." And yet you love me.

But not to continue so insolent a comparison any longer, take the one instance of Frederick's domestic and moral temper, that having been in danger of death under the will — almost sentence of a father partly insane, he yet never accuses, but in all things justifies, and evidently reverences that father, through life.

28th.

I have the registered letter, and will pack the "Slaver" forthwith.

It is right that it should be in America,¹ and I am well pleased in every way, and always

Your lovingest,

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Easter Sunday, '72.

I left my Denmark Hill study to go back no more on Thursday, and have passed my Good Friday and Saturday here, quite alone, finding, strangely, one of my Father's diaries for my solace, giving account of all our continental journeys, from the time I was six years old, when he and my mother, and I, and a cat, whom I made a friend at Paris, and an old French man-chambermaid, were all very happy (yet not so much in degree as completeness) at Paris — my Father some twelve years younger than I am now.

LANCASTER, 27th December, '72.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, — I brought your Siena home from Oxford with me, and have been reading it all the way down, having carriage to myself.

It is curious that the first drawing I ever made of Italian art should have been from Duccio, and that I should have sent it to you the day before I read the account you give of him — twenty times more interesting than Cimabue.

I was greatly surprised by the early dates you assign, and prove, for the fall of Siena, and also by your ascribing it in the end, so completely, to the failure of religious faith.

Qu. and this is the only thing which during the whole day I wanted my pen to suggest — all the rest being unquestionable, . . . — should we not rather say, the failure of the qualities which render religious faith possible, and which, if it be taught, make it acceptable?

How far religion made — how far de-

¹ Turner's superb and astonishing picture, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

stroyed — the Italians is now a quite hopelessly difficult question with me. My work will only be to give material for its solution.

My cold is nearly gone. I will do S—— her drawing and you yours, at Brantwood. I have been dining on turtle soup and steak, and have had more than half a pint of sherry, and feel comfortable — here in King's Arms Inn, with picture of Dickens's Empty Chair behind me, and his signature to it, cut out of a letter to

(To be continued.)

the landlord. Volunteer band playing, melodiously and cheerfully. Mind you get acquainted with a conscientious Punch.

P. S. Pitch dark day. Qu. (not a critical one) After that time of homicide at Siena, Heaven sent the Black Plague. "You will kill each other, will you? You shall have it done cheaper."

We have covered ourselves with smoke. "You want darkness?" says Heaven, "You shall have it cheaper."

UNPUNISHED COMMERCIAL CRIME

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

PERHAPS the most important present criticism of American criminal law is that it is content with the performance of only a part of the functions which the moral welfare of the community increasingly requires it to exercise; that it devotes too much attention to elementary crimes, and fails to recognize that the peculiarly dangerous crimes of our day are those which the changed conditions of modern life have made possible, and the detection of which, for the most part, is beyond the scope of the police system.

The principles of criminal law, as that term is used to-day, were formulated in ancient times to meet the requirements of an essentially agricultural community, when the citizen required protection from crimes of violence rather than from the more modern crimes of craft. With the development of the police system our ability to cope with wrongs of violence has steadily increased. These ancient offenses have through all ages been offenses primarily against the life and safety of the individual citizen.

Crimes of the new type, however, affect not only the individual, but in a more

immediate and special sense the moral welfare of the community itself.

These crimes may be described roughly as crimes of fraud perpetrated either upon merchants or upon the general public. Fraud in obtaining credit by falsehood; fraud in concealing and conveying property to avoid the just demands of creditors; fraud in stealing trademarks and trade-names; fraud in the substitution, adulteration, and misrepresentation of goods; fraud in bribing, "commissions," and "special rebates;" fraud in the promotion, organization, inflation, management, and destruction of corporations; fraud in a hundred manifestations which daily are being fostered and encouraged by success, and rarely are deterred by anything suggesting punishment.

There is, perhaps, no occasion for pessimism in this connection, but it seems quite apparent that there is in the great cities a constantly increasing volume of business done which is either fundamentally fraudulent, or which depends upon fraudulent means for the large financial success which it often obtains. Take, for example, the Sunday edition of almost any great metropolitan newspaper and

study its advertising columns. Leaving out of account the department store announcements and the want columns, consider what a large part of the remaining advertisements bear the mark of almost obvious fraud. During the past few flush years these papers have been crowded with alluring advertisements of corporations with enormous capitalization, whose stock is issued, generally in small denominations, to place it within the reach of "small investors;" tempting gold and copper mines for the discontented janitress and ambitious elevator man, corporations with new processes and machinery to revolutionize the manufacture of household articles or necessities, corporations exploiting startling inventions calculated, on paper, to reverse the ways of commerce. An investigation would probably show that a majority of these companies are created solely for the purpose of selling stock, and without the slightest intention on the part of their promoters or officers of doing any legitimate business with the money acquired. During the Klondike fever a few years ago corporations of this kind were born daily in New Jersey and West Virginia with enormous paper capital, with a reasonable sprinkling of respectability in their directorates, and with glittering prospectuses, compared to which the South Sea Bubble was both honest and conservative. It may be doubted whether of the dozens of these highly advertised companies, organized to sell stock and work the gold mine of public credulity, there is one in active existence to-day. The harvest was reaped, and, their purpose being accomplished, they faded away "to the nothing they set out from," leaving no trace of their existence except beautifully engraved certificates of stock in the sewing-machine drawer of the seamstress, or tucked away in the family Bible of the flat parlor. So accustomed have we grown to these companies, with their prospectuses full of fraudulent misstatements, over-valuations, and over-estimates, that they long ago became a

popular topic for our shiftless American humor. A problem in America has to begin by being a jest, and we laugh at our troubles long before we think of doing anything about them.

Study the "Business Opportunities." What proportion of them are above the suspicion of being mere baits for catching gudgeons? As for the Wall Street advertisements, the "market letter people," the "pool" riggers, the inevitable "clerk in the office of a large corporation who will confidentially sell information of a certain movement in its stock," the turf-guide companies with their daily tips, they require no comment. So far as drugs and medicines are concerned, we are so accustomed to quack nostrums that we consider them with the utmost toleration, and accept good-naturedly the maxim of one of the most successful of modern "nerve invigorators," that "the value of an advertised medicine depends on what you put on the bottle rather than on what you put in it."

This country is notorious for its general indifference to adulteration and substitution of foods and drugs. Even when the article is found to be highly dangerous to health, actual punishment of its promoters is exceedingly rare. An amusing recognition of America as the natural home of food frauds was given recently in Germany, where the harsh government had pounced upon the prosperous manufacturers of a so-called Rhine wine which contained some rather remarkable adulterations. The manufacturers made a strong though ultimately unsuccessful plea to be left in peace. They maintained that they had never sold a bottle of their decoction in Germany, but were engaged solely in trade with the United States; that their business was very large, and afforded employment to many German workmen; and that an attack upon their business would be in effect made upon many other business houses likewise employing German workmen, and likewise engaged exclusively in export business to the United States.

A lengthy consideration of common forms of commercial fraud daily practiced is unnecessary, and would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits. The subject of "business graft" alone would afford a topic in itself,—that form of criminal conspiracy which finds daily illustration through the whole length and breadth of business life, from the cook, whose beer bottles are charged up by the grocer, to the purchasing agent of the railroad, who grows rich on secret commissions for everything which, through him, his company buys. The point is not that these frauds exist, for every one knows that they exist and flourish luxuriantly. The significant thing is that in this country we do not think of these modern forms of criminal business as proper subjects for treatment by criminal law, and often we do not consider them as crimes at all.

Fraud accomplished by ancient methods, larceny of the simple and obvious type by the common criminal, we meet readily enough, but on crime of a more intellectual kind, particularly crime in the business methods and expedients of highly successful financiers and business men, we hesitate to put the mark of public disapproval. We have not yet realized the peculiarly corrupting influence of these offenses. In medicine we long ago learned that among bodily ailments smallpox and diphtheria were highly dangerous to the community, and with these diseases our health boards deal with commendable promptness, because they are recognized not only as serious diseases, but as highly contagious ones. Should not the criminal courts perform the functions of health boards in preserving the community from moral epidemics? In dealing with crime should not they deal with greater vigor with the more contagious form? Which, for example, is really the greater enemy of American society, the Mulberry Bend Italian who in a fit of jealous frenzy murders his wife, or the promoter of a heavily watered corporation who, by a fraudulent pros-

pectus, induces the foolish innocent to lose thousands upon thousands of honestly earned dollars? At the crime of the Italian the moral sense of the community is shocked. Even his poor neighbors in his own tenement regard his offense with horror. The sphere of influence of such a murder is comparatively small, and the whole machinery of the law is immediately turned upon the criminal. If he flies, the police of the whole country aid in the search for him. He is quickly captured, quickly tried, and lifelong imprisonment is the penalty. To the promoter whose successful operations enable him to live a life of ostentatious luxury, and with whom reputable men are apparently not unwilling to associate, the criminal law ordinarily has nothing to say. As to the young men who see him living in elegance, with the profusion of worldly goods his methods have gained for him, who enjoy the hospitality of his automobile or his yacht, is it surprising that they should learn to think that there is a better way of getting money than by earning it, or that they also should become earnest students of that all too prevalent form of business success whose triumph consists in making plenty of money and keeping out of jail?

Another phase of the influence of the fraudulent promoter is in the effect of his efforts upon legitimate enterprises. Comparatively few of the investors who lost money in his "operation" because they thought his promising scheme afforded a legitimate means of investment for them could again be induced by any amount of persuasion to embark in another corporate venture, however honest or highly commended.

When shall we begin to consider the real importance of dealing vigorously through the criminal courts with the modern business vampire? By what process of reasoning can we make a moral distinction between the larceny of the despised green-goods or gold-brick swindler and the equally real larceny accomplished, for example, by the rich and

quasi-respectable promoters of the American Ship-Building Company, that bubble of fraud concerning which the public press has had so much to say recently. The trustee who hazards the funds of his trust estate in Wall Street gambling, and loses, speedily learns to his sorrow that his offense is embezzlement, and his punishment severe. How do we distinguish between the conduct which places him behind the bars of a prison and that, for example, of the president and directors of the trust company so closely associated with the shipbuilding swindle, upon which the financial report of the New York state bank examiner has recently been made public? That report shows that these directors made illegal and practically unsecured loans of enormous amounts, and permitted their president to use his official position, and the money of stockholders and depositors, to gamble in floating a so-called trust of the most flagrantly fraudulent character. Illegal loans to this president were made to ten times the amount which was authorized by the banking law, and the trust company preserved its solvency only by reducing its capital fifty per cent. "Its losses wiped out its entire surplus and necessitated the sacrifice by stockholders of over one half their holdings. Over a million dollars was charged to profit and loss." The state bank examiner, from whose report the last sentence is quoted, closes that report with a series of recommendations for *new* bank legislation to prevent acts which he says "flagrantly transgress the law." It is significant, however, that, notwithstanding this series of recommendations as to needed banking law, there is no suggestion that the existing *criminal* law be in any wise put in motion to punish such offenses by such highly respectable offenders, nor does the examiner comment on the insufficiency of that law for such a purpose, or advise any effective amendments.

Is it not more important, in the temper of these times, that the community should be both able and willing actually to pun-

ish as crimes offenses of which these are but types, than that half-a-dozen slum murderers should undergo sentence? We suffer from no general temptation to commit murder, but far too many of us, and not merely the poor and needy ones either, do suffer from temptations to make too much money in quick and devious ways. The failure of the criminal courts to reach these types of offenses and offenders can but be far-reaching in the evil consequences which inevitably follow from it, in undermining the national moral sense which the criminal courts were created to strengthen and support.

As a people we have a curious dislike to punish severely criminals of good social standing who have respectable friends. We take narrow views of the purposes of criminal law. Our conception of the proper use of punishment as a warning to others is limited to old-fashioned crime, and rarely finds practical application to such offenses as we have been here considering. An illustration of this indifference was given a few years ago in an important case in New York city. The officers of a national bank had permitted their institution to be wrecked by certifying, and thereby, of course, practically guaranteeing, the checks of a firm of stock brokers for enormous sums when the brokers did not have the money represented by the checks deposited in the bank. This was distinctly forbidden, and made a criminal offense, by the national banking law. The brokers failed, and the bank having closed its doors in consequence, the president of the bank was indicted. A jury having been empaneled to try him, he pleaded guilty, his counsel urging, as a reason for clemency, that the violation of this statute was a habit of the New York banks in the Wall Street district, and that if the wrecked bank had not followed this law-breaking custom of its competitors the stock brokers would have withdrawn their account. The plea was successful, and the officer escaped with a small fine. Imagine a burglar or a pickpocket urging a plea for clemency

based on the general business habits and customs of his criminal confrères! In dealing with offenses by criminals of previous good social standing we rarely look beyond the offender himself to consider the welfare of the community. If, for example, a man steals, and, after his indictment for the crime, his friends or relatives repay the amount of the theft, in America that is the end of the matter, and the offense committed against criminal law devised as a protection for the public is entirely negligible. The greatest bank wrecker in American criminal history now lives undisturbed in New York. He never served a day in jail for a defalcation of six million dollars. The indictments against him were all dismissed a few years ago. He even seems to have returned to some sort of social position, and the society columns of the *New York Times*, commenting some time ago upon a reception at his New York home, alluded with becoming gravity to certain Canadian guests as friends whom their host and his family had made "during their long stay in Quebec."

Recorder Goff, the well-known New York criminal judge, in the course of a striking address given before a club of lawyers in New York some time ago, related an incident which deserves repetition in this connection. He had been making the point that in criminal law the present American tendency was to protect the criminal at the expense of society. He illustrated his remarks by a personal incident which, as the writer recollects it, was substantially as follows:—

"I was in the city of Mexico," he said, "some years ago, and went through the great city prison in company with the Mexican attorney general. As we passed along, observing the prisoners, all of them engaged in hard manual labor, one of them, of lighter complexion than the rest, attracted my attention. 'That man looks like an American,' I remarked. The attorney general smiled, and said that he was. I then inquired what he was there for, and from the attorney general's

reply, and from a subsequent conversation which I had with the man himself, I learned the following facts: Some years before, in a central state in our own country, two men had been partners in a general real estate business. They lent money for clients, and had, in addition, the funds of many lodges and fraternal societies in their keeping. They misappropriated this money. Finally, after having exhausted the means of concealment, and having reached a point where discovery was practically certain, they debated together what they should do. What they decided upon was this: they had stolen in the neighborhood of \$100,000, and they divided what remained of it; one of them fled to Mexico with his share of the booty, and immediately took steps to become a Mexican citizen, so that he could not be extradited for trial in the United States; the other stayed at home. After the crime was discovered, the one who stayed at home was indicted and tried. He fought desperately in the courts, but was finally convicted, with a strong recommendation by the jury for clemency. Powerful influences were brought to bear in his behalf, and he received a light sentence of less than two years in prison, which was materially reduced by good behavior. His prison labor consisted in keeping the prison books.

"His partner in crime, who fled to Mexico, was apprehended there, and his extradition was asked for. He had, however, become a Mexican citizen, and under the treaty between Mexico and the United States could not be extradited. Unfortunately for him, this application for extradition brought him to the attention of the Mexican authorities. He could not be sent to the United States for trial, for he was a Mexican citizen, but he could be and he was prosecuted as a Mexican in Mexico for bringing stolen money into the republic, was sentenced to ten years at hard labor, and was serving that sentence when I saw him. He had about seven years more to serve before he obtained that freedom which his equally guilty

American partner had then been enjoying for more than a year."

There are many reasons why the most important part of business crime fails even to reach the criminal courts. In some instances the apparent inadequacy of the possible punishment makes a prosecution seem hardly worth while. The man who, after inducing the business world to give him credit for many thousands of dollars, transfers his property in order to swindle those who have trusted him, may be punished with no greater severity than the man who expectorates on the floor of a public conveyance. There are no reported cases to show that the New York statute, which makes this commonest and meanest offense against honest business a misdemeanor, has ever led to the punishment of a single offender. What moral difference can there be between the receiver of stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen, and the person who receives property thus conveyed by a swindling debtor? Yet the former may be punished with five times the penalty of the latter, and while proceedings for the offense of knowingly receiving stolen goods are common in the criminal courts, the reports contain no record of any prosecution of the commercial "fence," the transferee of fraudulently conveyed goods.

An excellent illustration of the attitude of the criminal law in a great commercial state toward essentially criminal methods of doing business is contained in the New York statute which defines the crime of larceny. One section provides generally that this crime is committed by a person who obtains property or any article of value from the true owner, "by color or aid of fraudulent or false representation or pretense." A subsequent section, however, carefully provides that to obtain property "by means of a false pretense is not criminal where the false pretense relates to the purchaser's means or ability to pay, unless the pretense is made in writing and signed by the party to be charged." This special dispensation in

favor of the commercial thief is instructive. Apparently it amounts to a license for him to obtain property on credit by any false statement as to his property or his ability to pay which his ingenuity may suggest, and guarantees him immunity from criminal prosecution so long as he avoids putting his falsehood in the form of a written statement, and over his own signature!

Another form of commercial crime which is constantly on the increase is that of counterfeiting trademarks and trade-names. In these days millions of dollars are annually spent in giving value to trademarks by advertising. When these trademarks have acquired such value by reason of the sums invested in them, as to make them second to few forms of commercial property, the necessity of protection against trademark piracy by punishment of the offenders (both from the standpoint of the owner of the trademark and that of the equally deceived and defrauded public) grows more and more apparent. Under the New York law the offense committed by a man who steals one man's business and another man's name by counterfeiting or imitating a valuable trademark, has not yet risen to the dignity of a felony. The moral difference between forging a man's name to a spurious note and forging his trademark to a spurious box or bottle is hard to see, yet the more ancient form of this commercial crime, the forgery of the paper, may be punished with ten times the severity of the equally important, though more modern offense. Nor is this all. Not only is the maximum punishment small for trademark counterfeiting, but in actual practice the writer is informed that in New York, at least, the cases in which imprisonment has been imposed have been so few as to be entirely negligible; and the fines have usually been so small as to amount to very little in preventing the growth of these crimes against fair trade. In a very recent case, the only one in the writer's knowledge in which imprisonment was actually imposed for

this offense in New York, two men were convicted of having made and sold counterfeit caps and labels sufficient to equip 10,000 bottles in fraudulent imitation of the valuable trademarks of a well-known and heavily advertised whiskey. The fine imposed did not exceed the cash actually obtained by the makers of these fraudulent caps and labels for their goods; and the imprisonment to which these men were sentenced was only ten days!

The New York Penal Code contains an entire chapter devoted to "Fraudulent Insolvencies by Corporations and other Frauds in their Management." Nearly all the offenses it creates are not felonies, but misdemeanors only, punishable by maximum penalties of a year's imprisonment or \$500 fine. For example, one of the commonest ways of giving fictitious value to stock, and of selling large quantities of worthless certificates, is by paying large dividends, not from the actual earnings of the company, but out of the money paid by stockholders for their stock. Stockholders and others, believing from these dividends that the company is actually prosperous and earning money, either increase their holdings, or buy stock at high prices, only to find later that it is worthless. The Penal Code provides that the directors of a corporation who perpetrate this swindle are guilty simply of a misdemeanor. Equally serious is the action of directors in knowingly making and publishing false statements or reports as to the financial condition of the company of which they are trustees. Whittaker Wright (the great company promoter, who committed suicide after being sentenced to hard labor for issuing false balance sheets of the wrecked London and Globe Finance Corporation) was convicted in England under a statute substantially similar to this section of the Penal Code. He was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Under this New York law the maximum penalty which he could have received would have been one year's imprisonment, or a fine of five hundred dollars.

Something has been said above as to the offense committed by the directors of a trust company in making illegal loans, ten times larger than those allowed by law, to its president, who was also a director, resulting in the wrecking of the institution. This, also, is merely a misdemeanor. The adulteration of food and drugs is a misdemeanor, under which in New York during the past administration of the city government many prosecutions have been had, almost exclusively, however, in relation to adulterations of milk. The excellent work of the health officers in this connection is a shining example of what can and should be done in the use of criminal law for the protection of the community. The offense of knowingly selling any compound containing a poisonous acid or other substitute for the juice of lemons or other fruit is punishable by a fine of not more than \$250, or six months in prison.

It will not do to ascribe the failure of the criminal law to punish commercial crime entirely to defects in the law, or to the inefficiency of its prosecuting officers. The present district attorney of New York county deserves special commendation for his apparent willingness to do his full duty in these matters, and to punish important types of criminal business even when it requires the exercise of a considerable degree of moral courage to do so. Comment upon the trials of Parks and his associates in the trade-union conspiracies is unnecessary. The public service which those prosecutions did and are doing not only for honest trades-unionism, but for honest business as well, cannot be too highly extolled. They afford an additional example of what the criminal courts can do in the hands of conscientious and fearless officials when finally supported by the injured persons most concerned. It remains to be seen, of course, whether further action can and will be taken to punish not merely the criminal bosses of labor organizations, but the theoretically more respectable contractors whose bribe money and whose

dishonest business principles were at the bottom of this labor trouble.

It would not be surprising, of course, for an ordinary district attorney to prefer prosecuting simple crime which requires little mental effort from him, or sensational crime which gives him a desired prominence in the papers, to attacking offenses of a less exciting character, which call for a much more careful examination of law and fact; where the offender is likely to be represented by counsel of large abilities; where the punishment, if conviction be obtained, is almost certain to be light, and where, from the social connections of the offender, a suspended sentence would be quite as likely. The real trouble, however, so far at least as crimes are concerned, affecting merchants and the business world, is with the business men themselves. Except, perhaps, in a few cases, as, for example, trademark counterfeiting, in which criminal prosecutions are fairly frequent, the attitude of the average business man who has been defrauded toward his offender is this: If there is a fair chance of getting back a substantial portion of his money quickly, and without too much inconvenience to himself, he will take action in the civil courts, and in New York the delay of the civil courts is such as practically to cause commercial litigation to cease. But if he is certain that the man who wronged him is "judgment proof," and that no money will result from litigation, the average business man will charge the cheat up to profit and loss, and leave the task of criminal prosecution to some one not so busy as he is. He has no time to waste in sitting around criminal courts when all that his expenditure of time can result in is merely the punishment of the offender, and not in the, to him, more important result of getting his money back. Moreover, having a good opinion of his own business shrewdness, he will not care to advertise the fact that he has met a man "smart" enough to cheat him. It is the same spirit which makes him prefer in civic matters to endure high taxes and

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rascality in public office rather than to take a personal interest in politics, and which makes him willing to hang on to a strap, or to pay an additional fare, when he should have a transfer. He is too busy.

A more striking illustration of this state of things cannot be found than is afforded by the working of the Federal Bankruptcy Law. That law establishes a series of criminal offenses punishable by imprisonment. Theoretically, under it a man who deliberately plans to conceal his property, to swear himself a bankrupt and be discharged by law from the just claims of his creditors, has the terrors of criminal prosecution facing him. Fraudulent sworn schedules in bankruptcy, fraudulent concealment of assets by alleged bankrupts, and perjury in bankruptcy proceedings are notoriously common, as every business man knows. Yet, with all the thousands of bankruptcy cases which have been passed upon by the Federal Courts since the bankruptcy law went into effect, the number of criminal trials for offenses provided for in that law have been so few, and attended with such meagre results, as to justify the statement that this branch of the law has been practically unenforced.

It is the proud affirmation of our courts that the law is no respecter of persons. It is of the highest public importance that this maxim should not be an extravagant boast, but the expression of a vital reality. In a decade of unparalleled stock jobbing, marked by the inflation through false prospectuses and devious market manipulations of great corporations, the decline of which now daily involves in ruin thousands of honest investors, the criminal courts should be called upon to illustrate by action that affirmation of the law.

Over a century ago in England there was a criminal trial the like of which never before nor since has been witnessed in the legal proceedings of the nations. The country was then filled with men who had returned from India rich with the wealth of an oppressed people, and who

flaunted before the eyes of their home-staying neighbors the spoils of foreign crime. The word "nabob" came into the language filled with a meaning to the moral life of the English people which is not yet forgotten. It signified such a lowering of standards of public morality as perhaps no other word in the language has signified. But the conscience of the people reacted against it. Before the House of Lords Warren Hastings, the greatest, though not, perhaps, the worst, of nabobs, was tried. He was prosecuted by a galaxy of forensic orators, such as never before were associated in the prosecution of a great criminal. Burke, Fox, and Sheridan represented not merely the House of Commons, but the English people, and the reassertion of the national honor which had been outraged by the criminal actions of the nabob Englishmen in India. That trial, as we know, did not result in the conviction and sentence of the famous offender, but the influence of the

prosecution itself on the moral sense of the people of England cannot be overestimated. It meant that the English people placed upon wealth obtained by criminal oppression the stamp of their indignant disapproval, and by that fact the great prosecution was not a failure, but a signal success.

Conditions have changed. The nabobs of our day derive their enormous revenue not from direct physical oppression of the weak and helpless, but from the more subtle and bloodless ways of devious finance. One of the functions of the criminal law, in these days disregarded or forgotten, is, borrowing the words of Emerson, "to correct the theory of success." It is high time the criminal courts should recognize the present duty, which the conditions of these times make daily more imperative, of drawing definitely the line which shall distinguish before the eyes of all men the finance which is finance from the finance which is crime.

SONG'S APOSTASY

BY WILLIAM WATSON

WHEN is the Muse most lustily acclaimed?
 When she in paths not native goes astray,
 There to disown her record if she may,
 Deny her lineage, turn as one ashamed
 From all she was, and all that once was famed
 To be her realm and birthright. Yet to-day,
 Her need is rather to retrace her way
 To where of old her steadfast signal flamed;
 Thence counting it her glory to bestow
 On man the things he is poor in, not the things
 Life spawns forever with a rank excess;
 To teach him beauty and not ugliness,
 The upward not the downward truth; and so
 To the mountains lead him, and the cold clear springs.

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THE COMMON LOT

BY ROBERT HERRICK

XXIX

THERE was a stir among the reporters gathered in the little room where the coroner's inquest on the Glenmore fire was being held, when it became known that the architect was present and was to be examined. Graves's man, Gotz, the president of the hotel company, had finished his testimony on the previous day, having displayed a marvelous capacity for ignorance. Under advice from his lawyer he had refused to answer every important question put to him, on the plea that it was irrelevant. The coroner had been scarcely more successful with other witnesses in his endeavors to determine the exact causes for the large loss of life in the new hotel, and his inquest was closing in failure. The yelping pack of newspapers had already raised their cry in another field; public interest in the Glenmore disaster had begun to wane; and it was generally believed that nothing would come of the inquest, not even a hearing before the Grand Jury. The whole affair was but another instance of the impotence of our system of government in getting at the real offenders against society, if they are cunning and powerful.

That morning, as the Harts were preparing to go to the hearing, the doctor had called to see little Powers, for the child's feverish cold threatened to develop into pneumonia. After the doctor had gone, the architect went upstairs to the sickroom, where Helen was seated on the bed playing with Powers, and trying to soothe him. As he watched them, he was devoured by a sudden fear, a terrible presentiment, that the child was to die, and thus he was to pay for his sins, and not only he, but Helen. She was to pay

with him, even more than he! He tried to rid himself of the hysterical and foolish idea, but it persisted, prompted by that rough sense of retribution — an acknowledgment of supreme justice — that most men retain all their lives.

"I shall have to go now," he said to her at last. "But you must n't think of coming. You must stay with the boy."

"Oh no!" Helen exclaimed quickly, looking closely at the child. "The doctor says there is nothing to fear yet. Everything has been done that I can do, and your mother will stay with him while we are away. It won't be long, anyway!"

"Why do you insist upon coming?" he protested almost irritably. "It won't be exactly pleasant, and you may have to hang around there for hours."

"Don't you want me to go with you, and be there, Francis?"

He made no reply, feeling ashamed to confess that it would make the coming scene all the more painful to know that she was hearing again in all its repulsive detail the story of his participation in the criminal construction of the Glenmore hotel.

"I think I had better go," she said finally, "and I want to go!"

She wished to be near him at the end, after he had performed this difficult act; to be near him when he came out of the hearing and walked home with the knowledge of the public disgrace preparing for him at the hands of the hungry reporters. Then, she divined, he would feel the full bitterness of his position.

The hearing proceeded slowly, and it was the middle of the afternoon before the architect was called. The coroner, a grizzled little German-American with an important manner, put on his spec-

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tacles to examine the new witness, and the members of the coroner's jury, who knew that the architect had left the city immediately after the fire and were surprised at his return, evinced their curiosity by leaning forward and staring at Hart.

The first questions put to him were directed toward gaining information about the corporation that owned the building. As Mr. Hart was the treasurer of the Glenmore company, presumably he held stock in the corporation? A large amount? No, he had had some stock, but had disposed of it. Recently? Some time ago. To whom? The witness refused to answer. Had he paid cash for his stock? The witness refused to answer: he had been told by his lawyer that all such questions were not pertinent to the present inquiry. But who, then, were the chief stockholders? who were, in fact, the Glenmore company? Again the architect refused to answer; indeed, he was not sure that he knew. The coroner, baffled on this line, and knowing well enough in a general way at least from previous witnesses that nothing was to be unearthed here, turned to more vital matters.

"Mr. Hart," he said, clearing his throat and looking gravely at the witness, "I understand that you were the architect for this hotel?"

"Yes."

"You drew the plans and specifications for the Glenmore?"

"Yes, they were prepared in my office."

"Were they the same that you see here?"

The coroner motioned toward the roll of plans that had been taken from the files of the Building Department.

"Yes," the architect answered readily, merely glancing at the plans, "those were the plans for the hotel as originally prepared by me."

"Now I want to ask if the Glenmore hotel was built according to these plans?"

The architect hesitated. Every one in

the room knew well enough by this time that the building destroyed by fire had not been erected according to these plans, but, nevertheless, they waited eagerly for the reply.

"Few buildings," Hart began explanatorily, "are completed in all respects according to the original plans and specifications."

"Ah, is that so?"

"But these plans were very considerably altered," the witness continued voluntarily.

"By whom? By you? With your consent, your approval?"

The architect hesitated again for a few moments, and then answered rapidly:—

"With my knowledge, certainly; yes, you may say with my consent!"

There was a little delay in the inquiry at this point, while the coroner consulted with his counsel as to the next questions that should be addressed to the witness. The architect gazed doggedly before him, keeping his eyes on the dirty window above the heads of the jury. In the dingy light of the little room, his face appeared yellow and old. His mouth twitched occasionally beneath his mustache, but otherwise he stood with composure waiting for the next question, which he knew would pierce to the heart of the matter.

"Mr. Hart," the coroner resumed, "will you describe to us what those alterations in the plans for the Glenmore were, what was the nature of them?"

The witness considered how he was to answer the question, and then he proceeded to explain the most important discrepancies between the building as it had been erected by Graves and the plans that had been filed with the Building Department. He described the use of the old walls and foundations, the reduction in the thickness of the bearing-walls and partitions, the chief substitutions of wood for steel in the upper stories, the omitting of fireproof partitions and re-escapes, etc., — in short, all the methods of "skinning" the construction, in which the con-

tractor was such an adept. He referred from time to time to the plans, and used technical terms, which he was asked to explain. But the jury listened with absorbed interest, and he kept on until he had answered the question thoroughly.

"As an architect," the coroner asked, when Hart had completed his explanation, "will you state whether, in your judgment, these changes that you have described, especially the substitution of inflammable material for fireproofing and the weakening of the main walls, were sufficient to account for the great loss of life in the fire?"

The answer to such a question could be only an individual opinion, and the witness might properly refuse to commit himself. The architect hesitated, and then with a quick motion of the head, as if he were sick of evasions, said:—

"There are a good many buildings here in Chicago and in other large cities that are no safer than the Glenmore was. But if you want my opinion, I will say that such alterations as I have indicated tended to weaken the walls, and in other ways to bring the building below the danger limit."

"It was what might be called a fire-trap, then?"

"I did not say that!"

Feeling that at last he had found an easy witness, the coroner began to bully, and there ensued a wrangle between him and the architect in which both men became heated.

"Well, Mr. Hart," a member of the jury finally interposed with a question, "can you say that the Glenmore as it was built conformed to the building ordinances of the city of Chicago?"

"It would take a number of experts and a good lawyer to interpret those ordinances!" the architect answered testily. "I should say that they were drawn for the express purpose of being violated."

There was a laugh along the reporters' seat at this retort. But the witness quickly added in his former contained manner:—

"No, the Glenmore violated the ordinances in a number of important particulars."

There was a sudden hush in the room. This point had been established before by different persons who had been examined. Nevertheless, the admission coming from the architect of the ill-fated building was an important point. It might lead to other interesting admissions.

"You were aware, then, when the Glenmore was being erected that it violated the ordinances?"

"Yes."

"Did you make any protest?"

"No."

"Did you know when you undertook the plans that the hotel was to be built in this manner?"

"I knew that it was to be put up for a certain sum, and that a first-class fireproof building conforming to the ordinances could not be built for that money."

A number of questions followed in regard to the actual cost of the hotel and the connection of the Graves Construction Company with the owners of the building, many of which the architect refused to answer. At last the coroner returned to the one point on which he had been successful in eliciting vital information,—the character of the burned building, and the circumstances of its construction.

"I suppose the building was inspected during the construction?"

"Certainly."

"By whom?"

"As usual, by different inspectors from the Building Department. Mr. Murphy was there several times, I remember, and Mr. Lagrange, among others. But I think chiefly Mr. Murphy."

"Were you present during their inspection?"

"Not always."

"Did either of these gentlemen find anything to object to in the method of construction?"

"I never heard of any objection. Nothing was ever said to me. The inspector

might have talked to the contractors. But I don't think any one of them did."

"Have you reason to believe that there was any collusion between the inspectors and the Graves Company?"

Every one in the room knew that there must have been collusion. Nevertheless, the architect, after hesitation, said:—

"I shan't answer that, sir."

"You refuse to reply?"

"See here, Mr. Coroner! I am here to tell you what I know about the Glenmore, — at least so far as it concerns my own responsibility, my own work. But I am not here to testify against the Graves Construction Company. Understand that!"

"Well, I should say that you and the Graves Company were pretty well mixed in this matter. You were an officer of the corporation which employed the Graves Company to build a hotel on your plans. Could there be any closer connection than that, do you think?"

To this observation Hart made no reply, and finally the member of the jury who had interposed before put another question to the witness:—

"You have told us that the Glenmore was not properly built, was not what it pretended to be, a fireproof building, and generally violated the ordinance for that class of building. Do you consider yourself in any way responsible for those violations?"

"Yes," the architect replied slowly, "I suppose so. At least I knew all about it!"

"You considered it a dangerous building?"

"I can't say that I did. I should consider it so now. I did n't think much about it then."

The witness's admission came with evident effort; the jurymen continued insinuatingly:—

"Mr. Hart, I believe that you were present at the fire?"

"Yes."

"Did you then believe that if the hotel had been built according to these plans" — he pointed to the roll of blue prints on

the table — "the large loss of life would not have occurred?"

"I felt so, — yes, I believe so now!"

"May I ask one more question? Was it for your interest to make these changes? Did you make any money out of the job beyond your customary commissions?"

It was a question that the witness might properly refuse to answer as having no direct bearing on the object of the inquest. But the architect was weary of quibbles, indeed eager to make his testimony as thorough as might be.

"Not directly, but I was an officer of the company, and beside" —

"Indirectly, then, you benefited?"

"Yes, indirectly."

"That is all, Mr. Hart."

A few more questions were asked by the coroner about the inspection of the building by Murphy and Lagrange, and also in regard to the architect's previous relations with the Graves Company. Then the witness was excused.

When the architect stepped back into the room, he saw Wheeler sitting beside Helen in the rear. They waited for him at the door, and together the three went out to the street. The lawyer, who had reached the hearing in time for most of the testimony, smiled rather grimly as he remarked to his cousin:—

"Well, Jack, you gave them about everything they were after! You need n't have turned yourself quite inside out."

"It was perfect!" Helen exclaimed, taking her husband's arm. "Everything you said was right. I would n't have had you change a word."

Wheeler buttoned his coat against the east wind and smiled tolerantly at the woman's fervor.

"Will that be all, Everett?" she asked a little defiantly.

"For the present," he replied after a pause, and then he nodded good-by.

"What did he mean?" she asked her husband, as they threaded the crowded street leading to the North Side Bridge.

"That they will hold me to the Grand Jury, I suppose."

Her grip tightened on his arm, and they continued their way silently to the old Ohio Street house.

XXX

When they entered the house, Helen hurried upstairs to the child, who had been calling for her, Mrs. Hart said. Presently the doctor came for his evening visit, and when, after a long time, he left the sickroom, Jackson met him in the hall, but lacked the courage to ask any question. The doctor spoke brusquely about the bad weather, and hurried off. Then Hart walked to and fro in the gloomy dining-room until his mother came down for dinner, which they ate in silence.

Before they had finished their meal the bell rang, and in reply to the maid's excuses at the door there sounded in the hall a strong woman's voice.

"But I *must* see them!"

Hart, recognizing Venetia Phillips's voice, stepped into the hall.

"Oh, Jack! I have just heard that you were all here. Everett told me all about it. Jack, it was fine! I did n't think you had it in you, Jackie, dear. To stand up there and give everything away, — it took real stuff. I know it!" She held out her hand in enthusiastic heartiness, repeating, "It was fine, fine!" Suddenly she turned back to the door where Coburn stood.

"You know Dr. Coburn, Jack! I brought him along, too. I was in such a hurry to see you all. Where's Helen?"

"Yes, I just butted in," Coburn said, laughing. "I would n't let her come without me. I wanted to shake on it, too!"

"But where's that sainted wife of yours?" Venetia persisted.

When Hart told her of little Powers's illness, she asked to go upstairs. There was an awkward silence between the two men, left alone with the common memory of that last time, barely a week before, that they had met. Coburn, having now an explanation for the architect's erratic behavior, refrained from his usual

blunt speech. The architect saw through a mist of accumulated impressions, as in a long vista, that night after the fire when Coburn had found him under the spell of fearful visions. That experience was removed, as if it belonged to distant years. He had never liked Coburn the few times that he had seen him, but as they stood awkwardly in the old library a kind of sympathy grew between them.

"You must have thought I was crazy that night," the architect remarked apologetically. "I did n't know much what I was up to!"

"That's all right, man," Coburn interrupted warmly. "Don't think about it again. It was damn good luck my running across you. If I'd known, of course — Say! that took sand, what you did to-day. Wheeler told Venetia all about it, and she told me. It makes a man feel good to know some one has got the nerve to stand up and take medicine, and not try everlastingly to sneak out of things! If more folks nowadays would do that, it would be better for us all. Don't you mind what the papers say. They have to fling mud, — that's their game!"

"Well, it does n't make much difference now what they say except, — except for my wife," Hart answered dully. "And that can't be helped."

"Oh, I guess it won't last long. And somehow women don't mind those things half as much as you'd think, at least the best ones don't. And from what Venetia says, yours is one of the best!"

They had nothing further to say to each other, and sat silently until Venetia came back. Her exuberance had gone, and as she entered the room she was wiping away the traces of tears.

"Poor little Powers!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Jack! I am terribly sorry."

"What's the matter?" Coburn demanded.

"It's pneumonia, poor little man!"

Hart's lip trembled beneath his mustache.

"Yes, I supposed it would be. It's as bad as it well could be, for *her*!"

"I know he'll come through, — he *must!*" Venetia exclaimed helplessly, and added in a burst of admiration, "That could n't happen to Helen — it just could n't! She's so splendid, Jack! It's a big thing to know there are such women about. She's holding him up there, with a smile on her face!"

After Coburn and Venetia had left, Hart sat for a while in the dark room, and then, pulling himself together, went upstairs to his wife and child.

Again and again during the days that followed, while they worked for the child's life, and when all was done watched and waited together for what might come, that miserable foreboding of the first day came back to him. An evil fate seemed close on his heels, ready to lay hand on him here or there. The illness of the child related itself in some unknown manner with that other catastrophe. The old idea of retribution, that barbaric conception of blood sacrifice, tormented him, as it torments the most skeptical in the hour of crisis. It appeared that for his cowardice of nature, for all his weak and evil deeds, for the unknown dead in whose death he had connived, he was about to be called to pay with the life of his own child. And the mother, guiltless, in the inscrutable cruelty of fate, must pay with him and pay the larger share of the price of his evil, of his nature!

But during these days of dread the woman went her way calmly, serenely, prepared, outwardly at least, for any event. What the child's death would mean to her was known only to herself, for she consumed her grief patiently in the silence of the watch. The house grew more sombre, as day by day the child's struggle for life moved on to its crisis. Little Powers, like his mother, made his fight with unchildish patience. He had always been the quieter, less demonstrative one of the two boys, possessing a singular power of silence and abstraction, which had been put down to physical weakness. Yet under the stress of dis-

case he showed an unexpected resistance and vitality. The father, seeing him lying in the great bed, with pathetic moments of playfulness even in the height of his fever, could not stay by his side. . . .

The suspense of the child's illness mercifully threw all outer happenings into shade. Jackson was able to keep the newspapers away from Helen, and she asked no questions. His testimony at the inquest had revived to some extent the waning public interest in the Glenmore fire. Especially the *Buzzard*, which had assumed to itself all the credit for airing the conditions in the Building Department, made merry over Hart's replies to the coroner. It printed full page cuts of scenes at the inquest that last day, when the architect was on the stand, — dramatic sketches of "tilts between the coroner and Hart," "Hart's insolent retorts," etc.; and it denounced editorially the "systematic corruption of the city's officials by Graves, Hart, and their allies." But the *Thunderer* and the more respectable papers refrained from all such bitter insinuations. For some reason they forbore to pillory the only man who had voluntarily come forward and told all that he knew. Perhaps they respected the courage of the act; perhaps they were aware that their patrons were tired of "the Glenmore tragedy;" perhaps they felt that the real guilt lay too deep to be reached by their editorial darts. However that might be, the matter rested now with the district attorney and the Grand Jury.

For the inquest was concluded and the coroner's report was published. It covered lengthily all the points touched upon by the many witnesses, and it contained much "scoring" of the city authorities. The contractor, Graves, the inspectors, Murphy and Lagrange, Gotz, the president of the defunct corporation, and Hart, were held to the Grand Jury for complicity in the death of the seventeen persons who had perished in the Glenmore fire. . . .

The worst hour of their anxiety for the

child's life came, and Helen knelt by the bed holding the little body in her arms, devouring his face with her shining eyes. The hour passed, the child lived, there was hope of his recovery. Then the next morning Jackson was obliged to tell Helen what had happened the last days. She listened as to a message from a far land, her face blanched and set from the hours of fear through which she had passed. When he said that he, with the others, had been held to the Grand Jury, she asked:—

"When will that be?"

"Very soon, less than a fortnight, Everett says. He called here yesterday. He advised me to leave the city,—he came to see about that."

"What will they do?" she asked, not heeding the last remark.

"If they find a true bill, it will go to the trial jury. And," he added slowly, "the charge will be manslaughter."

She started as he pronounced the word. In her ears it was the legal synonym for murder, and before the awfulness of that conception her heart recoiled.

"Manslaughter!" she repeated involuntarily.

"Yes, but Everett thinks it is very doubtful whether the Grand Jury will find a true bill against any one. It would be almost unheard of. Of course, Graves will stay away until he sees how it will turn out, and probably the others will keep out of reach. Everett wants me to go"—

"No, no!" she cried, "never! You have come all this way on the hard road, and we must wait for the very end, no matter what that is."

"So I thought you would feel," he answered gently. "I said the same thing to Everett. Of course the justice of it is n't very clear. It's mixed up with politics, anyway. I don't know that it would do much good to stay and be tried. But if you feel that way"—

She laid her hand on his arm, imploring him mutely not to give her all the responsibility.

"Think what it might mean, if — if they found me guilty!"

"I know," she shuddered. "But Francis, we must pay somehow, you and I. We must pay!"

XXXI

But if in her heroic soul she was ready to pay, and to make him pay, at the price of public shame for her and her children, the full penalty of his misdeeds, it was not to be so. He was to escape the full measure of retribution, shielded by the accident of his class. Unknown to him, the tangled threads of his fate were being sorted in the great city, and the vengeance of society was being averted, so far, at least, as legal punishment was concerned. Everett Wheeler, once recovered from his disgust at the sentimental folly of the architect's answers to the coroner's questions, had no mind to see his cousin on trial for manslaughter. His mood was invariably to settle things, to cover them up, to bury them! As has been said, he had political influence, enough to reach even to the district attorney's office, enough to close the mouth of the *Chicago Buzzard*, to quiet the snarls of the *Thunderer*. So the case against the men held to the Grand Jury for the hotel disaster was quietly dropped. The mayor put another man in Bloom's place as chief Building Inspector, and things went merrily on in their old way. And that was the end of it all! The seventeen human beings who had lost their lives in the fire had not even pointed a moral by their agonizing death. For a few summer months the gaunt, smoke-blackened pit of ruins on the boulevard served to remind the passers-by of a gruesome tale. Then, by the beginning of the new year, in its place rose a splendid apartment building, faced with cut stone and trimmed with marble.

Wheeler notified the architect in a curt note that the case had been dismissed, and Jackson showed the letter to his wife.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed fervently, "that is the end. I shan't drag you into the mud any further."

Helen looked up from the lawyer's letter with a troubled face. She had hardened herself to the coming trial, which she had fully expected. Now that it had been spared, all was not yet right to her scrupulous perception. A terrible wrong had been committed, a wrong to the poor souls who had lost their lives, a wrong, too, to the city and to society, making an evil pool of corruption. And in some mysterious way this had been covered up, hidden, and all was to go on as before! She had a primitive idea that all evil necessitated exact payment, and as long as this payment was deferred, so long was the day of light, of health, put off.

But the man, realizing more clearly than she the indirect penalties which his situation imposed, gave no further thought to the abstract question of justice. The outlook was bad enough as it was. He saw nothing before him in this city where he naturally belonged.

"What would you think of our trying St. Louis?" he asked after a little time. "There is some sort of an opening there for me. Of course I had rather be in New York, but it is out of the question. It would take too long to get started. Or we might try Denver. I have done some work there, and it's a growing place."

"Why do you think that we must leave Chicago?" she asked.

"Why!" he exclaimed, surprised that she should consider for a moment the possibility of their remaining where he had made such a failure of his life. "Do you want to stay here and be dropped by every soul you have known?"

"I don't care for that!"

"Well, there's nothing here for me. Stewart will take the office. He let me know mighty quick that we had better part! I am a dead dog in Chicago. Only yesterday I got a letter from the Ricker Brothers turning me down after telling me last month to go ahead. They pay for the work done so far, and that is all.

You see it is out of the question to stay here!"

He spoke gloomily, as if conscious of harsh treatment.

"But I don't mean to let this down me, not yet," he continued more buoyantly. "I owe it to you to make good. And I can do it somewhere else, where the sight of this mess is n't always in my eyes! It'll only be a matter of a few years."

Already the bitterness of the crisis was passing away, and he was beginning to plan for the future, for a career, for success, built on a surer foundation, but nevertheless success and repute in the world. She saw it and understood. She was standing by his side, as he sat with his elbows resting on his knees, the lawyer's letter crumpled in his hands. She put her hands on his head and drew it toward her, protectingly, pityingly, as she would the bruised head of a child.

"So you think you must begin somewhere else?" she said gently, sitting down by his side.

"It's the only thing to do. The question is where!"

She made no reply and seemed buried in her thoughts.

"By the way," he remarked, "whom do you think I saw on the street to-day? Wright. He was staring at Lettersen's new store,—you know Frank Peyton did it. The old man stopped me and seemed glad to see me. I suppose he knows, too," he added musingly.

The incident comforted him greatly. He had seen Wright and had looked away from him, meaning to hurry past, but the older man had stretched out his long arm and good-naturedly drawn Hart to one side out of the press of the street.

"How are you, Hart?" he had said cordially, with his boyish smile. "What do you think of this thing? Bold, is n't it? That Peyton's got nerve to put up this spider-web right here in State Street. Now I could n't do that! But I guess he's on the right track. What do you think?"

They had walked down the street to-

gether, and Wright had continued to talk of Peyton and the other young architects in the city, and of their work.

"I tell you, those youngsters have got the future. They have the courage to try experiments. That won't do for an old fellow like me. My clients would kick, too. But I like to see them do it. . . . What are you doing?" he had asked abruptly. "Come in to see me, won't you? I shall be here two or three weeks. Be sure to come in!"

They had shaken hands, and the older architect had looked searchingly into Hart's face, his boyish smile changing subtly into an expression of concern and sweetness, as if there was something on the tip of his tongue which he refrained from saying there in the crowded street. The memory of the little meeting came back to the man now, and he felt more grateful for Wright's cordiality than he had at the time.

"Wright asked me to come in and see him. I think I will," he added presently.

"Why not give up the idea of starting your own office?" Helen asked suddenly, her thoughts having come to a definite point.

"What do you mean? Try something else? It would be pretty risky," he answered doubtfully, surprised that she should want him to abandon his profession, to admit defeat.

"I did n't mean that, exactly. Listen!"

She slipped from the lounge where she had been sitting and knelt beside him, taking the lapels of his coat in her hands, her face aglow with a sudden enthusiasm.

"I've been thinking of so many things these last months, and lately, while Powers has been so sick, I've thought of everything since we were in Italy together, since I loved you,—all those talks we had, and the plans we made, the work you did, the sketches, those first ones." She paused, trying to put her tumultuous thoughts in order.

"I grow so slowly! I was so ignorant of everything, of myself and you. It has taken me a long time to understand, to

grow up!" she exclaimed, her lips trembling in a little smile.

"We stumbled almost at the start, you and I. You started your office and worked hard, always striving to get ahead, to get us comforts and position, and not because you liked the things you were doing. You took anything that promised to bring money. And it got worse and worse, the more we had. It used to trouble me then, 'way back, but I did n't know what was the matter with it all. We lived out there with all those rich people around us. And those that were n't very rich were all trying to get richer, to have the things the others had. We did what they did, and thought what they thought. It was n't honest!"

"What do you mean by that?" he asked blankly.

"I'll say it clearly; just give me time, dear! You worked just to get money, and we spent it all on ourselves, or pretty nearly all. And the more we had, the more we seemed to need. No man ought to work that way! It ruins him. That's why there are so many common, brutal men and women everywhere. They work for the pay, and for nothing else."

"Oh, not always."

"Most of those we knew did," she replied confidently.

"It's the law of life," he protested, with a touch of his old superiority in his tone.

"No, it is n't, it is n't!" she exclaimed vehemently. "Never! There are other laws. Work is good in itself, and we must live so that the pay makes less difference, so that we have n't to think of the pay!"

"I don't see what this has to do with our going to St. Louis!" he interjected impatiently, disinclined for a theoretic discussion of the aims of life.

"But it has, Francis, dear. It has! If you go there, you will try to live the old way. You will try to get ahead, to struggle up in the world as it is called, and that is the root of all the trouble! That is what I have come to see. We are all trying to get out of the ranks, to leave the common

work to be done by others, to be leaders. We think it a disgrace to stay in the ranks, to work for the work's sake, to bear the common lot, which is to live humbly and labor! Don't let us struggle that way any longer, dear. It is wrong, — it is a curse. It will never give us happiness — never!"

He began to see the drift of her purpose, and resented it with all the prejudice of his training, — resented, at least, the application of it to him.

"The ranks are crowded enough as it is! I don't see the call for a man to put himself into them if he has the ability to do any better, I must say!"

"Not if — not after all that has happened?" she asked mournfully.

"Oh! You think that it's only *I* who should go down, meekly give up all ambition, because I can't be trusted. You are afraid that I will go wrong?" he retorted bitterly.

"No, not that! Yet" — she hesitated, aware that the new love between them hung in the balance. Then she went on courageously. "No, I have no fear of that. You could n't! But the temptation to make money will be before you every moment, and to-day few men can resist that. It is better to be in the ranks than to struggle to lead, and then lead falsely, trying for false things, — false things!"

"That is what you think of me!" he repeated mournfully.

In spite of all the experience which had come to him the last weeks, all that he had confessed to himself and to his wife, it was bitter to realize that she refused him that absolute faith and blind confidence in his guidance which had made courtship and the first years of marriage such a pleasant tribute to his egotism. He had come back to her repentant; he had said, "I have erred. I repent. Will you forgive me and love me?" And she had taken him to herself again with a deeper acceptance than at first. Yet when it came to the point of action, she seemed to be withdrawing her forgiveness, to be judging and condemning.

In this he wronged her. What she was trying hesitantly and imperfectly to say to him was not merely the lesson of his catastrophe, but the fruited thought of her life, — what had come to her through her imperfect, groping education, through the division of their marriage, through her children, through the empty dinner parties in the society he had sought, through the vacancy in her heart, yes! through the love that she had for him. While she was silent, clinging to him, baffled, he spoke again:—

"Don't you see that I want to retrieve myself, and make some amends to you for all that I have made you suffer? You would kill every ambition in me, even the one to work for you and the boys!"

"That would not make me happy, not if you made as great a fortune as uncle Powers! Not that way!"

"What would, then?"

"Do you remember some of those first things you did? The little country club at Oak Hills? I was awfully happy when you showed me that," she said softly, irrelevantly. "Somehow I know you could do that again and better things, too, if — if you could forget the money and all that. Real, honest work! You could be the artist I know you are, the maker of honest, fine buildings!"

In the enthusiasm of her face he read dimly once more the long past dream of his youth, the talk of young men in the studios, the hours by her side on the steamer, when they had come together in the imperfect attraction of youth. It was but the flicker of a distant light, however; he had learned the lesson of the city too well!

"That sounds very well. But it is n't practical. If you want to do big work, you have to be your own master, and not work for some one else! And art, especially architecture, lives on the luxury of the rich, whom you seem to despise!"

"What does it matter whose name goes on the plans? It's the work that makes it that counts, and no one can have that but the one who does it."

"Now, you're talking poetry, Nell, not sense!" he exclaimed good-naturedly, getting up from the lounge and walking to and fro. "This world does n't run on those lines, and you and I are n't going to make it over, either. You're talking like a romantic girl!"

"There is n't much of the girl left in me!" she smiled wistfully back to him.

"Just look at it practically! If I go out of business for myself, I could n't earn more than two hundred a month working for some firm. That's as much as Wright ever pays his best men. What would that be to live on? For you and me and the boys?"

"We could make it do."

"Next you'll want to take in washing!"

"I had rather do the cooking!" she flashed back.

"I can see us in a four-room flat somewhere south on one of those God-forsaken prairie streets! One slovenly maid, and the food! No, thank you! I am not quite so far gone as that yet, my dear. You don't realize the facts."

His mind was not open to her conception, even in its simplest application. To him such a manner of life meant simply degradation. She saw, as never before, how Chicago had moulded him and had left his nature set in a hard crust of prejudice. The great industrial city where he had learned the lesson of life throttled the finer aspirations of men like a remorseless giant, converting its youth into iron-clawed beasts of prey, answering to the one hoarse cry, "Success, Success!"

"And how should we educate the boys? Think of it! How could we give them as good a start in life as we had? Why, it would be criminal to them! It's nonsense!"

"I have thought of them," she replied calmly. "And I am willing to take the risks for them, too. I am willing to see them start in life poor, with just what we could do for them. Perhaps, in the world to which they will grow up, things will be different, anyway."

He had tested her in the tenderest

point, and she was stanch. He began to see how far this theory went with her. She was ready to put herself outside her own class, and her children also, for the sake of an idea, a feeling that she had about man's true purpose in life.

"I must go to Powers, now," she said at last, a little sadly. Impulsively she went up to him and leaned her head against his breast for a moment. "Perhaps in time you will come to feel more as I do. And, Francis, there's another reason why I should hate to have us leave this place. I don't want to think that you are running away from the disgrace, from the trouble which has happened here!" She raised her head proudly. "That is what all cheap people do, go to some place where they are n't known; as if it mattered to us now what people think or say! I want you to stay right here, where it happened, and make a new life here."

After she had left him, he continued to walk to and fro in his uncle's old library, between the heavy black-walnut book-cases, where it was permitted to him now to smoke as many cigarettes as he liked. The house had been left very much as it was during the old man's life. Now that Mrs. Hart had freedom to make the changes which had been denied to her while the owner lived, she had never come to the necessary resolution. Powers Jackson's will was still strangely effective with her, even in death.

The architect thought of the old man, wondering vaguely what he would have said to Helen's argument. He was not so sure as formerly that he understood the rough old fellow, who apparently had grasped the main chance and wrung it dry. His uncle's idea in endowing that school struck him suddenly as complex, and also his treatment of himself. Possibly he, too, — the successful man of his day, — having exploited the world for forty years, had come to the belief that ambition in the ordinary sense of the word was futile. . . .

Jackson had not thought to sneak away from the place where he had gone to failure when he suggested to his wife starting life once more in a new city. It had seemed merely ordinary good judgment to go where he should not be hampered by a past. And he resented his wife's feeling that he should remain and do a kind of penance for the sins that he had confessed, repented, and repaired so far as he was able. She asked too much of him! He had given up all the money he had, and was ready to begin the struggle for bread with a fairer view of his duties. But it seemed that that was not enough for her: she demanded now that he sacrifice his ambition, that he return to the ranks, as a draughtsman, a clerk, a hireling!

Nevertheless, her words worked unconsciously in him, for hers was the stronger nature. He had lived his own way and had failed. What she wanted must, perforce, guide him increasingly. Presently he went upstairs to the child's room. There in the darkened chamber Helen was kneeling beside the bed holding little Powers in her strong arms. The child was asleep, his thin arms stretched above his head along the pillow. In the large bed the little figure, white and wasted with the lingering fever of his disease, lay peacefully. Helen turned her face to her husband as he entered, and he could see the smile that belied the tears in her eyes. And as he stood there in the silent room watching the two, the calm of elemental feeling stole over him. The woman and the child! These were the ancient, unalterable factors of human life; outside of them the multitudinous desires of men were shifting, trivial, little. For the first time in his life an indifference to all else in the world swept over him in gratitude for these two gifts. . . .

In the weeks that followed, while the child was recovering, husband and wife recurred to the urgent question of the future. Both knew that the decision lay before them, and could not be deferred

long. Yet neither was willing to press the question. One day Jackson mentioned casually that he thought of going to see Wright. That evening when they were alone, he said:—

"Well, I had a talk with Wright, Nell!"

She waited.

"He's a good deal more of a man than I used to think him!" he went on slowly. "There were a lot of people waiting to see him, and he had to go somewhere, but he did n't seem to mind that. I was there with him a long time. I guess he knows pretty nearly all that has happened."

Wright had said nothing about the Glenmore or Graves, however, and Hart had not gone into his story very far. But the older man had heard, it is true, something here and there, from this man and that, over the lunch table at his club, from one or two men in his office. And he had imagination enough to picture the whole story.

"I told him I was thinking of going somewhere else," Jackson went on.

"What did he say?"

"Oh, a good many things, — he's a pretty human fellow — Well, at the end he offered me a place with him! Not the old thing, — he's got some new men in, and can't put any one ahead of them. I guess he would have to make a place!"

She leaned forward, repressing the question that rose swiftly to her lips. But after a few moments, Jackson answered it slowly.

"I told him that I would like to think it over for a day or two."

They were in the habit of walking for an hour these warm evenings, and tonight they strolled down to the lake, as usual, following the shore to the Park. The great houses on the boulevard were already deserted by their occupants, who had begun the annual migration. As the architect looked at the dark façades of those monstrous piles of brick and stone, to which the toilsome steps of the city's rich led, he remembered how as a boy he had wondered why in this world, which

seemed to hold so many pleasant things, the owners of these houses could content themselves to live here in their ugly piles. Then the ambition to encase one's self in a great house such as these had seemed so mean! Since then he had not questioned it. Now again he looked at their burly shadows and speculated without envy.

They loitered arm in arm beside the wall, listening to the heaving lake, the splash of cool water on the concrete embankment.

"We'll try it, Nell," he remarked, after a long period of silence. "It's pretty good of the old boy to take back a man who's been on his knees!"

"Don't!" she murmured. "That hurts! And you must n't do it just for my sake."

"I think you are rather fussy!" he retorted. "Why else should I do it, my dear, dear wife?"

"But you must n't regret it! You must be sure, — not do it just to please me, but because you see it as I do, and know that it's the only way for us to live and have peace."

Doubtless she asked too much of the man she loved, for most beings — instinctive creatures — act from a philosophy of purely personal influences. Jackson Hart certainly would never have considered relinquishing his ambition to thrust himself forward, to have a career in this world, out of any intellectual convictions. Nor could it be said that his wife's half-formulated arguments had persuaded him. But she herself had convinced him, the strong, self-contained womanhood in her, her undaunted spirit, with which he lived. Especially, these latter weeks of suspense and despair, while their child's life was in the balance, had made him hers. If it were a victory for the woman, it was an emotional victory, which she had won over her husband, — and such are the only victories that endure in such matters. He felt her spirit as he had never felt anything else, and knew dimly, remotely, that in all the big questions of life she was right. Beautiful, loving, strong, and fear-

less, she was his! And what was his "career" against her heart and soul?

"Perhaps you will regret it," he remarked half playfully, "and will want me to change later!"

"Never, never!" She drew his arm closer to her breast.

"Well, those fellows will grin when I walk into that office after my little splurge!" He swept his arm in an arc to describe the upward and downward course of a rocket. "Into the ranks at last!"

"To work and live and love, a little while," she added softly.

"It is n't exactly the way uncle Powers solved the question!" he remarked teasingly. "I suppose you would have had him stay milking cows on that Vermont farm?"

"I did n't marry him!" she answered quickly. "And perhaps if he had it to do again, he would stay to milk the cows."

"You think so!" he exclaimed skeptically.

With her, at least, there was neither doubt nor hesitation. She answered surely the inarticulate call of the larger world, the call of the multitudes that labor and die without privilege, to share with them the common lot of life.

XXXII

That small fragment of Chicago society which had known the Jackson Harts, and interested itself in their doings, was mildly stirred over the news that the brilliant and promising young architect had been obliged to close his office, and had gone to work for his old employer. Indeed, for some weeks the Harts furnished the Forest Park dinner-tables with a fresh topic of conversation that took the place of the strikes and poor Anthony Crawford's scattered fortune. It contained quite as much food for marvel and moral reflection as either of the others.

More information about the architect's

troubles than that provided by the press had got abroad in Forest Park and the Shoreham Club. It was known, for instance, that Hart had been obliged to dissolve his partnership with Freddie Stewart, owing to grave business irregularities, which extended beyond the recent disaster. It was agreed that his offenses must have been very grave indeed to necessitate at his age, with his influential connection, such a radical change of caste as had happened. Men commonly expressed contempt because at a crisis he had shown such a deplorable "lack of nerve." They said, and among them were some of the architect's more intimate friends, that nothing he had done could justify this tame submission. "Why," Mrs. Phillips exclaimed when she heard of it, "we've seen men live down things ten times worse. There was — and — and —. They are as good as any one to-day! And he need n't have told everything he knew, anyhow, to that old coroner." The measure of a man's guilt, in her eyes and those of many others, was what he was willing to admit to the world. And, finally, it was held that under the circumstances he had shown singularly little judgment in staying on in the city: there was no "future" for him, under the circumstances, in Chicago. If he felt himself unable to hold his own against scandal, they argued, he should have the wit to leave the city where he had gone wrong and seek his fortune under new skies, where the faces of his successful friends would not remind him constantly of ignoble defeat.

Not that Jackson Hart had many opportunities of encountering his successful friends in the great city of Chicago. He had resigned from his club, and the Harts had moved very far away from those pleasant northern suburbs along the lake which were filled with their old acquaintances. They had gone to live in one of those flimsy flat-buildings in the southern part of the city, concerning which the architect had speculated the night the Glenmore was burned. It was near the street-

car line, for the matter of a nickel fare was now of importance in their domestic economy. Occasionally some one of the Forest Park ladies would report on her return from the city that she had run across Mrs. Hart at Steele's, "looking old and queerer than ever, dressed in the old things she wore out here, as if she did n't care whether school kept or not, poor thing!" But in the murky light of Steele's great shop, they could not have seen the serene, almost radiant beauty of the face, the beauty of a soul content with its vision of the world, in harmony with itself.

And Jackson, "reduced to the ranks" by a few grades, in that career of his which he dubbed good-humoredly, "From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves, in three acts," was developing certain patient virtues of inestimable charm in the domestic circles of plain life, though not essential for brilliant success. In his box of an office next Wright's large draughting-room, he worked almost side by side with his former draughtsman Cook, who had also come back to the old firm. For some months they hardly spoke to each other; indeed, the men at Wright's generally held aloof from Hart. But they have accepted him at last. Cook has begun, even, to regain some of his old admiration for his chief, comprehending, perhaps, that there in the office by his side is working out a career of real spiritual significance, if of little outward display.

As to Wright, who knows more of the man's story than the others, he treats his old employee with a fine consideration and respect, realizing that this man is doing handsomely a thing that few men have the character to do at all. His admiration for Hart's work has grown, also, and he frankly admits that the younger man has a better talent for architecture than he himself ever possessed, and also great cleverness and ingenuity, so necessary in an art which is intimately allied with mechanics. For it is true that after sluggish years there has revived within Hart the creative impulse, that spirit of

the artist, inherent to some extent in all men, which makes the work of their hands an engrossing joy. The plans of a group of buildings that the firm have undertaken for a university in a far Western state have been entrusted very largely to Hart. As they grow from month to month in the voluminous sheets of drawings, they are becoming the pride of the office. And Wright generously allots the praise for their beauty where it largely belongs.

Thus the social waters of the fast-living city are rapidly rolling over the Jackson Harts. In all probability they will never again in this life come to the surface, and call for comment; for the architect and his wife have already sunk into the insignificance of the common lot, so much praised by the poets, so much despised by our good Americans of the "strenuous" school. There has never been any question between husband and wife of a change in their social or material condition; they contemplate with equanimity leaving their children in the universal struggle no better equipped than with the possession of health and a modest education, — there to meet their fate as their parents have done before them.

Almost the last public appearance of the Jackson Harts in that portion of the Chicago world which had formerly known them occurred at the elaborate dedicatory exercises of the JACKSON INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE. When the handsomely engraved invitation came to them, the architect was disinclined to attend; but Helen, who thought only of the old man's desire, induced her husband to take her. The exercises were held in the pretty little auditorium which occupied one wing of the large school building. There was much ceremony, and numerous speeches, besides the oration delivered by the director, Dr. Everest, on "Modern Industrialism," which was considered a masterpiece of its kind, and was afterwards printed and circulated by the trustees. A bust of the founder, which fronted the

stage, was first unveiled amid great applause. Dr. Everest in the introduction of his oration would turn from time to time to apostrophize its rugged marble features, while he paid his tribute to the founder of the institution. What the old man, who had always avoided voluble people like the pest, would have thought of the liberal eulogy scattered on his head, and of the eloquent discourse that followed, on the future of education and the workingman, no one will ever know. The rough old face looking inscrutably down on the little, bald-headed figure of the director gave no sign.

During the lengthy oration the architect's thoughts went wandering far astray back into his past, so closely involved with this handsome building. But Helen listened attentively to the director's flowing periods, searching his phrases for an interpretation of his purposes in regard to the school. Dr. Everest, however, was far too wary an educator to commit himself to positive ideas. Yet in the maze of his discourse there might be gathered hints of his attitude toward the problem of industrial education. After the opening tribute to the founder, "whom we may call a typical leader of our triumphant industrial democracy," the speaker dwelt glowingly on the advanced position of our country among the nations of the earth, attributing its phenomenal progress to the nature of its political and educational institutions, which had developed and encouraged the energies of such men as Powers Jackson:—

"We lead the nations of the world in the arts of peace, owing to the energy and genius of men like our noble benefactor, owing, I may say, still more to the character of our institutions, political and educational, which produce such men as he!" Then followed a flattering contrast between the "aristocratic and mediæval education" of the English universities and the older American colleges, and the broad, liberal spirit of newer institutions, especially technical

schools. The intention of the founder of the Jackson Industrial Institute, he said, was to broaden the democratic ideal, "to bring within the reach of every child in this greatest of industrial metropolises, not only the rudiments of an education, but the most advanced technical training, by means of which he may raise himself among his fellows and advance the illimitable creative ingenuity of our race. Here may come the boy whose father labors at the bottom of the industrial ladder, and if he be worthy, if he have the talent and the industry, here in our workshops and laboratories he may fit himself to mount to the very top of that ladder, and become in turn a master and leader of men like our great benefactor! And we may well believe that the sight of those benignant features will be an inspiration to the youth to strive even as he strove. That face will kindle noble ambitions of youth, knowing that he once labored with his own hands at the forge not far from this monument to his greatness, and that he rose by his own unaided industry and ability to command thousands of operatives, to control millions of capital, yes, to influence the wide industrial world!

"In America, thank God, the poor man may yet rise to a position of leadership, if he be worthy. And what the world needs to-day more than all else is leaders, leaders of men. May we not prophesy that the Jackson Industrial Institute will be a large factor, yes, the largest factor of this great city, in educating leaders, and thus assisting to put an end to that wasteful and distressing antagonism between capital and labor? By the means of the education here provided, young men may raise themselves from the ranks of common labor to the position and responsibilities of capital! Let us hope that this will be the happy result of an educational foundation provided by a great captain of industry, and placed here in the heart of the workshops of Chicago. Thus may we assist in preserving and fostering the spirit of our noble institutions by means of which man is given

freedom to reap the fruits of his own labor and intelligence!" . . .

And Dr. Everest continued on this plane of eloquence for another half hour, until even Judge Phillips, who had listened with rapt attention, began to nod in his chair. At last, when the doctor sat down, stroking his thick black beard and wiping his shining brow, loud applause broke forth from all parts of the auditorium. It sounded like the ironic laughter of the gods over the travesty of the old man's purpose, to which they had just listened. To Helen, especially, it seemed that no more complete twisting of his idea in thus bestowing his wealth were possible!

However, the great school stands there, in the neighborhood where his old operatives live,— stands there and will stand there for many years, mistaken or not in its aims as one looks at this world of ours; and some day, maybe, when Dr. Everest has grasped some other form of the educational main chance, it may fall into other hands and become more nearly what its founder meant it to be,— a source of help and inspiration to the common man, who must labor all his days at common tasks, and can look to no material advancement in this life.

After the exercises the rooms of the building were thrown open for inspection, and the guests wandered through the laboratories and workshops in little parties, discussing the oration and exclaiming over the magnificence of the appointments. The architect looked about him with a certain curiosity. As they returned to the main hall under the rotunda, he exclaimed, peering up into the dome, "Nell, I can't seem to remember this place: it looks queer and strange to me, as if somebody else had done the plans, and I had just looked over them!"

"Somebody else did do them," she answered, drawing him away from a group of people who had come out of one of the adjoining rooms.

In a little while they got their wraps

and prepared to leave the institution, having a long journey before them to reach their home. As they crossed the entrance hall, they ran into Pemberton, who was alone. He bowed to Helen, and then catching sight of Hart, he merely bent his head the fraction of an inch, and, stepping to one side, passed on. He could not, evidently, forgive a stain upon a man's honor, arrogating to himself, as so many of us do, the privileges of deity. The architect's face flushed at the slight,

(The end.)

and he hurried his steps toward the vestibule. As they passed through the broad doorway, he said to his wife, —

"Well, Nell, I suppose I deserved it, — the old Turk!"

"No, you did not deserve it," she answered quickly. "But it makes no difference, dear!"

And, fortunately, there are few things that do make any great difference to real men and women, — and one of the least is the casual judgment of their fellow men.

THE CENTENARY OF HAWTHORNE ¹

BY BLISS PERRY

IN watching a performance of Shakespeare's most famous play, the attention of the spectator is arrested by one essentially solitary figure. Surrounded by the personages of a barbaric court, who eye him with curiosity, respect, or secret apprehension, stands a grave young man garbed in black. His bearing is princely. He begins to speak; but he veils deep ironic parables in a tone of perfect deference and courtesy. In vain do the king and queen utter their resonant commonplaces, and cast troubled glances at each other. They cannot sound him. How much does the prince know? What does he think? What will he do? He is inscrutable.

As the play runs its course, certain traits of Hamlet become clear enough. He is of melancholy disposition, and of an intellectual cast of mind. He has "the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword." He has won the friendship of a man and the love of a woman. He possesses an exquisite humor, and delights in talk. He is reverent; believing in the

powers of good, and fearing the powers of evil. He has a restless intelligence which probes into the secret places of human life. He broods over man's mortality, and plays with it imaginatively. He has infirmities of will, yet there is in him something dangerous, which on occasion sweeps all before him. For the space of some three hours we can observe this creation of Shakespeare play his part, — listening, planning, conversing, avenging, dying. Yet no one has ever plucked out the heart of his mystery. No actor or critic or lonely reader has ever been able to pronounce to us, indubitably and without fear of contradiction, what manner of man this Hamlet really is

In the best known and best loved circle of our American writers there is likewise one figure who stands in a sort of involuntary isolation. Nathaniel Hawthorne had, indeed, warm and faithful friends. His affectionate family have loved to dwell upon the details of his domestic life. He moved as an equal among a few of the best spirits of his time. The impression he made upon them may be traced in the journals of Longfellow and Emerson, the letters of Browning and Story

¹ An address delivered at Bowdoin College in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of Hawthorne's birth.

and Lowell, the recollections of Bridge and Fields. His writings have been analyzed by accomplished critics. He was himself a diarist of extraordinary minuteness and precision, and, thanks to his own descriptions, we can still see him sitting with the tavern-haunters of North Adams, with the "defiant Democrats" in the Salem Custom House, with the blameless sea-captains in Mrs. Blodgett's boarding-house in Liverpool; we can stand by his side in the art-galleries of Florence and the studios of Rome. He died but forty years ago, and many living men and women remember him with strange vividness. Yet he remains, after all, a man apart. Mystery gathers about him, even while the annalists and the critics are striving to make his portrait clear.

Certain characteristics of Hawthorne are of course indisputable, and it is not fantastic to add that some of these qualities bear a curious resemblance to those of that very Prince of Denmark who seems more real to us than do most living men. Hawthorne was a gentleman; in body the mold of form, and graced with a noble mind. Like Hamlet, he loved to discourse with unlettered people, with wandering artists, with local humorists, although without ever losing his own dignity and inviolable reserve. He had irony for the pretentious, kindness for the simple-hearted, merciless wit for the fools. He liked to speculate about men and women, about temptation and sin and punishment; but he remained, like Hamlet, clear-sighted enough to distinguish between the thing in itself and the thing as it appeared to him in his solitude and melancholy. His closest friends, like Horatio Bridge and W. D. Ticknor, were men of marked justice and sanity of mind, — of the true Horatio type. Hawthorne was capable, if need be, of passionate and swift action, for all his gentleness and exquisite courtesy of demeanor. Toward the last he had, like Hamlet, his forebodings, — "such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman;" and he died, like Hamlet, in si-

lence, conscious of an unfinished task.

We celebrate, in this summer time, the centenary of Hawthorne's birth. It is possible to understand him, in relation to his generation, better than he was understood in the middle of the nineteenth century, though we can scarcely praise him more generously than did those few contemporaries who, like Poe, made adequate recognition of his genius. If we cannot penetrate to the heart of his mystery, we can nevertheless perceive the nature of it. Critics will long continue to assess, as best they may, the precise value of his contributions to literature, and to assign, as exactly as possible, his place in the development of his chosen art of romance-writing. But we who are gathered in his honor at the college of his choice may leave to the specialists the discussion of this and that detail of his craftsmanship. In a world where literary values, and the very basis of literary judgments, shift as they seem to be shifting in our contemporary civilization, it is impossible to predict what Hawthorne's popular rank will be in another hundred years. But we can at least say why two generations of Americans have respected Hawthorne's character and admired his writings. We can draw once more in memory the outward features of the man, and, before they fade again into the shadow, may assert our own faith in the enduring significance of his work.

No glimpse of Hawthorne, at any period of his career, is without its charm; yet a peculiar fascination attaches to those pictures of the handsome, brooding, impenetrable boy which have been sketched, in lines all too few, by his college classmates. Here in a rustic school of learning, on the edge of the wilderness, our student found his Wittenberg. His contact with books had been that of the well-bred New England lad of a day when books were still respected. He had had free choice among them, and had read, before he was fourteen, Rousseau and the *Newgate Calendar*, while the first book purchased with his own money was Spenser's

Faerie Queene. But under the Brunswick pines he was to find a better thing than books: namely, friendship. When Hawthorne matriculated in 1821, Bowdoin College had had but nineteen years of struggling life. There were a handful of professors and slightly more than a hundred students. Yet the place already had character, and it somehow bred aspiration. It is a suggestive coincidence, that in sketching Bowdoin College under an assumed name in his first book, *Fanshawe*, Hawthorne pictures his academic hero as mastered by the "dream of undying fame;" and that fifty years later, when his classmate Longfellow described the college of his youth in the noble *Moriturus Salutamus*, it was in the words, —

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose.

To many of those dreaming youths, fame, of various degrees, became a reality. In Hawthorne's class were Longfellow, Cheever, Abbott, and Cilley; among his college mates were the highly honored names of Appleton, Bell, Fessenden, Pierce, Stowe, Prentiss, Hale. Among such ambitious companions, the shy young Hawthorne held quietly to his own path. He seems to have liked the plain, country-bred lads better than the sons of wealth and social opportunity; he belonged to the more democratic of the two literary societies. The scanty records of his undergraduate life tell us something of him, although not much: he rooms in Maine Hall, he boards at Mrs. Dunning's, he is fined for card-playing, refuses to declaim, writes better Latin and English prose than the others, — but that is about all. One trait is, indeed, marked, and it is a wholesome one: namely, tenacity of friendship, — quite consistent with a certain cool, obstinate independence. Nearly forty years after graduation Hawthorne dedicated a book, *Our Old Home*, to his college friend Franklin Pierce, who had become in 1863 extremely unpopular at the North. His publishers, with professional caution, advised Hawthorne not to ruin the chances

of his book by dedicating it to the discredited ex-President. Whereupon Hawthorne wrote to them, in words that should be dear to all who believe in the vitality of college attachments: —

"I find that it would be a piece of poltroonery in me to withdraw either the dedication or the dedicatory letter. My long and intimate relations with Pierce render the dedication altogether proper, especially as regards this book, which would have had no existence without his kindness; and if he is so exceedingly unpopular that his name is enough to sink the volume, there is so much the more need that an old friend should stand by him. I cannot, merely on account of pecuniary profit or literary reputation, go back from what I have deliberately thought and felt it right to do; and if I were to tear out the dedication, I should never look at the volume again without remorse and shame."

Although the young Hawthorne came no nearer winning academic distinction than Lowell or Thackeray, his college career betrays everywhere this steady insistence upon what he deliberately thought and felt it right to do. He had his own inner life, and if Bowdoin did not impart to him all the manifold intellectual and spiritual culture which an old world university in theory possesses, he found there freedom, health, and a few men to love. One at least of these friends perceived the genius which was latent in the dark-haired, keen-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, so reticent, so obstinate, so loyal. The clairvoyant was his classmate Bridge. In the preface to the *Snow Image* Hawthorne wrote, in sentences that every Bowdoin man perhaps knows by heart, yet so winning in their sentiment and phrase that they tempt quotation: —

"If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, — gathering blueberries, in study-hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs, as they tum-

bled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, — though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short, doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us. — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny, that he was to be a writer of fiction."

But what sort of writer of fiction? Many elements contribute to the answer to that question. There are lines of literary inheritance to be reckoned with; influences of race and nationality and epoch play their part. But of all the factors that shaped Hawthorne's career as a writer, Salem inevitably comes first. Back to that weather-beaten, decrepit seaport Hawthorne returned when the bright college days were over. The gray mist of the place settles about him and gathers within him, and for a dozen years one can scarcely tell whether he is man or spectre. All that is certain is that he is alone. His classmates fare forth eagerly into law, politics, business. But Hawthorne has no taste for any of the professions. He lingers on in Salem, sharing the scanty income of his mother and sisters, reading desultory books, taking long nocturnal and daytime rambles, brooding, dreaming, and trying to learn in his dismal chamber to write stories about human life.

Many years later he penned this pathetic fragment of autobiography: —

"For a long, long while I have been occasionally visited with a singular dream; and I have an impression that I have dreamed it ever since I have been in England. It is, that I am still at college. — or, sometimes, even at school, — and there is a sense that I have been there unconscionably long, and have quite failed to make such progress as my contemporaries have done; and I seem to meet some of them with a feeling of shame

and depression that broods over me as I think of it, even when awake. This dream, recurring all through these twenty or thirty years, must be one of the effects of that heavy seclusion in which I shut myself up after leaving college, when everybody moved onward and left me behind."

Such tragedies, unrelieved by any later victories of the spirit, are familiar enough to college men. As the roll is called at their reunions, there will always be here and there a name, once rich in promise, of some man who has "gone to seed." The sojourn of Hawthorne in Salem is an old story now. Nothing new is to be added to the record of morbid physical isolation and of intellectual solitude. Set those twelve years over against the corresponding twelve in the life of Scott, Balzac, Dickens, Turgeneff, and they have a ghostly pallor. True, Hawthorne's separation from the world preserved him from those distractions which often dissipate the powers of the artist. He kept, as he said, the dew of his youth and the freshness of his heart. His unbroken leisure left him free to ponder upon a few permanent objects of meditation, and no one can say how much his romances may not have gained thereby in depth of tone and concentration of intention.

Yet the plain fact remains that he hated his self-imposed prison, even while he lacked vigor to escape from it. "There is no fate in the world so horrible as to have no share in either its joys or its sorrows;" thus he writes in 1837 to Longfellow, who had already made a career and tasted deep of both sorrow and joy. And Hawthorne's sombre seclusion was affecting his nascent art as well as his life. "I have another great difficulty," he adds to Longfellow, "in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of." Strip the veil of romantic mystery from these Salem years, and they show their sinister significance. It was an abnormal, melancholy existence, which sapped Haw-

thorne's physical vitality and left its twilight upon his soul and upon the beautiful pages of his books.

The artistic record of that period is preserved in *Twice-Told Tales*, a collection of some twoscore stories, none of which, on their first publication, had been signed with the author's name. Hawthorne said of them afterward, — and it is the final word of criticism as well as a confession of his way of life while composing them, — “They have the pale tint of flowers that blossomed in too retired a shade.”

Nevertheless the flowers did blossom in spite of all. The soil would have been better had it been enriched and watered, yet it was Hawthorne's native soil. For two hundred years his ancestors had trodden the Salem streets; they had gone to sea, had persecuted the witches, had whipped Quaker women, had helped to build a commonwealth. He had no particular pride in them or love for them, but he could not escape the bond of kinship. Toward the more hospitable and cultivated aspects of Salem society in his own day, — the Salem of the Pickerings and Saltonstalls, of Judge Story and many another name, — toward the dignity and beauty that still clothe the stately houses of Chestnut Street, Hawthorne remained indifferent. His imagination homed back to the superstition-burdened past, with its dark enthusiasms, its stern sense of law. Open the mouldering folio of Cotton Mather's *Magnalia* and you will discover the men and the scenes that haunted Hawthorne's mind as he sat in his dusky chamber writing tales.

He practiced himself also, with unwearied patience, in reporting the trivial incidents of the life around him, until he had developed a descriptive style marked by exceptional physical accuracy, and yet subtly suggestive, too. Listen to this lonely and as yet scarcely recognized man of letters, as he gives counsel in 1843 to his friend Horatio Bridge, who had also taken his pen in hand: —

“Begin to write always before the im-

pression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet these slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to set down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find on re-perusing your journal what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume.”

This is the assured tone of the finished craftsman. And he is careful to add: “I would advise you not to stick too accurately to the bare fact, either in your descriptions or your narrative; else your hand will be cramped and the result will be a want of freedom that will deprive you of a higher truth than that which you strive to attain.”

Pale blossoms, indeed, are many of these earlier stories, yet genius was stirring at their root, and their growth was guided by a hand that already distinguished between the lower truth of fact and the higher truth of imagination. Sunshine was all that was needed, and by and by, though tardily, the sunshine came. Hawthorne falls in love; he craves and finds contact with “the material world;” he goes to work in the Boston Custom House; he makes investment of money and coöperation at Brook Farm, where his handsome figure and quizzical smile seem almost substantial now, among the ghosts of once eager reformers that flit about that deserted hillside. He marries a charming woman, and lives with her in the Old Manse at Concord for four years of idyllic happiness. He publishes a new collection of tales, marked by originality of conception, a delicate sense of form, and deep moral significance. He goes picnicking with politicians, too, and gets appointed surveyor of the port of Salem. He is doing a man's work in the world now, and in spite of some humorous grumbling and the neglect of his true calling, takes a manly satisfaction in it. But partisan

politics rarely did America a better service than in 1849, when the Whig administration at Washington threw Hawthorne out of office. He soon steadied himself under the bitter blow, — writing to George S. Hillard: “I have come to feel that it is not good for me to be here. I am in a lower moral state than I have been, — a duller intellectual one. So let me go; and under God’s providence, I shall arrive at something better.” His admirable wife was — womanlike — more concrete. When he told her that he had been superseded, she exclaimed, “Oh, then you can write your book!”

This book, as every one knows, was the *Scarlet Letter*, that incomparable masterpiece of American fiction, which has long since taken its place among the great literature of the world. The boyish dream of Fame, analyzed in so many exquisite parables during his weary years of waiting, had at last come true for him. He was too unworldly to value it overmuch, but he took a quiet pleasure in his success, without losing his cool, detached attitude toward his own creations. “Some parts of the *Scarlet Letter*,” he pronounces, “are powerfully written.” His long apprenticeship in one of the most exacting fields of literary composition was over. He was forty-six; and he had but fourteen more years to live. The first two of these were the most rich in production, for they brought forth the *House of the Seven Gables*, that well-nigh faultless romance of Old Salem; the beautiful *Wonder-Book*, written in six weeks with marvelous technical mastery of a difficult *genre* of literature; and, finally, the shrewd, ironical, surprisingly novel handling of his Brook Farm material, the *Blithedale Romance*.

When Hawthorne accepted the Liverpool consulship in 1853, he was already, what he has ever since remained, the foremost of our fiction writers. His extended sojourn abroad illuminated his mind in many ways, but it can scarcely be said to have contributed new elements to his art. It brought him again into contact with

executive duties, always scrupulously fulfilled; with new types of men and new scenes; and with a whole world of pictorial and plastic art, hitherto undreamed of. The record of it may be read in his laborious note-books and in one profoundly imaginative romance. But Hawthorne’s spiritual commerce with Europe came, on the whole, too late; both in England and Italy he remained the observant alien. One likes him none the less for a certain sturdy provinciality, — a touch even, here and there, of honest Philistinism. But one misses, in the records of these later years, the spontaneity, the vigor, the penetration, which marked the more fragmentary *American Note-Books*. The unseen springs of vitality in him were beginning to fail; the shadows, dispersed by many a year of happiness, were beginning to close in once more. Longfellow notes in his diary, March 1, 1860: “A soft rain falling all day long, and all day long I read the *Marble Faun*. A wonderful book; but with the old dull pain in it that runs through all of Hawthorne’s writings.”

It was in that year that the romancer returned home, and settled at The Wayside in Concord. Wartime was nearing. Hawthorne, never an eager politician in any cause, was perplexed about his country, gloomy about himself. He wrote indeed, with his customary skill of surface composition, upon a new romance whose theme was the elixir of immortality. “I have a notion,” he writes to Longfellow, “that the last book will be my best, and full of wisdom about matters of life and death.” But it was fitful, despairing work, without unity of architecture. He sketched it now under one title, now under another. At last he prepared the opening chapter for the *Atlantic Monthly*, but in May, 1864, the unfinished manuscript rested upon his coffin. And so there passes from sight our New England Hamlet, with his grave beauty, his rich, mournful accents, his half-told wisdom about matters of life and death.

Yet not in these events of his outward career, natural as it is to recall them now, but in the peculiar processes of his creative activity, shall we find, if at all, the secrets of that power which gives Hawthorne his unique position in our literature. First among those deep instincts which give unity to his character and his books, should be placed his choice of moral problems as material for his art. For nearly half a century we have witnessed painstaking endeavors to base the art of fiction upon the science of physiology. Men of massive talent have wrought at such books, but their experiments are already crumbling. And we have had schools of fiction dealing with the mere intellect, registering the subtle influence of mind upon mind, and the open struggle of mind with mind, or playing with extraordinary cleverness upon the surface of motives, while ignoring a whole world of profound emotions. But the greatest masters of English fiction have never forgotten that man has a conscience. The novelist who ignores the moral and spiritual nature abandons the very field of fiction where the highest triumphs have been won. There is a word to describe this field, — a word broader than either “mind” or “conscience,” and inclusive both of mental processes and spiritual perceptions. It is the word “heart.”

In the *Blithedale Romance*, Westervelt, the embodiment of intellectual acuteness, is perplexed and irritated to find that Zenobia has drowned herself. He cannot grasp her motive. “Her mind was active and various in its powers,” said he. “She had life’s summer all before her, and a hundred varieties of brilliant success. How forcibly she might have wrought upon the world! Every prize that could be worth a woman’s having — and many prizes which other women are too timid to desire — lay within Zenobia’s reach.” Then, in a note that Hawthorne always touches quietly, but unerringly, Miles Coverdale answers: “In all this, there would have been no-

thing to satisfy her heart.” Even the romance-writer, according to Hawthorne’s own dictum, “sins unpardonably as far as he swerves aside from the truth of the human heart.”

To interpret that truth was his artistic task. He was haunted by moral problems. The extraordinary fragment, *Ethan Brand*, is an attempt to solve the problem of the development of the intellect at the expense of the soul. In *Rappaccini’s Daughter* the father’s love of scientific experiment overmasters his love for his child. In the *Christmas Banquet* we have a man who misses the secret that gives substance to a world of shadows. The *Scarlet Letter* is a study of the workings of conscience after a committed crime; the *House of the Seven Gables* is devoted to the legacy of ancestral guilt and its mediation; the *Marble Faun* to the influence of a sin upon the development of character.

Why did Hawthorne’s imagination fasten upon subjects like these? It is not enough to say that he wrote under the influence of Puritanism. Too much has been made, by his critics, of such phrases as “Puritan gloom” and “the morbid New England conscience.” It is true that Hawthorne inherited from Puritan ancestors a certain tenseness of fibre, a sensitiveness of conscience, a conviction of the reality of the moral life. It is also true that he was intensely interested in Puritanism as an historic phenomenon. It gave him the material he needed. How thoroughly he apprehended both the spirit and the outward form of life in early New England is evidenced by his *Legends of the Province House*, *Goodman Brown*, the *Gentle Boy*, the *Minister’s Black Veil*. Yet neither his inheritance in Puritanism nor his profound study of it is enough to account satisfactorily for his choice of themes for his stories. Judged by his reading, by his friends and associations, by the spiritual emancipation which was already liberalizing New England when he began to write, he was Transcendentalist rather than Puritan.

Puritan theology, as such, had no hold upon him personally; he was not even a church-goer. One can only say that he was drawn to moral problems by the natural gravitation of his own mind, just as Newman was inevitably attracted to theology, or Darwin to science. From the days of Job to the day of Ibsen and Maeterlinck there has been here and there a person able to find in the moral nature of man material for the creative imagination. Hawthorne was one of these persons; he was nurtured by Puritanism, but not created by it.

A striking illustration of this habit of his mind is found in the introduction to his *Mosses from an Old Manse*, where he repeats a story of the Concord fight, which had been told to him by Lowell. On that famous April morning, a youth who had been chopping wood for the Concord minister was drawn by curiosity to the battlefield, the axe still in his hand. He encountered a wounded British soldier, and in a nervous impulse of momentary terror dealt him a fatal blow. "The story," says Hawthorne, "comes home to me like truth. Oftentimes, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observe how his soul was tortured by the blood stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it still seemed murderous to slay a brother man. That one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight." Observe that Hawthorne finds "an intellectual and moral exercise" in brooding over the question of the young man's responsibility. This may be called, if one pleases, the working of the morbid Puritan conscience. But it is also the very stuff out of which Greek tragedy is woven. It is the same brooding that is back of *Othello* and *Macbeth*. "England is not the world," says an old courtier in one of Schiller's plays. New England has no monopoly of the conscience.

The present generation has grown somewhat impatient of all analysis of that tragic guilt which our weak humanity may so easily incur. No doubt it is no very cheerful occupation. The anatomist of the heart develops a professional instinct for morbid pathology; he forsakes, perhaps too often, the normal organ for the abnormal. In his search for motives, it is easy for him to fall into casuistry; to impute guilt where there is none; to discover moral pitfalls where the ground is really smooth. It is with real satisfaction, with a positive glee, that Browning's monk in the *Spanish Cloister* cries, —

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails."

Solitude is a prolific breeder of fancies like these. Over the windows of the romancer's lonely study, as of the monk's cell, the cobwebs may gather till the whole sky seems darkened. But there is other darkness, too, terribly real. "I do not see any sin in the world," said Hawthorne's brilliant contemporary, George Sand; "but I see a great deal of ignorance." Not so with his profounder insight. The presence of evil in the human heart, palpable, like that gross darkness which could be touched, was one of the axioms of his thinking. Without it, he would have been but a sacrilegious juggler.

The solitariness of Hawthorne's life, particularly in its formative years, united with a habit of ruminating over his work to determine in some measure the character of his themes. His note-books, which have never been adequately studied in their relation to his finished stories, are filled with random suggestions. But the purely fanciful themes were for the most part silently discarded; those that really bore fruit are the imaginative ones. To this long brooding of a fertile mind over an apparently insignificant symbol we are indebted for the rarest productions of Hawthorne's genius. To take the most familiar example, it was in his tale of

Endicott and the Red Cross that he first described "a young woman with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A, embroidered in scarlet cloth, on the breast of her gown." Miss Elizabeth Peabody said promptly, "We shall hear of that letter by and by;" — and year after year that bit of embroidery glowed in the cloudy depths of Hawthorne's mind, until, when he drew it forth, it had become one of the master conceptions of the world's fiction. In similar fashion we can discover how the germs of the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Marble Faun* were rooted, like vagrant truths, in the soil of that fertile imagination.

Yet a mind of this strange retentiveness — almost secretiveness — has, with all its fertility, certain defects. Some ideas committed to it become refined, over-refined, refined away. Symbolism, always a mode of art congenial to Hawthorne, is sometimes allowed to take the place of expression. The individual loses color and precision of outline, and becomes a mere type. Hawthorne's imagination seldom misled him; it had the inevitableness of genius. But his fancy, playing upon superficial resemblances, sporting with trivial objects, was his besetting weakness as a writer. It is none the less a weakness because it first drew public attention to him, or because it is in itself exquisite. Delicate and lovely as his fancies were, Hawthorne often played with them too long. He over-elaborated them; he painted his lily instead of letting it alone. It is true that as he advanced in life there is less and less of this. Contact with the world, with real joys and sorrows, deepened his insight, and dispelled some of the pretty, playful, soap-bubble allegories with which his more idle and solitary hours had been too often filled. He might have stayed in Salem and described Town Pumps and invented Celestial Railroads to the end of his days without drawing any nearer to the *Scarlet Letter*. But little by little his powers were directed upon adequate

objects; his imagination, rather than his fancy, dictated his choice of themes; and he followed that unerring guide.

Fortunate, also, was his instinct for shaping his work of art from that which lay nearest. All of his romances except one, and all of his short stories except a very few, are given a New England background. To the task of describing the landscape and people most familiar to him, Hawthorne brought an extraordinary veracity, and a hand made deft by years of unwearied exercise. Yet he is equally effective in dealing with the Pilgrims, or the stately days of the Massachusetts Province. He loves, in stories like the *Seven Gables*, to bring the past, gray with legendary mist, into the daylight of the present. Here the foreground and background are perfectly harmonized; the present is significant in proportion as its tones are mellowed and reinforced by the sombre past. Thus Hilda and Kenyon, New Englanders of Hawthorne's day, walk over the bloodstained pavements of old Rome, and the ghostly shadows of the Eternal City are about them as they move. Hawthorne himself considered the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Marble Faun* his best achievements. They belong to the same type. Time and place and circumstance conformed to his feeling for the Romantic. Indeed, his sensitiveness to the Romantic note affects his characters throughout. They include a wide range of individualities, but they are not depicted by the usual methods of realistic portraiture. New Englanders in the main, few of them exhibit that New England eccentricity of speech and manner so assiduously observed by short story writers since Hawthorne's time. He did not trouble himself — and us — with dialect. Indeed, all his characters, like Browning's, talk much the same language. His men and women are visible through a certain atmosphere which does not blur their features, yet softens them. Even his fullest and richest personalities, like Zenobia, maintain a distance from us.

His plots likewise, various as they are, have the simplicity of true Romance. His most widely read production, the story of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale, has practically no plot whatever; it is a study of a situation. For moral problems, in spite of the ingenious practice of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Meredith, can usually be reduced to a very simple equation. An elaborate, many-threaded plot, full of incidents and surprises, of unexpected labyrinths and heaven-sent clues, would destroy the very atmosphere which Hawthorne seeks to create. The action of his romances is seldom dramatic, in the strict sense of the word. To dramatize the *Scarlet Letter* is to coarsen it. The deliberate action, the internal moral conflict, the subtle revelation of character, are all suited to the descriptive, not the dramaturgic method. They are in perfect keeping with the tone which Hawthorne instinctively maintained. He placed the persons who were to exemplify his themes now in the present, now in the past, if possible in the half-light of mingled past and present, and out of the simplest, most familiar materials he learned to compose a picture so perfect in detail, so harmonious in key, that even were the theme of slight significance, he would still vindicate his right to a high place among literary artists.

Yet perhaps the most convincing test of Hawthorne's merit is one of the most obvious. Open one of his books anywhere, and read a page aloud. Whatever else there may be, here is style. Hawthorne was once asked the secret of his style. He replied dryly that it was the result of a great deal of practice; that it came from the desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as he could. We may place alongside of this matter-of-fact confession a whimsical dream which he once noted in his journal, to the effect that the world had become dissatisfied with the inaccurate manner in which facts were reported, and had employed him at a salary of a thousand dollars a

year, to relate things of importance exactly as they happened.

Is simple truth-telling, then, explanation enough? Hawthorne had, indeed, a passion for observing and reporting facts. Sometimes these facts are insignificant. For instance: "The aromatic odor of peat smoke in the sunny autumnal air is very pleasant." Mr. Henry James has remarked of this sentence that when a man turned thirty gives a place in his mind — and his inkstand — to such trifles as these, it is because nothing else of superior importance demands admission. But this is much like saying that because a botanist happens to put a dandelion into his can he has, therefore, no eye for an orchid. To the genuine collector there are no trifles, and Hawthorne had at one time the collector's passion. No French or Russian realist had more of it. Certain pages of his note-books and early sketches make one exclaim, "Here is a man with the gifts of Balzac or Tolstoi! Why might he not have become a great realistic writer, endowed as he was with this thirst for the actual? He would so well earn that thousand dollars a year!" But the facts, as such, were not enough to hold Hawthorne long; he pressed on beyond the fact to the truth behind it. As he developed, he collected certain facts to the neglect of others. He observed, but he also philosophized. If, therefore, the technique of his descriptive work often reminds us of the great realists, the use he makes of his talent as an observer and reporter forbids us to group him with them. He was born with too curious an interest in the unseen world. However striking his technical gifts, he wrote as a romancer, a creator.

And what a writer this provincial New Englander is! We talk glibly nowadays about painting and writing with one's eye on the object. Hawthorne could do this when he chose; but think of writing with your eye on the conscience of Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne, and never relaxing your gaze till the book is

done! What concentration of vision! What exposing power! Hawthorne's vocabulary is not extraordinarily large; — nothing like Balzac's or Meredith's; but the words are chosen like David's five smooth stones out of the brook. The sentences move in perfect poise. Their ease is perhaps a little self-conscious; — pains have been taken with their dressing, — it is not the careless inevitable grace of Thackeray, — but it is a finished grace of their own. It is a style exquisitely simple, except in those passages where Hawthorne's fancy gets the better of him, and leads him into forced humor, all the worse for its air of cultivated exuberance. Yet even when he sins against simplicity, he is always transparently clear. The certainty of word and phrase, the firmness of outline are marvelous, when we consider the airy nature of much of his material; he may be building cloud-castles, but it is in so pure a sky that the white battlements and towers stand out sharp-edged as marble.

Because Hawthorne gave his work such an elaborate finish, some readers are apt to forget its underlying strength. Our own day of naturalistic impressionism and correct historical costuming has invented a hundred sensational and clever ways of tearing a passion to tatters. But it is well for us to remember that the real strength of a work of fiction is in the conception underlying it, and that the deepest currents of thought and feeling are

Too full for sound and foam.

Strong-fibred, sane, self-controlled, as was Hawthorne, one may nevertheless detect in his style that melancholy vibration which marks the words of all — or almost all — those who have interpreted through literature the more mysterious aspects of life. This pathos is profound, though it is quiet; it is an undertone, but not the fundamental tone; "the gloom and terror may lie deep, but deeper still is this eternal beauty."

Yet the most marked quality of Haw-

thorne's style is neither simplicity, nor clearness, nor reserve of strength, nor undertone of pathos. It is rather its unbroken melody, its verbal richness. Its echoes linger in the ear; they wake old echoes in the brain. The touch of a few other men may be as perfect, the notes they evoke more brilliant, certainly more gay; but Hawthorne's deep-toned instrument yields harmonies inimitable and unforgettable. The critics who talk of the colorless life of New England and its colorless reflection in literature had better open their Hawthorne once more. His pages are steeped in color. They have a dusky glory like the great window in Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*: —

. . . diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of
— queens and kings.

This subdued splendor of Hawthorne's coloring is a part of the very texture of his style; compared with it the brushwork of his successors seems thin and washy, or else crude and hard; it is like comparing a rug woven in Bokhara with one manufactured in Connecticut. But surely our New England soil is not wholly barren if even for once it has flowered into such a consummate artist as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, while he devoted his art to the interpretation of truth, was nevertheless dowered with such instinct for beauty that his very words glow like gems and echo like music, and grant him a place among the few masters of English style.

After all, we do not celebrate the centenary of Hawthorne's birth merely because he was a skillful, an admirable writer. Rather do we take a solemn pride in commemorating one who steadfastly asserted the claims of spiritual things. He wrote in a generation fortunate in its balance between the hard material struggles of the colonist and pioneer, and the

far more dangerous materialism that comes with luxury and power. America had lived through sufficient history to give perspective to her romancers; she had not yet undergone the demoralizing strain of prosperity which has followed upon the epoch of the civil war. Never were Americans so profoundly idealistic, so temperamentally fit to understand the spiritualized art of Hawthorne, as between 1840 and 1860. And our pride in him is touched with a subtle regret at the disappearance of a fine civilization, provincial as it was. A more splendid civilization is still to come, no doubt; but the specific conditions that blossomed into many of Hawthorne's tales are irrevocably gone. Great as he seems when we look back, he seems still greater when we look around us. It is no service to Hawthorne's memory to disparage the industrious men and women who are producing our fiction of to-day. But to glance at them, and then to think of him, is to perceive the startling difference between talent and genius.

No one would claim that that genius was faultless in all its divinations. Feeble drawing, ineffective symbolism, morbid dallying with mortuary fancies, may indeed be detected in his books. That sound critic Edwin P. Whipple, who is passing into such ill-deserved oblivion, once said of Hawthorne: "He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy." The note of robust triumph, of unquestioning faith

in individual happiness and in the sure advance of human society, is indeed too rarely heard in his writings. In repeating his Pater Noster, the stress falls upon *Forgive us our trespasses* rather than upon *Thy Kingdom come*.

Yet he believed that the sin and sorrow of humanity, inexplicable as they are, are not to be thought of as if we were apart from God. A neighbor of Hawthorne in Concord has recently written me that once, when death entered a household there, Hawthorne picked the finest sunflower from his garden and sent it to the mourners by Mrs. Hawthorne with this message: "Tell them that the sunflower is a symbol of the sun, and that the sun is a symbol of the glory of God." A shy, simple act of neighborhood kindness, — yet treasured in one memory for more than forty years; and how much of Hawthorne there is in it! The quaint flower from an old-fashioned garden; the delicate sympathy; the perfect phrase; the faith in the power of a symbol to turn the perplexed soul to God! Hawthorne was no natural lover of darkness, but rather one who yearned for light. The gloom which haunts many of his pages is the long shadow cast by our mortal destiny upon a sensitive soul, conscious of kinship with the erring race of men. The mystery is our mystery, perceived, and not created, by that finely endowed mind and heart. The shadow is our shadow; the gleams of insight, the soft radiance of truth and beauty, are his own.

FELLOWSHIP

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

I CANNOT envy leaves their green,
Nor daffodils their gold;
I can forgive the slender grass
Its motion manifold.

The glowing roses still may keep
That deep, desired red,
And slow, upon the garden path,
Their fragrant petals shed.

The bluebird from my apple tree
May vaunt her radiant flight;
I cannot envy those who share
This tranquil summer light.

TUTUILA (U. S.)

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN AND VERNON LYMAN KELLOGG

THERE are two classes of men — as we count men of our race: those who have been to the South Seas, and those who have not; those who have felt the fascination of the surf on the coral reefs, the wind in the cocoanut palms, “the wide and starry sky,” the deep warm silence of the bush; those who on honey dew have fed, and those to whom all this life is far away, known only through the stories of traders, the annals of missionaries, the glowing pages of Melville, or the witchery of Stevenson.

In the South Seas are the asteroids of our earthly cosmos, — little green worlds, thousands of them, filled with joyous people who do not know and who do not care whether there exist other worlds of other people, as innocent of curiosity as to what happens in London or New York, as the folks of Vesta and Ceres are careless of the mightier politics of

their planetary neighbors, Mars and Jupiter.

The little world may be a ring of broken corals like a pile of scrap iron, fringed with tall cocoa palms, around a blue lagoon into which breaks the endless white surf of the tropics; or it may be the sharp crest of uplifted volcanoes over some flaw in the earth’s crust. If our island is a volcano’s top, it will be velvet-carpeted to the summit with wide-leaved evergreen trees, intertangled with palms and tree ferns, and all inextricably tied together with the meshwork of the long lianas. Down through the dense green bush rush clear dancing streams, with deep pools for the green sesele or mountain-bass, and white waterfalls for the playground of laughing girls. All along the shores are awave with tall palms, and on the gray barrier reef the blue sea is awash with white breakers. In the water and on

the shore everywhere are the joyous people, shining like clean, oiled, varnished leather, straight and strong as Greeks, simple as children, happy, affectionate, irresponsible and human,—such men as there were when the earth was young.

There in the South Seas lies Tutuila. Four thousand miles to the southwest of the Golden Gate of California, “the second place to the left as you leave San Francisco,” to borrow Stevenson’s droll definition, Honolulu lying midway,—there you will find the green islands of Samoa. Volcanoes make the mountains and gorges and solid land of these islands; two hundred inches of rain a year and an ardent tropic sun make its wonderful forest and bush and graceful palms; the “coral insect” makes its white shoreline and cruel reefs, while copra makes its enduring smell, and its shifting civilization. And about it all is the abiding presence of the Ocean. From every vantage point one sees the blue water meet the blue sky; ever in one’s ears is the low growl of the repulsed waters breaking on the guarding reef; in every direction is it ocean-wide away to the world!

There are four principal islands in the Samoan group, besides six islets. The largest island lies to the west, the others, progressively smaller and, geologically, progressively older, to the eastward. The first is Savaii, forty-five miles long and thirty miles wide, the primitive creating volcanoes not yet cold, their rugged sides overrun with liana-bound forests, as yet impassable to man. Next comes Upolu, forty miles by fifteen, richest in coconuts and in arable land, its town Apia, the principal one in the islands, its green mountain Vaea, with the glossy farm of Vailima on its flanks, securely within the Valhalla of literary fame. Apia harbor, calm and safe in ordinary days when the trades blow across from the land, changes into a narrow gorge with jagged jaws of coral in the season of the northwest hurricanes. Then great ships are helpless in its tortuous channels, and the sheltering reefs become themselves the sources of

the direst danger. It was in 1889, in this harbor, that an impatient hurricane blew its breath on a Gordian knot of world politics and made ropy spindrift of it.

Fifty miles beyond Upolu lies Tutuila, twenty miles long, and from two to five miles wide. Sixty miles still farther to the southeast, out in the sea, is Manua, almost circular, ten miles in diameter, and oldest of all the Samoan Islands in geological time, and once most honored in hereditary leadership.

Tutuila is primarily a huge volcanic crater, which has built up the island with the lava it has ejected. This crater of Pago-Pago is fringed about with steep walls from 1000 to 2500 feet high, almost vertical on the inner edge after the fashion of craters, sloping away on the outside as the lava flows, two points in its rim, the mountains of Matafao and Peoa, much higher than the rest, and with a break half a mile wide on the south, letting in the sea. The harbor of Pago-Pago,¹ thus formed within the crater of Peoa, is nearly two miles deep and a mile wide. This size is, however, much reduced by the barrier reef which occupies half the strait at the entrance, and which forms an unbroken rim about the shore within. But with all this, there is room enough, if not for all the navies of the world, for all the ships likely ever to put in to Samoa. The winding entrance shuts out all surf from the south, and the great walls on every other side make the harbor securely landlocked, whatever the hurricane without. It is, in brief, the one good harbor in all the South Seas, and for that reason it is of high value to a great nation with expansive commercial aspirations. In any case, it is now ours, and is likely to remain so, a mere dock and coaling station in the eyes of our American administrators, but to its people the colony of Tutuila of the United States of America, a position in their eyes far nobler than to be an independent kingdom. Long ago was Pago-Pago ceded to us, and a coaling

¹ The *g* in Samoan is pronounced as *ng* in sing.

station established there; but the whole island came to us only on the division, in 1891, of the Samoan group between Germany and the United States.

Of arable land Tutuila has practically none: a few wet places are planted to taro, that curious aroid or tropical jack-in-the-pulpit, whose tuber is the substitute for the potato throughout the Pacific islands, and for all modern predigested foods, which find their prototype in *poi*. Along the seashore and on the lower flanks of the mountains is the cocoanut palm, the most graceful tree that grows. The cocoanut furnishes the only article of export from the island, and is, besides, the chief provider of the native's food, drink, clothes, house, and house furnishings. Moors, the American trader of Apia, has said that the South Sea islander awakes in the morning, naked, hungry, and athirst. He rises, climbs a cocoanut tree, and comes down clothed, fed, and drunk. To achieve the last-named condition he must have climbed this tree once, some days before, and tapped a fruiting stem so that its quickly fermenting sap may run out into a shell cup suspended from it. The cocoanut product for export bears that magic name of South Sea tales, copra. This is simply the meat of ripe cocoanuts cut out in little strips, and dried in the sun. The oily, shriveled bits are packed into sacks, and sold to the traders, who ship them to Hamburg, to San Francisco, or to Sydney. From this copra is expressed the familiar cocoanut or palm oil used in making certain soaps. All the copra from all of Samoa — and by far the major part of it comes from the German island Upolu — amounts to barely half a million dollars' worth a year. And beyond copra the Samoan exports consist chiefly in much hopeful talk about some future cacao (chocolate). Besides cocoanuts, the banana, bread-fruit, papaya, orange, mango, and a few other food trees grow freely, although but little attention is paid to their cultivation. Without effort on the part of any one there is fruit enough for all. Add to this

fruit, fish, chickens, pigs, *bêche de mer*, and squid, and the island contributions to the Samoan's bill of fare are practically all named. As *bonnes bouches* fat larvæ of giant wood-boring beetles, or the uncooked insides of fresh sea-urchins, may be added. Once a year, too, in the full moon of November the strange sea-worm Palolo rises from the depths to spawn, and to furnish the natives with their daintiest tidbit. An acquired taste for canned salmon — familiarly known as *pea soupa*, — the principal American export to this interesting colony of ours — is much in evidence among all Samoans. Our farewell gift to royalty consisted of a great tin of ship's biscuit, and a case of Columbia River salmon, and it distinctly had the royal approval.

There is no encouragement for white settlers in Tutuila. At present the natives are not allowed to sell their land, and if they were the land could not easily be worked. Laborers are scarce, and the price of a day's work very high. The natives are excellent laborers on other islands when carried, willingly or unwillingly, from their own place, but they do not care to work at home. The communistic conditions, general within the tropics, largely account for this. When a native earns a few dollars his own relatives and those of his wife at once pay him a visit, and the surplus is promptly spent for *pea soupa* (canned goods), or for material for personal ornamentation. We once paid Vaiula, our head fisherman at Apia, a considerable sum for a fortnight's catch. The same night it was necessary for him to borrow or beg a shilling to go to the circus where his own son was a star performer. The poverty of the tropics is due chiefly to the communism of the people, and the consequent lack of individual incentive. To the generosity of the tropics we may again ascribe the possibility of this communism. There is enough for all and to spare. Why, then, should they not share it with one another? Because there is so much there is no reason why any one should accumulate a surplus.

In Upolu the labor problem has been partly met by the Germans through the introduction of the "black boys" from the Solomon Islands. They make picturesque figures, rambling through the great coconut plantation with their little pack donkeys. But they are a dwarfish, negro-like people, held in low esteem by the free-born, stalwart Samoans, and their retention in semi-slavery is already adding a race problem to the many difficulties of the government at Apia. The great German planting and trading firm (Deutsche Plantagen und Handelsgesellschaft), successor to the once mighty Godeffroys, is pushing for permission to import the all-conquering Chinese coolie. If he comes the work will be done, but Stevenson's people will certainly become only encumbering ornaments in their own land. In Tutuila, the laborers on the government coal wharves are Tongans, brought from the Friendly Islands, five hundred miles south of Samoa. The Tongans are of the same stock as the Samoans. The Maoris of New Zealand, the Tahitians of the beautiful French Society Islands, the Marquesans, with whom Hermann Melville lived his idyllic life, the Hawaiians, now almost gone as a pure-blooded race, the Tongans and Samoans constitute the various branches of the Polynesian race, all tall, well-proportioned, straight-haired, beautiful brown people. Anthropologists name the Polynesians as the finest people, physically, in the world. And the erect, great-chested, strong-limbed, supple Samoans are a revelation of the present-day reality of the Greek sculptor's ideal. But the Papuan, negroid, and Malay races that inhabit the myriad islands of Micronesia and Melanesia are mostly ugly and malformed specimens of the human species.

The dense forests of Tutuila have little value as timber. The breadfruit furnishes the curious beams and rafters of the mushroom houses, while the great coconut fronds roof them over. But these are not trees of the forest. In the wild wood and bush live numerous kinds of birds,

species allied to the honey-creepers, a few sorts of paroquets, a robin, a much-hunted dove species, some showily colored little kingfishers, a crow, an owl, and a few other predatory forms. The little blue and orange kingfishers are odd in that they are most often to be found far up on the mountain sides in the dense forest where there are certainly no fishes to fish for. The natives say that they peck out the eyes of other birds, and the American officer in charge of the customs, who keeps a few chickens for company and Sunday dinners, has repeatedly noticed the kingfishers dashing at his hens!

A species of flying-fox, a large fruit-eating bat nearly a foot long, abounds in the forests, and is the only native mammal. This interesting beast, called *pei*, is used as food, and is often seen in daytime climbing among the trees like a pigmy goblin. One species of snake is found in Upolu and Savaii, and that but sparingly. It is a harmless serpent, allied to the garter snakes, but reaching a notable size. Lizards are numerous, but the species are few and not large.

The fringing coral reefs of all these islands abound in fishes and invertebrate life. We obtained six hundred and twenty species of fishes from the harbors of Apia and Pago-Pago, all shore forms of the reefs, there being little opportunity for outside fishing or collecting from deep water. So large a number is not recorded from any other ports so small as these. The flat-topped reefs are partly exposed at low tide, but are covered with pools of every size. The reef itself is loose and broken at the surface and fissured on the edges, and fish creep and swim through all the openings and crevices. The large dead masses of branching corals are also filled with small fishes, slippery morays winding in and out the open spaces, while gayly colored damsel-fishes and butterfly-fishes cluster in the larger cavities. Everywhere in the tide pools and reef crevices swarm brittle-stars, sea-urchins, starfishes, crabs, sea-worms, and mollusks;

under coral blocks and on the sand floor in shallow water are hosts of sea-cucumbers (*Holothurians*) of half-a-dozen species, while little octopuses go swimming backwards in inky clouds across the pools. The echinoderms are remarkably represented both in number of species and individuals, and include some extraordinary forms. At low tide the native women and children wade and poke about over the reefs, collecting *bêche de mer*, octopuses, and sea-urchins for food. They turn the big octopuses inside out by a dextrous jerk, thus disabling them so that they can be handily carried alive. Our collecting was largely done by poisoning the temporary tide pools with chloride of lime, by breaking up masses of dead coral with a hammer, and by throwing dynamite into deep angles and fissures of the reefs.

Many fishes of the coral reefs show protective coloring in the highest degree. Such species usually lie quiescent on the bottom, the general hue being a blotched or mottled gray. But in all the pools abound species which give defiance to all notions of mimicry or protective coloration. There are damsel-fishes (*Pomacentrus*), locally called Taupo (the exact cognate of the West Indian names, Damsel, Demoiselle, and Doncella), of every shade of blue, except dull shades, and marked with vivid golden or scarlet dashes. These fishes save themselves by their excessive quickness and their power of darting into small crevices. Apparently they have no need of protective coloration, and have no fear of any enemies in the reefs. Everywhere about the reefs abound butterfly-fishes (*Chaetodon*), with bright yellow as a ground color, fantastically striped or streaked or spotted with blue or black. Bizarre rainbow-fishes (*Labridæ*), each species bearing streaks or marks of every possible color, abound everywhere, and in all the deeper pools are crimson soldier-fishes (*Holocentrus*), parrot-fishes (*Scarus*), and surgeon-fishes (*Teuthis*), almost all of them colored as brilliantly as fish-pigment can make

them. No birds and no flowers of any land are colored more gayly than the fishes of the Samoan reefs. In the open waters we find fishes of the usual protective shades, blue-green above and silvery below, while in the rivers the fishes are green-speckled, and colored like the stones. It is only within the retreats of the great reef that the mad riot of color develops itself.

In Samoa the skipping goby (*Periophthalmus*), a little froglike fish with protruding eyes, is very common in muddy brooks and piles of stone along the shore. This active little creature leaves the water, climbing bushes and lurking on logs in pursuit of insects. It often waits on shore, in concealment, for the tide to return. It skips over the ground like a lizard, and in like fashion will flutter over the surface of the water without sinking.

Almost the only noxious animal of Samoa is the mosquito, but this is truly a fearful pest; not simply as a buzzing and stinging torment, but as the intermediate host and disseminator of the dreadful scourge elephantiasis. This is a form of filariasis in which the minute parasitic filariæ lodge in the lymphatic glands, and produce a remarkable hypertrophy of the subcutaneous tissue, so that a man's leg may come to weigh as much as all the rest of his body, or his arm be simply a great useless cylindrical mass a foot in diameter. The specific cause of the disease is the parasitic blood-worm *Filaria sanguinis-hominis*, which passes part of its life in the body, particularly the thoracic muscles, of the mosquito. The exact mode of migration of the parasite from the mosquito to man is yet undetermined; whether by the bite, that is, the piercing of the skin with the oral proboscis, or whether it occurs by the drinking of water in which the dead bodies of infested mosquitoes have disintegrated, is still undetermined. The filariæ have been observed to migrate from the thorax of the mosquito into its labium (the fleshy sheath of the proboscis), and even to escape from the tip of the labium. This

points strongly to the possibility of infection at the time of piercing, but the parasites are large, and few could enter the blood at one time. The disease has obtained an amazing prevalency among the natives, almost certainly one third or more—Manson estimates it at one half—being afflicted. It is incurable, at least in all cases of a certain length of standing, and even from the first if the patient remains in the tropics. It causes the patient little pain, being attended, however, at certain recurring intervals by fever, but in its advanced stages so deforms the body as to make the sufferer incapable of walking or of almost any other motion. White men are occasionally attacked; one white patient was seen near Pago-Pago during our stay. If the disease once seated is incurable, remedial measures must be of the nature of a campaign against the intermediary mosquito, the most abundant species of which is, interestingly enough, the same species, *Stegomyia fasciata*, so abundant in Cuba, and by the researches of American surgeons and physicians now practically convicted of breeding and disseminating the (still unknown) parasite of yellow fever.

So far as the Samoan people are concerned the most valuable possible result of American rule would be the stamping out of the mosquito in Tutuila, and steps in this direction have already been taken.

Throughout the South Seas the white trader, usually with a native wife, has stood in the time-honored twofold relation of shepherd to the sheep. At the best, the trader looks well after his flocks, protects them from the unlicensed wolves, and shears them with great regularity. The trader is always an interesting character, and sometimes an attractive and charming one. But he is “not there for his health” alone, and for the most part he finds his pastoral occupation financially profitable. A good example of the best type is Moors, a famous American trader of Apia, one time host, friend, and business man of Robert Louis Stevenson. He

has traded in the South Seas for thirty years, knows the languages and the natives of a dozen widely separated groups of islands, has sixteen trading stations scattered through the various Samoan islands and islets, and is sole proprietor and king of two lonesome little Pacific coral islands a thousand miles apart, on one of which he raises sea-turtles, on the other coconuts. How he came to own one of these diminutive kingdoms is a story which reveals an interesting incident in Stevenson’s life. The island, a perfect little emerald gem in the sapphire Pacific, was seen by Stevenson on one of his cruises, and so fascinated him by its unique beauty that he insisted that Moors should try to discover if any nation or man claimed proprietary rights in it, and if so, to bargain for it on his, Stevenson’s, account. Moors learned that a French trader of Tahiti claimed the island, but would sell his rights for two thousand pounds. This Stevenson could not afford, but he urged Moors to try to get an offer of one thousand pounds, and if so to take it. In the meantime Stevenson set off on a voyage to Sydney. On his return, Moors was able to tell him that he had succeeded in buying the island for fifteen hundred pounds, thinking that Stevenson would be willing to pay so much. But Stevenson, who seemed to have quite forgotten his former interest in the island and insistence on its purchase, threw up his hands in dismay, saying, “Impossible. I have spent all my money.” And Moors owns the island to this day. The trader says dryly of his famous companion’s attitude toward business matters, “Stevenson was essentially a literary man, you know.”

In Stevenson’s *A Footnote to History*, the recent history of Samoa has been recounted with the just faithfulness of a great historian. Most of it revolves about the noble personality of Mata’afa, savage statesman and king, a man of character, dignity, ambition, and moderation, a representative of all that is strongest and most serious in Samoan life.

After the days of Malietoa Laupepa, the jurisdiction fell into the hands of the Tripartite Convention, the local representatives of the three great powers, — England, Germany, and the United States. If in Stevenson's time life in Apia was enlivened by "a fresh conspiracy every day," the condition of strenuous activity was still further emphasized under this threefold arrangement. Most notable of these intrigues were those that brought in Malietoa Tanu, and balked the natives in their choice of Mata'afa. The resulting confusion led among other things to a wanton attack on Apia by a combined American and British force from ships in the harbor. This attack, begun without warrant, and against all good advice, ended disastrously, and recently a joint tribunal has compelled the nations concerned to make good the damages inflicted. This is one of the most hopeful incidents in the history of arbitration, for the judges considered the question of justice alone, without the effort shown by most previous courts of arbitration to consider the opposing claims, and then to split the difference. It was this affair that brought the Tripartite Convention to an end, and divided the islands between Germany and the United States. To Germany fell Upolu and Savaii, the larger islands with their copra and hoped-for cacao. To the United States came the definite ownership of the admirable harbor of Pago-Pago, with the incidental encumbrance of jurisdiction over Tutuila and Manua, and all the petty complications which this jurisdiction entails.

Mata'afa is now the head chief of German Samoa. He fought against the Germans during the rule of their puppet-king Tamasese. He was vice-king, and centre of the opposition during the rule of Malietoa Laupepa, whose authority was dependent on German support. When English intrigue brought forward as king the weak boy Malietoa Tanu, Mata'afa again represented the opposition, and the support of his old enemies, the Germans, now

became his strength. The division of the islands disposed of Malietoa Tanu, and now such royalty as exists, under the palms of the old capital on the sandspit of Mulinu'u, rests again with Mata'afa.

In these struggles Tutuila seems to have taken little part. Her head chief, Mauga of Pago-Pago, was from the first friendly to American rule. He gave an active welcome to Commodore Tilley, the first American governor, and the details of American control were at once arranged on a living basis.

The chiefs of Tutuila came together on April 17, 1900, and voted to cede the island to the United States. A deed of cession was drawn up with great formality. It was signed, engrossed, and forwarded to the President. No answer was received to this paper. The Samoan people are sensitive to slights. It is part of their etiquette that a gift should be promptly acknowledged, and they had offered the greatest gift within their power to make. They had presented their whole island to the President of the United States, and he had not deigned to notice the gift. Perhaps he never saw the deed of cession, perhaps he was in doubt as to the constitutional and consistent answer. To acknowledge that we hold Tutuila by the gift of her chiefs and people might question the validity of the treaty with Great Britain and Germany which preceded this deed. Conditions became difficult for Commodore Tilley and for his successor, Captain Sebree. The matter came to the attention of President Roosevelt, and with characteristic straightforwardness, he proceeded to set the matter right, careless of all questions of precedent.

According to advices from Pago-Pago, the 16th of January, 1903, "will always be a red-letter day for the Samoans." On that day the commandant of Tutuila called the people together "to receive from the President his reply to the instrument of cession given on the seventeenth day of April, 1900, by the chiefs and people of the island to the United States, and to receive the presents which were for-

warded." Besides watches and medals suitably engraved, each chief received a written greeting under the hand of the President, accepting the offer of the people. To the Samoan guard of native soldiers, or "fita-fitas," the United States flag was presented by Acting Lieutenant-Governor Minett.

On all public occasions in Samoa the addresses are made by official "talking men." The translation of the speeches of Alapa and Tuiasosopo, talking men of Tutuila, are here given, as officially reported by the "talking man," or interpreter, of the commandant of Tutuila.

Alapa, speaking for the western district, the "counties" of Fofu and Aitulagi, said:—

"Your Excellency, the Commandant, representing the President of the United States of America, to you the Secretary of Native Affairs, and to the officers of the Government assembled here to-day, greeting.

"I am Fofu and Aitulagi. I speak for all my people; my word is the voice of all.

"Many thanks! Many thanks! Many thanks! Many thanks!

"We are all gratified to-day. We had doubts about the Government at first; we were wallowing in the mud, but now we are on dry land.

"Previously Samoans carried arms and ammunition; they lost much money in purchasing them, but now—thanks! The arms have been surrendered to the Government, which has paid for them, and there is no further need for guns, because a strong Government gives us peace!

"We are pleased with the Government.

"The Government has been good, and we are better than formerly. These are my only words. Let the Government prosper."

Tuiasosopo, for the eastern district, Sua and Vaifanua and the islet of Aunuu, continued:—

"I am talking for Sua and Vaifanua. Fofu and Aitulagi have expressed their thanks. I add now the thanks of Sua and

Vaifanua. We witness to-day our union with the United States of America, and we accept with rejoicing the relationship. We have seen the good will and kind intentions of the Government toward us. We are happy. The laws have been made and the courts established. The people are progressing. May good feeling always exist between the Samoan people and the United States of America."

So much, and good, for Tutuila. But there was something lacking in these inspiring scenes. The talking men of Tuamanua, the king of Manua, our (by treaty) second island, were not heard on this notable occasion. Tuamanua and his people did not deed their island to the United States, nor does this king willingly allow the flag of the republic to wave over his royal hut. And only a year ago he showed plainly that he does not consider himself a vassal of the President of the United States.

Tuamanua is a man of some education and of decided personal force. He has kept his people out of debt, and out of the clutches of beach-combers, and has even organized them into a sort of coöperative-trading company with some success. But he clings to the old traditions of his island, and one of these is that the king of Manua outranks any of the chiefs who rule parts of other islands. Therefore, when Mauga, the sagacious and dignified chief of the eastern half of Tutuila, visited Manua a year ago, he was received with exceptional welcome, but when in the ceremonial kava-drinking the talking man, or master of ceremonies, presented Mauga with his cup in such style as to indicate his equality with Tuamanua, the latter resented this *lèse-majesté*. The offending talking man was brought before a specially convened court of chiefs and given the old Samoan condemnation. His house must be destroyed, his cocoanut trees cut down, his mats and tapas wasted, and his life made forfeit to the king. This coming to the attention of the American commandant at Pago-Pago, brought to Tuamanua a note to the effect that the

American statutes do not recognize *lèse-majesté*, and that no such condign punishment must befall the unlucky sinner against the code of Manuan etiquette. A deal of trouble ensued, resulting in a trial by a naval court of several Manuan chiefs, and the falling into contempt of court by Talefua, the chief talking man of Tuamanua, and his detention for six months on the island of Tutuila. Meanwhile Tuamanua, having to do his own talking, must have felt more than ever incensed against a tyrant who not only overruled his royal prerogatives in the matter of the *ipu* of kava, but possessed itself for six months of the royal voice!

Kava is the national drink of Samoa. It is prepared by pouring fresh water over the crushed dry root of a plant of the pepper family. This crushing used to be done by the strong white teeth of the fairest village maiden, the taupo, but in deference to the prejudices of an alien race, the taupo, in these effete days, vigorously wields a small stone on pieces of the root held in a curious many-legged bowl. The drink is made freshly for each drinking, and much formal ceremony attends its preparation and tossing off. So elaborate and precise is this ceremonial on state and official occasions, that, as we have noted, kings may come to war or to deep humiliation through its modification or infraction. Kava is wholly non-alcoholic, and owes the particular effects of its use to an alkaloid. It produces first a curious partial local anæsthesia of the tongue and throat, then a slight stimulation of the mental faculties, and if much of the liquid is taken at one sitting a loss of control of the legs. But it can be used moderately, with apparently little or no harm. It is drunk many times a day by the natives, and occasionally a long sitting around the kava bowl is indulged in by a group of convivial spirits.

Less difficult, perhaps, than questions of royal precedence, but still full of practical embarrassment, are many other details of government. The interests at stake in Tutuila are relatively small, but

the consequences of a mistake may be very disastrous, the more so as these people, less than six thousand all told, have little conception of the vastness of the United States or of their own smallness in its political perspective. The only interest we have in Tuamanua is to protect him and his people from being carried away some night by the "blackbirders" to work on some African sugar plantation. But as the king of an equal and sovereign state, he may declare war on us at any time, if he regards his hereditary rights as invaded. It would be easy to crush him and kill his people, but it would be wanton slaughter, with no gain of any sort. At Pago-Pago, when the flags are flying, the band playing, and the fita-fitas march in their showy blue and red semi-Turkish uniforms, it is easy to encourage and maintain the feeling of loyalty. Thus far, too, the government has been in efficient and considerate hands: hence the public has heard little of the difficulties of the situation. But the commandant finds plenty of these. In the first place Congress has never defined the status of the colony. The commandant is a naval officer with uncertain powers. The revenues of government come mainly from import duties. It is not certain whether Tutuila is territory of the United States. If it be such, and the United States tariff is in effect, then goods from the United States are admitted free. By the terms of the treaty with Great Britain and Germany, these countries have the same trading privileges in Tutuila as the United States. Consequently all goods from British Australia, New Zealand, and Fiji, or from German Samoa, should also come in free. There are no imports from anywhere else, and to adopt the view that these islands are within our tariff limits would be to destroy all their revenue. It might also create in them an open door to smuggling on a large scale. Free wool from Australia would break a great gap in our present protective tariff fence. If we regard Tutuila as outside the tariff limits of the United States, the tariff

charged is arbitrary, resting apparently on the will of the commandant alone. This condition exposes him to legal attacks on the part of dissatisfied traders as soon as he sets foot on the mainland. An absolute monarch while on the islands, he may find San Francisco full of legal questions which may give him serious embarrassment.

Moreover, the commandant finds it necessary to oppose constantly certain interests of the traders. Copra is worth about three cents a pound in San Francisco. The trader buys it from the natives at a cent and a quarter, paying in "trade" at his own prices, and weighing it in on his own scales. These scales, through long stay in the tropics, sometimes become curiously affected. One of the American officers, happening to be in a small trading station away from Pago-Pago, weighed himself on the trader's scales. He was dismayed to find that his weight had fallen from one hundred and eighty pounds to one hundred and thirty-five, having lost fully forty pounds since beginning his half day's journey from Pago-Pago.

The liquor matter, too, offers its difficulties. Fortunately the natives of Samoa mostly prefer kava to "square-face" (gin). But the white man of the South Seas usually develops a chronic thirst. In Apia liquor is sold to white men with no visible restraint, but there has been virtual prohibition in Tutuila, and where prohibition really prohibits the opposition to it becomes deadly earnest. Whether an American hotel, with a bar, shall come into being or not at Pago-Pago has been a matter constantly coming up to remind the commandant that being ruler of Tutuila is not simply leave of absence to doze on a tropic beach. Nor has the problem of religious toleration been always simple. The natives of Samoa were early converted to Christianity. Each village has a large church, usually much too large, but built so as to outdo its neighbors. Sunday is devoted almost entirely to "mijinery;" this

useful and expressive word denoting church-going, pastors, church members, or almost anything else connected with the London Missionary Society's work. "Papa" is similarly the all-including word for Roman Catholic missions, priests, and neophytes. Six or seven services are held each Sunday in the native churches, the major part of each being vigorous, enthusiastic, and not unmelodious singing. Familiar hymns, recast a little to suit the Samoan voice and custom, and translated into the resonant vowels and few liquid consonants, come ringing out through the whole day. At night, too, groups of natives will squat on the mats under the mushroom roof of some large hut, and sing there hour after hour for pure joy of tune and rhythm. Our boatmen would sing as we came rowing home, just before the quick twilight, from the day's collecting on the reefs. The tenor begins the melody, and after a few bars the bass joins with a sort of native harmony, an instinctive counterpoint; then the tenor rests, the bass singing alone for a few measures, soon to be rejoined by the higher voice. At each ceasing the last one or two syllables are given in a curious jerkily spoken or shouted way, not unlike that sometimes heard from Wagnerian baritones and basses on the German stage.

Until lately the London Missionary Society and the Roman Catholics (much less strongly entrenched) have had a practical monopoly of religious activity. But recently Mormon missionaries have begun to attract many natives, and to get a firm footing. These Mormon propagandists seem to be a most practical and effective set of workers. They teach practical industries, and not only in Samoa, but elsewhere in the South Seas, are rapidly gaining followers. Some of the industrial teaching of the London Missionary Society seems to have taken the lines which so thoroughly aroused the indignation and contempt of Mary Kingsley on the West Coast of Africa. At least, our head fisherman at Apia showed us with great

pride a daintily bound little hymn-book, the binding and rather ornate tooling having all been done by his son in "mijinery school." The Mormons attend rather to planting and woodworking than to gilt-patterned bookbindings.

The influence of the missionaries has certainly been for the most part beneficial to the natives. The constant antagonism of the less reputable traders and the beach-combers — the lost human flotsam and jetsam of the South Seas — to the missionaries is shining evidence that their work is for the real good of the natives. But two things they have brought into the life of our joyous brown wards of the coral beaches which are certainly calamitous. These are clothing, and, by consequence, pneumonia. As terrible a scourge as elephantiasis is, pneumonia is the more rapidly destructive, and in time it may depopulate the islands. In the good old days the rains beat upon the shining oiled shoulders and back of the half-naked native as harmlessly as on the well-preened plumage of the wild duck; but now the cheap cotton shirt or white jacket clings wet and clammy to the skin, the quick chill strikes through the blood, and the end comes with appalling swiftness and certainty. The gaudily be-ribboned, absurd little chip hat pinned to the great mass of long black hair, and the immodest *holuku* (Mother Hubbard gown) of the women, and the tightly buttoned white barber's jacket above the bare brown legs of the men, really reach the climax of absurdity, and, what is worse, they are unwholesome both for health and morals. But such is the costume of the saved! Well that they be truly saved, for they have made a fair start in their

"mijinery" clothes, to test quickly the power of their new religion.

Years ago the conditions in Hawaii were much as now in Samoa. The cultivation of sugar, the rush of commercial prosperity, the immigration of a few white men and of a host of Orientals have changed the old condition of Hawaii. The native is now only an incident in the economic development of the territory. Politically, he is a nuisance, because he has a vote; he delights in hustings, and he has not the slightest interest in hoarding money either by himself or by the state. Hence his vote is always for lavish expenditure. The principles of democracy find their severest strain in the presence of race problems. When one race has no regard for what the other holds dear, it is not easy to found a commonwealth on unity of interests. In Hawaii, the American becomes impatient of a people who care more for the fragrance of a flower, the flutter of a ribbon, and the joys of gossip, than for constitutional liberty, industrial prosperity, or commercial progress. The native is equally impatient of those who hoard money, where money exists only to be spent. "No better than a *haole*" (foreigner) is their pungent description of the native who earns money and then keeps it. In Samoa the old ideals still hold in their original picturesque beauty. It is a race of primitive Homeric folk which abides there. May it remain so for a thousand years, and in our *ipu* of kava may we drink the health of Mata'afa, Seiuamanu of the hurricane night, Mauga and Tuamanua, great human men that they are, not forgetting the memory of Tusitala, greatest, wisest, and most human of these island chieftains all.

THE TWO CHANTY-MEN

BY GEORGE S. WASSON

OF late years, in the fall, as soon as pollock are reported in any considerable number on the Big Bumbo Ground, Skipper Job Gaskett finds means to communicate the fact to his early shipmate, Abram Kentle, of distant Dogfish Point. White-haired Abram, who has but lately returned after many years' absence, then rolls up a "shift" of clothes in an oilskin suit, and with the bundle under his arm, betakes himself down the old post road to the house of his friend at Killick Cove. In anticipation of this now annual visit, Skipper Job has his drag-boat and gear in readiness, and for some time both follow the example of many others in the town, and devote themselves to laying in a supply of winter's fish.

Starting away from home at the usual early hour one mild morning, dearth of suitable bait and a failure of the wind so delayed their return, that darkness shut down before they again reached the mouth of the broad stream, just inside of which lay Killick Cove. By this time a dense fog had rolled in from the sea, and encountering the strong ebb-tide out of the river, they were obliged to anchor. After a dish of hot tea in the cuddy, the disappointed fishermen lighted their pipes, and fell to pacing that small portion of deck remaining between kid-boards, hogshead tubs, and like clutter of the little craft. On the forward rigging, around a smoky riding-light, thickly studded drops of water sparkled against an inky background. Through the lantern's yellow glimmer the thick fog solemnly sifted past, and under the boat's bow fast swirling eddies of the rushing ebb lapped with stealthy trickles.

"How like the mischeef this tide doos empt to-night, you!" said Skipper Gaskett. "It must lack all of two hours' time to low-water slack, yit. I do wisht we

could saved our tide in home this afternoon, for I cal'lated to foot it acrosst to the Crick and try to pick me a bucket of cockles off'n the flats, so's to piecen out our bait to-morrow. There's times you know, when seems's though pollock would n't look at nothin' else unless'n 'tis cockles."

"Pollock is consid'ble partial to cockles, no two ways about that," said Abram Kentle. "Talkin' of going acrosst to the Crick, though, I wonder is there ary one of them Crick Bowses left over there at this day o' the world? Ezry Bowse was in the old Nonesuch the fust time ever we went off-shore, ye rec'lect."

"Yes, I know, but you hain't need look for ary Bowse alive to this Cove these twenty year and more," Job Gaskett replied. "It's some sing'lar, too, the way the whole kit of them Crick Bowses has made out to be drowned and killt off. There's nothin' only the cellar-hole left of the old home-place over there now days."

"I want to know ef they're all hands on 'em goners," Abram said. "This 'ere Ezry was called the best chanty-man ever trod a ratline aboard ship."

"Oh, complete, Ezry was, and no mistake!" the skipper assented. "He could n't be beat noways, when it come to chantyin'. Ezry was all the one of the boys that ever come back to the old home-place there. After all the rest-part of the fambly was gone, he come back from sea one time, and lived over there all soul alone till he got through."

"Sho, you!" said Abram Kentle. "Ezry he'd been off-shore in square-riggers ever sence he fust commenced to go, and I know 't was seldom ever you'd hear the likes of him for chantyin'. Him and old Sammy Futtock was called by all odds the smartest pair o' chanty-men ever went out of this river."

"Nothin' on two legs that ever went out of here could commence to tetch 'em, now that's a fact!" said Job. "You come to take it ashore here of a morning when we'll say a brand, spangin' new ship laid to anchor, with a full crew of young bucks, every mother's son on 'em from right 'round this Cove, like's not; you take it the morning she cal'lated to git under way, and ef it did n't sound some beautysome to hear them old chanties acrosst the river, then I would n't never say so! Why, them days you know they'd have to commence heavin' on the win'lass with handspikes same's early this mornin', and in this deep water prob'ly it would be hard onto noon-time afore ever they was hove short, with the boys chantyin' stiddy the whole time!

"Way you, Rio!

Away you, Rio!

Then fare you well, my bonnie young girl,
We're bound to the Rio Grande!"

roared Skipper Gaskett, while Abram Kentle joined in with a series of quavering wails.

"Seems's though I'd give a finger jest to hear one of them A No. 1 old chanties again. By fire, but would n't it seem something like, though! You let Ezry Bowse or Sammy Futtock, ary one, strike up 'Storm along, Stormy!' or 'Santy Anna,' or 'Blow, boys, blow,' or some other of them old favorytes, and the rest-part of the crew would come down with the chorus fit to take you chock off'n your feet!" And again fired by the recollection of these old-time sea ditties, Job Gaskett once more burst forth:—

"Blow, my bullies, I long to hear you.

Blow, boys, blow!

Blow, my bullies, I come to cheer you.

Blow, my bully boys, blow!

"Yes sir-ee! There was a slue of them chanties, and a reg'lar-built smart chanty-man was a consid'ble big herb aboard ship in them days. He'd get more work outen the men a-chantyin' than ever the mates could commence to."

"I guess he would so!" Abram Kentle

said decidedly. "I been aboard vessel where seems's though the men could n't pull a pound's heft without they had a chanty at every hand's turn. Why, take it the time you and me was youngsters aboard the old Nonesuch, out of here; about how long would it took to heave short unless'n we had chantyin'? Set-fire, I cal'late the kelps would growed ten foot long the whole bigness of her bottom afore ever she'd been clear of this river!"

"You might jes' soon undertook to do away with grub them days, as them same old chanty-men," declared Job. "The breed is all died out, though, at this day o' the world. Folks 'round here would gawk some to see old Ezry Bowse come rollin' down along the road now'days, would n't they? I tell ye he was a proper old deep-water feller ef ever I sot eye on a one in my life! D'ye rec'lect the big full-rigged ship in Injy-ink on the breast of him? He'd allus wear his shirt collar hove wide open in all weathers, so's you'd catch sight of that ship's royals and t'gallant-yards jest showing above his tie."

"Solid Injy-ink him and Sammy was, their whole bigness, same's the bulk of them old shell-backs," said Abram. "What ever become of old Sammy Futtock, anyways?" he added.

"Why," replied the skipper, "him and Ezry lays together chock down in the furthestest sou'west corner of the old Oakum Hill buryin'-ground."

"Sho, you!" said Abram. "What possessed folks to take and lay 'em so fur in from the road as all that, in room of down nigher home somewheres?"

"Waal, the way it looks to me, there wa'n't no great call to lay 'em clean away down in there, as I can see," Job said. "They's mostly Advents lays in there back of the hill, you know. Ezry and Sammy had allus went together aboard ship their whole lives, and being as they kind of took up along with them Advents a short spell afore they come to git through, why seems's though them same Advents turned to and laid 'em

neck and neck one alongside t'other in back of the hill. Betwixt you and me and the windlass-bitts though, seems's ef they never laid none too easy in there, neither."

"Sho, now!" Abram said. "I ain't been a-nigh the place sence I was the bigness of a trawl-kag, but I know that come to git in that fur, you're handy-by to Heron Swamp. Ezry Bowse was allus counted a master weeked old creatur', but for all that, I s'pose maybe he'd full lievser lay in back of the meetin'-house down to the Cove."

"Jes' so eggsactly! Now you've hit it for one thing!" cried Job. "I want my folks should take and lay me somewheres handy-by to the shore; some place where I'll be apt to git the rote good and plain by spells, anyways. How'd *you* love to lay clean away in there to the norrard of the hill, Abram? leave alone being chucked clean down in the corner there, where take it spring-times, you'll go plumb to the knees, every clip! Do you cal'late ever you'd love to lay chock down in there, and harken to nothin' in God's world unless'n it is the frogs a-peepin' in amongst them cat-tails all around ye, jest only one stiddy yip?"

"I don't want to lay in no sich shape!" said Abram Kentle positively.

"No more doos them two, then!" the skipper rejoined. "When them that's got through lay real good and easy, d' ye call it anyways nach'al for 'em to up and travel by nights? Would n't you sooner cal'late they'd stay put, in room of scullin' round this river night-times, same's they will by spells?"

"Any one would suppose'n, now that's a fact. Did ever you run a-foul on 'em yourself?" asked Abram. "Most the whole of you Gasketts allus was great on all sich works."

"Time and again I've heard them two chantyin' on this river by nights sence they got through, and I ain't all the one to hear 'em at it, neither," Job answered. "What's more," he added, "'t is allus called a proper good forerunner of a

heavy breeze o' wind consid'ble quick follerin', too."

"Waal," said Abram, "I'm knowing to it there's any God's quantity of sich works going on all the time, of course. The thing of it is, though, some sees 'em or else hears 'em, and some ain't made so's to. That ain't sayin' but what the works is there, jest the same."

"You can bate they're there!" Job said. "I seen a raft on 'em in my day, too. But there, you, there's a plenty more reasons why them two old reynucks don't lay easy. I cal'late for one thing they was 'most too weeked ever to lay good and easy anywheres. Talk about your drinkin' rum, and swearin', and cussin'; — don't never say a word! I been shipmates along o' them that could swear and cuss jest a few, but you come to take Ezry or Sammy, ary one, and seems's though they could n't so much as open their mouths without they'd tear off a big chunk, like! Scand'lous weeked, them two allus was. Prob'ly you've heard tell the way Ezry finally turned to and prayed for a rainstorm that time, ain't ye never?"

"No, sir; it's tol'ble sure I never heard tell of *him* praying for nothin'!" declared Abram Kentle.

"Oh, for sure he did up and pray too, that once, but I guess that was all the prayer ever he got off, and that one was a plenty," the skipper said. "I'll have to tell ye about that scrape, then, seeing how I got drawn into it a little mite myself. Guess likely 't was the time you was away so long. Ezry and Sammy, you know, allus was the biggest kind of chummies, and cal'lated to hang together through thick and thin. After they'd got consid'ble well along in years, the two on 'em took a notion to quit going, and stop ashore the rest-part of their lives. They had enough laid by to rub along with like, and so Ezry he fetched his dunnage up to the old home-place there, and commenced to keep house all soul alone; that is, without no women-folks to do for him.

"Sammy Futtock he did have some

cousins or something left, that lived clean away out back here amongst the alders in Number Two Deestrick, and seems's though they would have give him a home and welcome, but all the place in town where he'd put in much of any time was over to Ezry Bowse's, there. Sammy's folks, ye see, was every one strict Advents. Them Advents allus growed thick as blackberries all up through Number Two, ever sence Adam was a plague-gone oakum-boy, I cal'late. Waal, seems's though the women-folks in pertikler was possessed to coax Sammy to tend out on them meetings of theirn, and finally to convert him over, and all sich works, but Sammy he never appeared to have the least mite of use for them kind, and they could n't seem to hitch hosses wuth a cent. Ef ever they did coax him to stop along on 'em a spell, Ezry Bowse allus would take and climb up a-top of a big high laidge o' rocks right handy-by to his house, and commence a-chantyin' 'Rio' so's you'd hear him the whole bigness of the Cove. The lungs of him was for all the world same's a pair of blacksmith's belluses, and same time there was allus something ter'ble drawring like to his voice, so's folks would heave aside whatever they was doing of, and harken to her for all they was wuth. He'd turn to and shin up a-top of that big laidge where 't was good and sightly, and then he'd strike up chantyin', —

“We've a bully ship and a bully crew;
Way you, Rio!
A bucco mate and cap'n too;
And away to Rio!”

Set-fire, you! Time he was through with the fust verse, you'd hear Sammy Futtock answering of him down through the hollows betwixt them hills from 'most up to Heron Swamp: —

“Up aloft the yards must go,
And away to Rio!”

Mighty quick after, down Sammy would come hisself, snappin' and cracklin' through them bushes same's ary wild creatur', making a bee-line acrosst lots for Ezry's place, and then the pair would

turn to and have one of their reg'lar old times together, singing chanties and drinkin' red rum till they could n't so much as set up.”

“Sho, now!” said Abram. “Seems's though Sammy cal'lated to slip and git under way soon's ever Ezry signalized him, Advents or no Advents!”

“Good land, yes; them two was bound to raise ructions there to Ezry's place, anyways you could rig it. Master weeked, they allus was. Why, one time there was a whole kit of them Advents got together along with the Elder, and trooped it down to Ezry's, cal'latin' to lay theirselves right out, and see ef they could n't fetch the old reynuck to his oats someways or 'nother. Elder he turned to and opened up a-prayin', and he prayed and he prayed till bimeby his throat give out on him complete, so's he could n't fetch another yip to save him. Ezry he sot there as perlite as ever you please, and they said wanted Elder should turn to and have a drop along of him, by way of helping out his throat like! Waal, next thing, all them dezen or twenty women Advents hopped up and commenced a-singin' the very pootiest they knowed, but be jiggered ef afore they was anyways nigh through, Ezry did n't turn to and start in chantyin' 'Sally Brown' so's to drown out the whole batch of 'em clip and clean! 'Sally Brown,' ye know, ain't cal'lated for no prayer-meetin's by a jugful; consekense was them Advents finally concluded they'd full better quit, and jest give Ezry up for a bad egg like.”

“Noways to blame, neither,” commented Abram Kentle.

“Fur from it,” the skipper said. “Seems's though the weeked old reynuck could make out to set there and behave hisself kind of half decent while Elder was to work prayin', but soon's ever it come to singin', he cal'lated to take a hand hisself, and give 'em some p'int. Waal, only a short spell after, he took a notion to make him a garden over there, though prob'ly he knowed no more how to make truck grow than what I do, and

by fire! what I *dunno* in regards to it would fill a book; but anyways, he started in with a garden-patch that spring, and they all said kept her wed out nice as a pin for a spell, but the way it worked that year, we never got one sol'tary drop of rain till fall. The wells every one went bone dry; brooks was dry as puff-balls everywhere, and all the way in God's world ever folks got so much as a turn o' water was to take and haul it in bar'ls from a little b'ilin' spring clean down in the thick of the swamp.

"Waal, Ezry he worked same's a nailer trying to save his garden that season, but bimeby when he come to see every namable thing in her going back on him complete, why, he commenced to take on horrid. I've heard tell the way he'd stomp 'round his place there, a-swearin' and cussin' fit to take your breath, till finally be jiggered, ef the old creatur' did n't take a notion to try prayin' for rain himself, the way they was all hands doing of the whole bigness of the county. There was an uncle of mine had been off traipensing through the alders for his cow that day, and he overheard Ezry at it there, down in amongst his dry beans and truck. The old sir allus allowed Ezry says like this, — starting in at the fust commencement kind of easy and coixin' like, for him, — 'Now look a-here you, Lord!' 's he, 'I tell you jest how bad off I be. Here I been workin' same's ary nigger-slave to keep this 'ere garden all wed out in good shape, and I been luggin' turns o' water for these tormented beans and all the rest-part of the truck nigh the whole summer long, till there ain't a drop I can beg or borry this side of Heron Swamp. Now,' 's he, 'I can't stand everything, no more'n a stone-drag, and I'll be keel-hauled ef ever I'll turn to and lug water that fur, not for no garden! The heft o' the stuff is gone for already, but I want you should turn to right off quick's ever you can, and give us a good old soaker of a rainstorm afore it's too late to save a thing. I don't mean,' 's he, 'no plague-gone fog-mull with dreeblin' little showers

by spells; a stiddy fortни't of them kind would n't be no object with 'most every namable thing I got here all horned up same's a burnt boot, but,' 's he, 'jest turn to and let her go by the hockshead-tub; give us something will be apt to strike in chock to the roots, no matter ef you blow a livin' gale o' wind doing of it!' And then to top off with, he up and says like this: 'Now, Lord, ef you ain't a mind to do this 'ere inside of twenty-four hours' time, blame' ef I won't allus think hard of ye, and no mistake about it!'"

"The blasphemis old reynuck!" exclaimed Abram Kentle, suddenly stopping his pacing. "That's wuss'n his swearin' and sayin' over in the fust place. Do you cal'late, though, ever he did really turn to and talk that way?"

"Cal'late?" repeated Job. "No, I don't cal'late nothin' about it; I'm *knowing* to it that's how he talked it! The old sir has told me it prob'ly a hundred times afore now."

"Waal, but how about the rainstorm?" asked Abram. "Did she come?"

"I ruther guess she made out to show up, ef I was any judge!" the skipper said. "Enough rain come to lay the dust, anyways, and some to spare. I kind of mistrusted there was an air o' wind come with her too, for we busted 'most a brand-new mains'l aboard the Myrtie Gaskett that night, and had a dirty squeak of it to find the turf at all. That's hossin' ahead a grain too fast, though. You recollect old Tildy Purdick's tavern up river in them days, do ye?"

"Lord, yes," Abram replied. "Tildy's place had consid'ble of a hard name long afore I left 'round here."

"Waal," continued Job, "it's safe to say it never improved no great sight afterwards. You take it in the fall o' the year, when there'd be a big fleet laying in here to anchor, and there was likely to be some tall old shindies up there by nights. Ezry and Sammy allus cal'lated to go up there by boat jest about once in every so often, so's to fill their little rum-kags, and same time fetch home all they was able to

lug un'neath their jackets; — 't was seldom ever they'd forget that part of their errand, now, I tell ye. Old Tildy she allus seemed to have a soft spot in her heart for them two, and she'd cal'late for 'em not to start downstream for home without the tide had pinched a couple o' foot, and was runnin' out strong enough to fetch 'em down along no matter ef they was drunk as lords, which you can bate they most gin'ally was.

"Down river them two would come right on the strength of the ebb in Ezry's old baskit of a wherry, a-singin' them sea chanties jest one stiddy string. By spells maybe one on 'em would grab holt of an oar and go through the motions of rowing a grain, but the pair was allus and forever chantyin' so's everybody would be knowin' to it they was coming down along, quick's ever the tide pinched off, and had begun to empt in good shape.

"Old Cap'n Pel'tiah Roundturn he kep' store them days ye rec'lect, right handy-by the shore, and the old sir was one of the real old 'square-riggers' hisself. Ezry and Sammy had been along of him in quite a few ships out of here, and the cap'n sot a great store by 'em, too. He allus allowed better sailor-men than them two, when they was sober, seldom ever trod a ratline, and so the old sir was in the habit of watchin' out for 'em like, when they come down river three sheets in the wind with rum, and ef they was too set-fired drunk to make a landing their-selves, he'd send a boat out to gaft onto 'em, and tow 'em in to his shore. He had a plaguy good heart into him, old Cap'n Pelly did, and I've knowed him to set up in his store half the night waiting to hear that chantyin' coming down river with the ebb. Then some one would go and fetch 'em in as I say, abreast the store somewheres; heave their humdurgan out on the beach so's they would n't strike adrift again, and ef it wa'n't too late or stormy-like, they'd leave 'em be in their boat to sober off fit to go home.

"There them two old shell-backs would set sometimes till long after the tide had

dreened clean away down and left 'em stranded high and dry, a-chantyin' away as chipper as ever you see, and never realizin' a mite where they was to. The very last time ever I seen 'em setting there that way, I rec'lect well they was tunin' up with 'Haul on the Bowline,' — you know how we'd have that chanty to set up on the weather-brace by, and quick's ever we'd sing out 'Haul,' all hands would buckle down together. Waal, sir, so Ezry and Sammy sot there all dry on them flats that time a-chantyin' jest only 'Haul on the Bowline,' and nothin' else.

" 'Haul on the Bowline,
Our packet is a-rollin';
Haul on the Bowline.
The Bowline — *Haul!* "

they'd give it to her in proper good shape. Each one on 'em had an oar over the side, and quick's ever they'd said 'The Bowline — *Haul!*' be jiggered ef the pair would n't lay right back on them thwarts and dig their oars into them mud-flats so spiteful 't would start the clams a-squirtin' for all they was wuth, everywhere inside a dozen boats' lengths!"

"Sho, now! Must put ye in mind of a couple of old nach'als," remarked Abram.

"So they did, for all the world, you!" the skipper said. "But what I'm coming at, only a short spell after Ezry Bowse had prayed that way in his garden, him and Sammy started up river on another one of them high-jinks o' theirn to Tildy Purdick's place. They got filled up chock-a-block, same's usual, but seems's though it wa'n't high-water slack till past night-time that day, and so they never got started down river till consid'ble late. It had been hermin' up thick and greasy for foul weather all day, and by sundown shet in dungeon thick-a-fog here in the river. Old Cap'n Pelly he'd been called out of town quite sudden by sickness, though seems's ef he left word with quite a few to look after Ezry and Sammy that night. What's everybody's business ain't nobody's, ye know, though;

there was plenty folks heard 'em chanty-in' down along a-nigh midnight, but everybody cal'lated somebody else besides him was tending to 'em, and so betwixt the lot them two pore old fools come down on the strength of the ebb in a black dungeon o' fog, and in room of stopping to the Cove, away they went chock out to sea, a-chantyin' same's ever."

"Sho, you!" said Abram Kentle feelingly. "Rum will down the best on 'em in time, won't it?"

"Never knowed it to fail in the long run, now that's gospel truth," Job said. "I was bound home from Canso that time, with a trip o' fish in the old Myrtie. At daylight we was up abreast Dog-fish P'int, but then she shet in on us, and held so plaguy mod'rit that come midnight and all the fur ever we'd got was off here a piece to the s'utheast; stark calm, and thick-a-fog as ever you see it sence Adam cut his eye-teeth. All to once we took the wind and rain together in a master heavy squall from the east-'ard, so's afore I could get the muslin off'n her, the mains'l split from head to foot. Finally, the wind backened in plumb to the no'theast and pricked on so scand'lous tough I took and hove her to with her head off-shore, in hopes the fog would scale so's we'd git holt of the light on the Shags or something. All of a sudden, close aboard of us to wind'ard, there come this voice a-chantyin', —

" 'I wisht I was old Stormy's son;

I'd give my sailors plenty o' rum!

Ay, — Storm along, Stormy! "

and in a secant's time that dinged old wherry, with Ezry and Sammy setting chock in her bottom, was blown down right agin our weather rail with a clip that stove in her whole broadside."

"Spillt 'em in good shape, then?" Abram said.

"Why, nach'ally. 'T was jest only bull-luck that ever we was able to rescue 'em, too, and Sammy in pertikler was nigh spoke for. Sammy he'd sobered off enough so's to turn to and bale like a

good one, and that's all the way ever the boat had kept a-top o' water at all, for both oars was lost, and Ezry he would n't do a thing without it was to set there in a foot o' water, and chanty stiddy. Lord sakes! Water he ast for, and that's jest what he got, for besides the salt-water that come over 'em, it rained that time same as heavin' of it ker-chuck in your face by the draw-bucketful. We finally got holt of the light, and come into the harbor all right, but I dunno's ever I was any tickleder to find a hole in the beach and git my anchors down than what I was that night, for it blowed fit to make a rabbit shed tears. Sammy Futtock, though, he was all broke up like, and never was his own self again. He ketched a fever, and after he come out of that, turned to and joined in along of them Advents; knocked off drinkin' complete, and finally, they said, coaxed Ezry into acting kind of respectable for a spell. Fust thing anybody knowed, though, he up and died all of a sudden, and quick's ever Ezry learnt the news, he took a shock like, hisself, so's the pair got through pretty much together, same's they lived. That's how they come to lay together chock in there back of Oakum Hill."

"Sho, you! Consid'ble of a little hist'ry, and no mistake," said Abram Kentle. "But you claim they're liable to chanty on this river by nights at this day o' the world, do ye?"

"'T ain't a year's time sence I heard 'em myself," said Job promptly. "Three times afore that I've been woke up by 'em to home there; three sep'rate times I've turned out of bed and hove up my window to harken and make dead sure I wa'n't noways mistakened. Every time it's been ebb tide and thick-a-fog, and nigh's ever I could tell, it's allus been 'Storm along, Stormy' I heard. That's all the one ever they struck up the night they went adrift, accordin' to all tell, and mind ye, too, a heavy breeze o' wind has allus followed close in the wake of this same chantyin'. Now you take it last fall. For quite a spell the her-

ring struck consid'ble thick here in the river, and there was a number of good dark nights when they'd rise to the torch in pretty fair shape. I rigged me up a torch one afternoon, and cal'lated to have a try at 'em in the eddy of Wrack Island, along with old Uncle Fairway up the road there. After supper she shet in thick-a-fog, and the wind pretty nigh let go; 't was a proper good night to torch herring, and no mistake. We had n't but jest shoved off, when way out in the strength of the ebb, there come this chantyin' jes' same's I'd allus heard afore. Now by fire! thinks I to myself right off, I'm jest plague-gone old fool enough to lay alongside that 'ere, and see who's who, and what's what! I knowed well it was liable to mean a gold watch or else a wooden leg, as the feller says, and as a gin'ral rule I don't never cal'late to go fur out of my way jest to lock horns along with them kind of things; same time, you un'stand, no more do I cal'late to put up with any great sight of crowdin' from 'em neither, and I see this time right off that with sich caterwaulin', every blame' herring in the river was like to be scairt into conniptions and skip.

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You know yourself, Abram, that ef you cal'late to torch by nights, you don't want to raise no great hue and cry about it.

"I'm jest as partial to chantyin' as the next one, and allus was, but come to have that shindy struck up the very second I wanted to git me a herring or two was some aggravatin', and r'iled me up consid'ble. Uncle Fairway was too deaf to hear a thing, but I grabbed holt of the oars and give it to her for every pound I was wuth out into the tide, in hopes to head off them sounds, when be jiggered ef 't wa'n't my luck to break a tholepin, and afore ever I could whittle me a one out, the tide had run this 'ere chantyin' chock out of hearing."

"Sho, you!" said Abram. "Seems's though your courage was good, ef you *was* lackin' in jedgment like. I never would advise ye to try and hold your breath till you got me into no sich works myself, for I'm satisfied to leave alone of 'em clip and clean! Come, here's an air o' wind breezenin' up already; let's we up killick and be out of this afore ever them two come drifting down acrosst our bow to-night!"

DISSONANCE AND EVIL

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

EVERY one who cares for art, who likes to read discussions of art, must often have felt how fascinating, and yet how generally misleading, are the analogies which writers love to make between art and other human interests. Such analogies give us at first a delicious mental fillip, a sense of novel discovery and possession. We feel that we understand two things better by seeing wherein they are one. We thought we knew them before, but merely to contemplate them together gives to each a new color and charm. Unfortunately, however, further contemplation, as a rule, leads to doubt. The analogy limps, or halts altogether, and we are left with a sense of having been hoaxed. We find only superficial and entertaining the similarity we had fancied fundamental and enlightening; we are disappointed, or, worse still, in our enthusiasm we twist and misinterpret the facts, and are deceived.

Such analogies, as seductive as they are treacherous, have especially infested the literature of music. So different is music from anything else we deal with that critics have been sorely tempted, in treating it, to resort to mutilating simplifications, distorting comparisons, and explanations that do not explain. Sentimental essayists, whose vaporous effusions have delighted and betrayed thousands of readers, and metaphysical theorists, whose zeal for philosophy has been the measure of their violence to art, have devised the prettiest comparisons between music and something else, — one might almost say anything else, — the only drawback of which is that they are false. It is an awkward fact about music — awkward, that is, for the critics of it — that it is unique in human experience.

But to say that music is in the last

analysis unlike anything else we know is not to say that our reactions upon it, which in their turn affect its own nature, are not in many respects like our reactions on our other experiences. Unique as the experience of music is in our world (for nowhere else do we encounter tones related to one another in time and pitch), yet the perception of this material, being a process of our minds, must share the nature of our other perceptions. As the human mind is everywhere one, all the matters it perceives have in common certain peculiarities produced by its mode of perceiving. Analogies, consequently, may be perfectly valid so long as they restrict themselves to these peculiarities; and by calling our attention to the subjective or self-supplied element in all our experience they may furthermore have for us a legitimate and deep interest. They can never take the place of observation, study, and experiment, but they can assuredly sharpen our wits and provoke our imaginations. Innutritious as mental foods, they may be valuable stimulants. Knowledge comes not only from the investigation of the unknown, but also from the analysis and ordering of the known; and to behold our minds performing one function in two different situations is to be both entertained and enlightened.

To trace the effect of the perceiving function of our minds in two such dissimilar realms as music and ethics, to see how our way of approaching them binds together even these, remote as they are, with fragile but tangible threads of analogy, will then, one may hope, be an interesting and not too dangerous task. Dangerous it certainly would be to hang too heavy a theory on threads so slender; but, after all, it is the threads and not the theory that now interest us. Our present

purpose is merely to point out how, in music, dissonance, and in life, evil, alike depend in large part for their peculiar meaning and value on an identical element in our modes of viewing them, on an intrinsic and persistent peculiarity in our perceptive faculty.

It is not necessary to go very deeply into psychology, or to make any very technical definitions, in order to get before our minds, clearly enough for our present purpose, this peculiarity of perception. Perception, as we vaguely realize even without analysis, is a much more far-reaching and significant mental process than sensation. When we perceive we not only find certain impressions of the world coming to us from without, as is the case with sensation, but we also, by an inward and more or less self-determined activity, arrange these impressions in order, relate them intelligibly to one another, and thereby, as we say, possess them. Sensation, so to speak, happens to us; perception we win. Sensation is accidental, perception has purpose and value. It is a sort of intellectual reclaiming process by which we make the weeds of useless sense-impressions give place to crops of sustaining, vitalizing ideas. When, for example, hearing twelve strokes of a bell, we consider them not as isolated sounds but as the striking of a clock, we elevate a series of sensations into a perception. Or when, seeing an at first haphazard mass of dots on a sheet of paper, we suddenly discover that these dots make letters, and the letters a word, then we substitute a valuable and informing perception for our first chaotic bundle of sensations. Whenever, in short, we discern in a number of sensations any kind of relationship which unites them in a group, grafts upon them intelligible value, and domesticates them, so to say, in our service, we perceive. Perception is a process which by apprehending relations makes many things one, transforms chaos into order, and outlines on the shifting surface of chance a profile of meaning.

In no branch of human interest has the perceiving faculty achieved more remarkable results than in the art of music, where it has produced a continuous evolution of technique covering centuries of time, and constantly opening up the most unforeseeable and surprising vistas of new progress. In that art, moreover, none of its results are more interesting than one which is defined by implication in a distinction of terms which we may now profitably examine,—the distinction, namely, between the terms “dissonance” and “discord.” It is unfortunately a common error, especially with English musical writers, to use these terms as synonyms. To do so, however, is greatly to impoverish both language and thought; for there is between them one of those far-reaching distinctions of meaning of which a full analysis would constitute a philosophical theory. Stated as concisely as possible, the distinction is this: a discord is merely a harsh and disagreeable combination of sounds; a dissonance is a combination of sounds, which, though harsh in itself, is justified, and even necessitated, by certain musical laws. Any one can make a discord, by merely sitting on the piano keys; only a trained musician can write a dissonance. In brief, discord is accidental, fortuitous; it is that which happens to be unpleasant. Dissonance, on the other hand, is planned, intended; it is that which must be unpleasant. Furthermore, if we have borne in mind the nature of perception, we shall have no hesitation in adding that this accidental character of discord, and this purposeful character of dissonance, must ultimately depend on our being able to comprehend the latter, and not the former. Dissonance must be justified, if at all, by our perception in it of relations that we cannot perceive in discord. What, then, are these relations?

Music, as every one knows, consists of several melodic parts, or “voices,” as they are called even when played by instruments instead of sung, going on at once and combining in a satisfactory

mass of sound. These voices, each singing its own tune, are like so many strands in a basket, so many threads in a fabric, or so many members in a society. All must cooperate to produce one harmonious general result, yet each also has its measure of independence, goes its own way, and fulfills its own purpose. Like a human being, it is at once a citizen and an individual. Musicians, recognizing this twofold function of the parts, or voices, consider them from two points of view, and as subject to two realms of law. In the first place, they must, as a whole, make an agreeable combination of sound often enough to give us the feeling that they are working together, that they are not entirely unrelated and at cross purposes. The chords they form in the successive moments of their progress must be prevailingly "consonant;" that is, must be physically pleasant in the sense that they do not arouse in the ear distressing sensations that attend certain combinations of tones, and must be mentally grateful in the sense that they are easily recognized and perceived. On the other hand, when for a moment they make combinations which are painful to the ear or difficult to unravel, they must be so conducted as to make us feel their momentary harshness inevitable and right. Such laws, which concern the simultaneous combination of many voices in successive moments of time, are called harmonic laws. In the second place, each single voice is subject to certain other and equally important laws, which concern themselves not with its relation to the other voices, but with its individual coherence, significance, and interest. Of these, which may be called the melodic laws, the most important is that the single voice must make not a mere random series of tones, but an intelligible melody or tune. It must be built out of definite, recognizable figures or motifs, groups of tones having certain fixed relations in time and pitch; and these motifs must be so repeated and expanded and developed as to give it, as a whole, thematic meaning

and point. Moreover, it must not stagnate in the moment, however interesting that may be, but must progress urgently toward a goal; it must give the sense of life and motion that is essential to any utterance, and particularly to musical utterance. This urgency of melody, this constant striving and pressing toward the goal, is perhaps the most characteristic feature of music.

It is on our clear perception of these harmonic and melodic relations of tones that our use of dissonance depends. Obviously enough, any given voice, at any given moment in the progress of a piece of music, may be obliged, in order to fill out a tonal figure or to carry out a melodic design, to take a tone that will not combine agreeably with those which the other voices, under similar obligations, must sound. For the moment, harmonic purity must be sacrificed to melodic interest. The result is a dissonance. It is now quite clear how such a dissonance differs from a discord. The discord is a mere accidental combination of disagreeable sounds; but the dissonance, embodying a momentary harshness as the unavoidable result of melodic tendencies being purposefully carried out, is in no sense accidental; its physical painfulness, even if extreme, is justified by a necessity perceived in it. We endure, we even welcome it, because we grasp its relations.

If dissonance is thus primarily a by-product of melodic motion, however, it ends by being much more than that. Every musician will feel the erroneousness of defining dissonance as a mere result. The fact is that dissonance, reacting potently on the very melodic motion that produced it, becomes immediately one of the most vitalizing elements in musical effect. Even if we overlook, as we must do here, its merely sensuous value as an offset to the over-sweetness of too many consonant chords, we must be careful to estimate justly its service to melodic vitality. The unpleasantness of dissonance arouses in us a peculiar rest-

lessness; it makes us impatient for the melodies to press on, to continue their motion until they reach a pleasanter place; and thus it deeply intensifies that sense of urgency, of progress, of motion, which is the life of melody. Like those rocks in a mountain brook which so pile up the water that, when they are once past, it hurls itself forward with new impetus, dissonances immensely reënforce the momentum of the melodies they momentarily encumber. They give the tension of palpitating life to an organism which without them would be flabby, stagnant, inert. In order to realize this, it is only necessary to play over, carefully noting the impulse given by the frequent dissonances to the melodic progress of the parts, a fugue of Bach, a sonata of Beethoven, or a novelette of Schumann.

This reënforcement of melodic vitality by dissonance, however, will occur only so long as we, the listeners, firmly grasp the melodic strands that lead us. They are the threads that penetrate the labyrinth; so long as we hold them we shall advance with excitement and interest, but if we once lose them our interest will turn to confusion. Our perceptions, then, by which we seize the relations of the tones in the melodies and of the chords in the harmonic sequence, must be keen and well trained. We must be aware, at the moment of the dissonance, that all those jarring tones are part of a scheme that is being purposefully and intelligently carried out by the composer. If we fail even for an instant to hear each tone, we cannot be sensible of the added momentum it gets from the dissonance, or expectant of the tone it is progressing to, which will resolve the chaos into order. The melodies will lose for us their unity, and become meaningless fragments; the dissonance will degenerate into a discord. The effect of dissonance accordingly depends on the intelligence of the hearer, on his having trained perceptions. If these be lacking, one of the most potent formative agents of musical effect will mean to him mere ugliness and fatigue.

So much, then, for a brief sketch of one aspect of the psychology of dissonance. It has shown us, in the first place, how dissonant effects are reclaimed from the realm of mere meaningless discord by our faculty of perception; how, in the second place, they originate as by-products in the process of carrying out certain melodic tendencies; and how, finally, they end by giving an immense stimulus to these very melodic tendencies, the urgency of which is the fundamental vitalizing principle in music.

It requires, fortunately, no great learning or penetration, but only a natural interest in human life, and a habit of observing it, to discern in our attitude toward evil a striking analogy with our attitude toward dissonance. To discern this analogy is merely to point out how, in the two realms, widely sundered as they are, of music and of ethical life, our perceptive faculty is alike active, and leads to similar results. As a matter of fact, the phenomena of evil are determined by our ethical perceptions much as the phenomena of discord and dissonance are determined by our musical perceptions. And what is more, the average man is inclined to be as naïve in his ethical as in his musical attitude.

Most people, it is curious to note, lump together as "evil" everything that is disagreeable. Evil is whatever hurts them, interferes with their comfort, upsets their plans. In this sense, death, poverty, disappointment in love, toothache, accidents, taxes, are examples of evil things. This view, crude and superficial as it is, is very widely held. It is the spontaneous view of the natural man. Its most striking peculiarity is that it takes no account of human reactions upon events, but accepts the events themselves as the ultimate and essential facts. The immediately pleasant it labels "good," the immediately unpleasant "bad," with charming naïveté. It even employs the terms of philosophy, such as "optimism" and "pessimism," which properly define only general mental at-

titudes, to describe the facts of mere experience: men say that they are "optimistic this morning," because they have breakfasted well; or that they are "pessimistic," there being a fall in stocks. It crops out in theology, in such arguments as that God cannot be omnipotent, since he permits earthquakes and volcanoes, floods, droughts, and tempests. It unhappily dominates the thought even of many sincere reformers and pioneers, who believe that the salvation of humanity means the elimination of discomforts from life. They fancy that because evil makes us uncomfortable, good is to be pursued through steam-heat, electricity, and furniture. Good and evil are for them external facts, not inward conditions.

The reason that this conception of evil as something external and fatal is so crude and unsatisfactory is that it entirely fails to take account of a vital element in our experience of bad things, — namely, of our mental attitude toward them, our spiritual reaction upon them. We instinctively feel that no evil worthy of the name is defined simply by stating an event, a fact, an outward condition. To that external factor in it we must add the internal factor of our behavior toward it. There is no such thing as an abstract evil, floating in a vacuum like some lost meteorite in the interplanetary spaces. Any evil is evil only in relation to some consciousness. And if it be thus related to some consciousness, then it will be in turn reacted upon by that consciousness. Nothing, in short, has any effect upon us, or is in any sense real to us, until, as we may say, it is assimilated; and the form in which we assimilate it is determined not more by it than by ourselves. It is a fact of the most momentous importance that we contribute to our own lives, moment by moment and with inevitable constancy, an ingredient which is always the same, and which enters into instant chemical combination with everything that befalls us. This ingredient is the peculiar quality of our character or genius. As it is in the nature of man to

transform certain kinds of vibrations of ether, from whatever source they reach him, into light, and certain kinds of air-vibrations into sound, so it is in his nature to turn all his experience to the uses of character. Or again, as nitric acid, brought into contact with iron, copper, zinc, or lead, makes in turn nitrate of iron, nitrate of copper, nitrate of zinc, or nitrate of lead, — but always a nitrate, — so the character of a man, brought into contact with events, treats them all as spiritual opportunities. If, then, we would gain more than a superficial conception of evil, we must insist on perceiving evils in their relation to the ideal purposes our characters create. These purposes, constantly held, never in the finite world fulfilled, run through our lives as melodies run through music. Changeless, perennial, they pierce and penetrate the kaleidoscopic flux of events as melodies pierce and penetrate the fabric of harmonies in which they are embodied. They alone persist, they alone stamp life, teeming and inchoate as it is, with one dominant character, one unchanging value and significance. Nothing can befall a man that he cannot in some degree relate to his ideals. The direst temptation is a means of holiness; the utmost frailty is a condition of strength; loss, loneliness, and bereavement are the schools of loyalty; and failures are the stages in success.

Nor need we fear that this analysis of the relation of ideals to events, by which we have been led from the conception of external evil to that of ethical evil, just as by analyzing the relations of melody and harmony we were led from the conception of discord to that of dissonance, is a mere intellectual feat, a device of ingenuity, without real value as a revelation of truth. To convince ourselves of its validity we need only note that it is actually our ideal purposes themselves which introduce into our world most of the evils we experience. So close and causal is the relation. By merely surrendering the ideals, we could generally evade

the evils. Temptation (to take the examples just used) exists for us only so long as we desire holiness; we should be unaware of our weakness did we not long for strength; only the lover can experience loneliness; and we can fail only so long as we try to succeed. The animals, as Walt Whitman keenly says, are neither respectable nor unhappy; for having no ideals, they cannot fall short. "The conscious ills which beset our fortune," writes Professor Royce, "are in a large measure due to the very magnitude and ideality of our undertakings themselves, to the very loftiness of our purposes, and even to the very presence of our active control over our deeds. For all these more ideal aspects of our consciousness mean that we set our standard high, and strive beyond the present more ardently. And in such cases our ideals actually imply our present dissatisfaction, and so contribute to our consciousness of temporal ill." It is true, then, in a very real sense, that our ideal aims not only react to modify the nature of evils, but actually produce some of the most significant evils we experience. Even so, we have seen, the melodies in a piece of music not only influence our attitude toward the dissonances they encounter in their progress, but actually create these dissonances by following out their chosen paths. They must, as melodies, be significant, interesting, thematic; and that involves many momentary complexities of harmony. Our ideals, in their turn, make high demands upon us, — demands which often bring us into painful conflict with our environment. Ideals, then, create and justify the sort of evil we have called ethical, just as melodies create and justify dissonance.

Finally, the ethical evil thus created and justified by ideal aims reacts to give these aims an immensely increased vitality. And here we touch at last upon a peculiarity of ethical as opposed to external evil, which has, more strikingly than any other, suggested the analogy with musical dissonance. Dissonance, we saw,

was a harshness or complexity, resulting from the carrying out of melodic purposes, which in turn actually stimulated and vitalized those purposes. Similarly, are not ethical evils those birth pangs of the spirit which, primarily caused by the conflict between our ideal aims and our circumstances, end by impelling us all the more irresistibly along our path, filling us with a new and immeasurable vitality? Do not the very obstacles to our progress develop in us a strength by which we not only overleap them, but are prompted to seek worthier goals? Is not our very ignorance of the final issues of life, pathetic as it is from one point of view, the condition of a courage which could not be so noble if it fought no fears? Does not the dignity of our faith depend on the limitation of our knowledge? The more we study the facts of our inner life, the more convinced we must become that our misfortunes and our sufferings, be they only clearly understood and firmly handled, are the sources of new moral momentum in us; that they initiate and foster our ideal aims, unfolding before us like a panorama new consummations and fulfillments.

Are there then, nevertheless, no such things as blind and fatal evils, unnameable to character, wholly stubborn to ideal uses? Not absolutely, perhaps; but relatively there surely are, as we know to our sorrow. We constantly do encounter evils we cannot comprehend, evils which for us are opaque, diabolic, and disastrous. To trace the relation of such evils to spiritual life would mean to delve deeply in the researches of metaphysics, to define types of consciousness both higher and lower than the human, and to see whether what is for us fatal and terrible may not be for these other minds necessary and right. But this we cannot attempt. We can here only suggest that, harsh as much of our experience irremediably is, we are ever, with surprised delight, discovering in it, now here and now there, supposed discords that on further acquaintance turn out to be dis-

sonances. Who can tell where the process will end? So long as our evil remains external it is, alas, an accident, a chaos, a prank of destiny; but once let it be perceived as in a relation to our inner purposes, even if only in the relation of an enemy that may be conquered, and it is won over, reclaimed, domesticated. Our one skill, then, in life as in art, is the skill to perceive; and the great business of our lives is the training of perception. The one irremediable misfortune is to be blind; the one ever serviceable technique is insight.

If, therefore, our conceptions of dissonance and of evil depend in so large a measure on our intelligence, on our power to penetrate their tissue and hold clearly in mind the aims which justify them, should we not expect these conceptions to change from age to age and from individual to individual, reflecting accurately various stages of training and faculty? The answer is definite enough on the musical side, if somewhat problematic on the ethical. Nothing in musical history is more surprising than the constant unfolding of the power to discriminate dissonance from discord. When men first combined tones together they could tolerate hardly any interval harsher than the octave, the fifth, and the fourth. Gradually the thirds and sixths were introduced, but with many strict regulations and conditions. Even in Mozart's time the third was often omitted from the final chord of a composition, as too opposed to the sense of restfulness desired; and Bach generally ends his fugues written

in minor keys, not with the minor third, but with the less dissonant major interval. Beethoven horrified his contemporaries by the harsh combinations he delighted in, and Schumann and Wagner have accustomed our ears to sounds that would have seemed quite intolerable to Palestrina, if not even to Haydn. All this means that as the musical perceptions of men gradually became sharpened they learned to hold clearly in mind combinations of tone constantly more complex, and to perceive their relations and functions so clearly that they could tolerate greater and greater momentary harshness, so long as it was felt as necessary to melodic progress, and useful to melodic vitality. In our own day the development is more rapid than ever, and no man can say where it will stop.

When we turn to the history of ethics the analogous process is harder to trace. Certainly, however, the lesson taught by the greatest moralists, from Marcus Aurelius down to Maeterlinck, is that happiness springs not from pleasure or the avoidance of discomfort, but from self-mastery and the unfolding of the inner powers. There are still, and probably always will be, those who can conceive human progress only as a gain in material welfare; but, on the whole, the consensus of feeling seems to be more and more moving toward a moral or idealistic interpretation of life, and men are slowly learning that evil is to be controlled and spiritualized rather than abolished, and that it is possible to be happy without being comfortable.

A SELBORNE PILGRIMAGE

BY CORNELIUS WEYGANDT

A BLOWING September day of sunshine and high-piled white clouds greeted us as we stepped out on the platform of Alton Station. We were just escaped from a week of London fog and London mud, and the country air smelt sweet, freshened as it was by the wind driving in from the sea, twenty miles of lowland and down away. The hunt for an inn, lunch, and the hiring of a team detained us but a short hour, and it was hardly more than midday when we drove down the high street of the little town, famed in White's day for its manufactures by "the people called Quakers," on our way to Selborne. It had rained steadily for six days, mossing the roofs of farm-buildings with a green as deep as that of the lush pastures. In the hollow lanes pools of water still lay, rippled and glittering with wind and sun. From the high hedges, blown dry hours since, chiff-chaffs said their simple say persistently, white-throats lifted themselves in dizzy spirals, singing excitedly, and from all sides came indiscriminate snatches of song, surprising at the time of year, but confirmatory of old Gilbert's testimony that in Hampshire bird-song is not over by midsummer.

We were soon among the hopfields, in which scores of men and women and children were busy harvesting, — Londoners drawn all the fifty miles by promise of the high pay, villagers from far and near, and gypsies from everywhere. The gayly painted vans of the wanderers stood in sheltered roadsides that offered a stretch of grass for their horses, but all were now deserted by everybody but the oldest women and the children too young to harvest. A very respectable lot nowadays, the gypsies, our driver told us, not given to pilfering and drink as the Londoners.

Hills had been before us to the south-

east almost from our start, but it was not until our guide told us that Selborne was only a mile away, and I knew the farm we were passing must be Norton Farm, that I felt sure that these hills must be the Hanger and Nore Hill. It is downhill from Norton Farm to "the small rivulet" at the northwest end of the village, the one that, even in this rainy spot, frequently fails, as I know from the *Natural History of Selborne*. A sharp climb and we are in the quaint old village of thatched and timbered cottages. This open space to the left is, for sure, the Plestor, — from the point of view at which our dog-cart stops, hardly changed from the print of it in the quarto of 1813. From this old cut and many readings in the *Natural History*, I had for years pictured to myself Selborne; now the reality was before me, to prove very like the picture, but far better. The village, as White says in his accurate eighteenth-century way, "consists of one single straggling street, three quarters of a mile in length, in a sheltered vale, and running parallel to the Hanger." It is hardly larger now than it was when he wrote, and, while changed, in essentials is the Selborne he knew. We had scarcely stopped when our driver pointed out, to the right and farther down the street, the Wakes, the naturalist's home for so many years and the birthplace of the *Natural History*. I should not have recognized it, for the old prints I was familiar with represented it from its own lawn, and, indeed, even from that point of view it is hardly now recognizable, so much has it been added to since his day.

We were not granted admission to the house, for it was then in the hands of those who, humanly enough, wished it entirely to themselves and discouraged all pilgrimages. A little later it was for sale, and the lovers of the *Natural His-*

tory trying to raise by public subscription the amount necessary to purchase it for the world, as Wordsworth's Dove Cottage had been purchased. But the effort failed, and it passed again into private ownership. We were admitted to its "outlet," as Gilbert White, somewhat provincially, perhaps, for a Fellow of Oriel, called the lawns that lie between his house and the fields under the Hanger, lawns that he was always dividing anew with paths, or breaking with ha-has, or clearing of shrubberies to open up new vistas of the Hanger, or of Baker's Hill. It was the day of the triumphs of William Kent, and White was an interested experimenter with the new landscape art. Here in his "outlet" we saw an oak that it is said he planted, though in its size and dilapidated age it looks older; his veritable sundial; the circle of trees grown up about the site of his summer-house. As we looked out over the fields — "stiff clay (good wheat land)" — that lie between the Wakes and the Hanger, admiring the beechen covert of the hill and the quiet of this typical English country home, it was not difficult to restore in imagination what it all was like in his day. That is the same wood of beeches hanging on the steep chalk hill; these the same fields, although they are now not plough land, but pastures; this was just such a September sun as ripened his grapes; these cumulus clouds above us were just such as rolled up from the Channel over the Hampshire downs, his "vast mountains" three hundred feet high, in the first autumn of his permanent establishment in the Wakes, one hundred and fifty-seven years ago [1902]. We can well imagine his content when, in 1763, the Wakes came into his own hands, the comfortable house with its little fat acreage behind, and the flutter his inheritance must have caused among the ladies of the neighborhood; for this is Jane Austen's as well as Gilbert White's country.

As we looked at the Wakes from the lawn we could pick out the gables of the

house that White fell heir to among the many gables of the present structure; these timbered cottages to the right were his neighbors'; that church tower to the left rose over the church he ministered to so faithfully the last nine years of his life, — the very church tower where he observed so closely the breeding habits of the swifts. It comes to me to think of his ministry before his observation of natural history as my eyes fall on the tower, for I have always held it proven that, although he was an absentee from Moreton-Pinkney, as curate of Faringdon and afterwards of Selborne he thought of himself as pastor and then as naturalist. How any one who knows his letters can believe him slipshod in his clerical duties I am at a loss to understand, so intimate is he with the affairs of all in his neighborhood, peasant to gentry, and so solicitous is he for their welfare. He doubtless did preach the same sermon thirty-six times, but he never preached it in the same place more than once a year, and generally only once in two. Let the guiltless among the clergymen, his critics, cast the first stone. He buried the dead to the satisfaction of their relatives, not a little feat in a small country village, and he married couples when they asked him to, and sometimes when they did not, if he thought them better wed.

It is an Old-World, leisured life that he led, this country clergyman, — a very happy life, for all that he grew deaf in his last years; and the secret of the popularity of his book, that has gone through almost as many editions as there are years since it was published in 1789, seems to me to rest more on the leisure and content and happiness it wins the reader to share, than on any other of its many attracting qualities. But it was not this quality that, almost a century after its publication, so interested a boy of ten far off in America, that he laid out on the garret floor a plan of Selborne. The Hanger at its back was a horsehide trunk, its flanking streams were formed each of two sides of a quilting frame, and

Dorton Priory below their junction was a ruined Noah's Ark. He played hunting for churn-owl eggs on the Hanger slopes, and made excursions far out of the charmed triangle to play dredging for Roman coins in Woolmer Pond, or digging old Timothy the Tortoise out of his sleeping-place in the Ringmer garden. Churn-owl eggs he had first chosen for play-hunting because there was something he liked in the word "churn-owl;" it was of impressive sound and mysterious; then he looked up churn-owl in the encyclopædia, and found it was a bird like his well-known nighthawk and often-sought whippoorwill, and he played the game with renewed zest. The boy had once picked up an Indian arrow-head along the Delaware. Treasure-trove was treasure-trove, whether of Marcus Aurelius or of the Lenni-Lenapes, and there was — he never troubled to follow it out exactly — some sort of connection between these differing mementos of vanished races. He had always a box tortoise in his own Germantown garden, and he liked to "play Timothy," for there was something mysterious in the creature's going under ground and staying there all winter. His own tortoises generally escaped before it was time for them to hibernate, so he had to content himself with just playing they were burying or unburying themselves. In short, the boy liked to read the *Natural History* because in it were records of little things, incidents, experiences, similar to those in which he himself had a share, but which he had not found elsewhere in a book, and because it was about animals, and all boys and all men like animal stories. As the boy grew older and read White's account of the different ways in which a field mouse, a squirrel, and a nuthatch eat hazel nuts, he followed the next red squirrel with nut in mouth that he met on the Wissahickon Hills, and found it took the squirrel just twenty-three minutes to completely clean out the nut. It was a butternut, perhaps a particularly hard one, or perhaps the squirrel was a

trifle nervous in his presence, for since then he has noted red squirrels make much better time with the same kind of nut. White taught him to observe minutely.

As men grow older White's *Natural History* takes them back to boyhood, and they love it for that; they love it for reasons that make them love Izaak Walton, because it takes them out of doors in good company; they love it for the reason they love Elia, because it reveals a lovable, a winsome personality; they love it for its precise old English; they love it because it recalls a state of village society that has to them the charm of old china and Chippendale furniture; they love it because its material is in part familiar from their own experience, and because they learn more of things only partly known, things, therefore, of tantalizing interest; — very, very many love it for this reason, perhaps as many as love it because it wins for them some part of its maker's delightful leisure, — a leisure with enough of necessary routine to prevent it palling, a leisure of happiness and content! Time moved so slowly in Selborne that White could sow beechnuts on the downs in expectation of seeing a wood there, and could busy himself so carefully with his book that it was eighteen years in the making after he, at fifty, determined upon publishing.

The *Natural History* cannot appeal with the qualities that charm most in many latter-day nature books. It expresses none of the romance of nature, as does Thoreau's writing so often, and Jefferies's. Much of Thoreau is interesting because of the inherent interest of observed fact, as is all Jefferies's early work, but both these men are at their best when writing of the romance of nature. Yet the *Natural History*, without this romance, has appealed scarcely less to the poets than to the naturalists. Some of the latter smile indulgently when it is mentioned, because it is unsystematic and confident of theories now proved untenable. Yet accepted scientific facts of yesterday, arrived at after the most system-

atic research, and tested by workers whose devotion to truth is unquestioned, are already crumbling. Let the scientists not forget that they change creeds as readily as other folk. And let it be remembered, too, that although for some unexplained reason, when such evidence as White possessed tended to disprove the theory, he believed in the hibernation of swallows, yet he never said they did hibernate, for he had never found them hibernating. He never forgot the distinction between presumption and proof. Darwin read the *Natural History* with fascination as boy, with deep interest as man, and, naturalists themselves tell us, learnt much about earthworms from White's observations, who, before Darwin advanced his theory of their functions, had put on record about them more that was suggestive than any other observer. Of actual scientific accomplishment was White's description — the first in England — of the harvest mouse, the least of British mammals, and his distinction, which Linnæus borrowed, between the two sorts of tortoises, — the box tortoise, of which our common American tortoise is representative, and the tortoise that cannot shut itself up tightly, like White's own beloved Timothy, whom he thought, but who was not, an American.

That was White's closest association with America, I think, that Timothy was born here. He does speculate about the lost Atlantis, wonder much at our moose, a specimen of which he saw at Goodwood, note Benedict Arnold's flight and the fall of Saratoga, and mention Franklin, in whose experiments concerning the conveyance of sound under water he was much interested. His brother, in a letter to Gilbert at the outset of the Revolutionary War, questions and ponders: "Is not the ridicule some of our wise governors would have thrown on America applicable to Cicero's on Britain? and may not America be to England ere long what England is now to Rome? I cannot allow that the Romans acquired their riches by virtuous industry; the infamous oppres-

sion these people exercised over mankind has been handled too tenderly." But Gilbert held to the old order in most things, and the French Revolution appalled him to intense horror of republican doctrines. To the naturalist Marsham he writes on January 2, 1793: "You cannot abhor the dangerous doctrines of levellers and republicans more than I do! I was born and bred a gentleman, and I hope I shall be allowed to die such." Such he did die, on June 26, 1793. A gentleman, Lord Chesterfield would have called him; a gentleman, we of today. He lived a life of eighteenth-century leisure, his duties as clergyman and naturalist aiding and abetting each other with exceptional hap. His journeys to Faringdon to preach, and his calls to illness and deathbed, taking him out on horseback in all sorts of weather at all seasons and at all times of day, brought to his notice natural occurrences that might otherwise have escaped him, and each wonder of nature he witnessed was to him a fresh text from which to preach of the power and goodness of God.

Each spring he went to Oxford, and frequently he made other trips there, serving one year as proctor, and once standing for provost of Oriel, fortunately to meet with defeat. Though nothing could tempt him to leave Selborne for long, not even offers of fat college livings, he was, until he grew deaf in his later years, and his lifelong proneness to coach-sickness became constant sickness on every trip, by no means a stay-at-home. He would rather entertain his relatives and his friends at the Wakes than visit them, but he did like little junketing tours, if his destination were within the powers of Mouse or whatever horse he happened to possess at the time. But none of his horses were too good, so he never saw Wales or the Lake country. Derby was as far north as he traveled, Devon as far west; his most frequent journeys were to London, where, of course, he had business as well as his brother; to Rutland, where his sister lived;

to Ringmer in Sussex, where were his aunt Snooke and Timothy; to Fyfield and the other little Hampshire villages where his brothers were settled. With many of his family, not only with his brothers and sisters and their children, but with nieces and nephews brought into the family by marriage — he was pleased that there were sixty-three nephews and nieces — he corresponded, and with the naturalists of the time, — first chiefly with Pennant, and then chiefly with Barrington. It is the series of letters to these latter, begun without thought of eventual publication, that, revised, make the text of the *Natural History*. The series to Pennant, beginning in 1767 and ending in 1780, is of forty-four letters, that to Barrington, beginning in 1769 and ending in 1787, is of sixty-six. The subject material of these letters is White's observations of natural history in Selborne and elsewhere: chiefly of birds, for birds he loved best, but of mammals, fishes, insects, trees, as well. There are even records of folk-lore. Facts in his letters are taken from his notebooks and lists, which he kept with great care for years. As I have said, he had no thought of printing at first, but with his correspondents printing and his brother a publisher, it was inevitable that he should print some day, if death did not overtake him. In 1788, five years before he died, he finished his book, the part concerned with the Antiquities of Selborne having detained him long after the *Natural History* was completed. His old friend Mulso, as apt as critic as he was sprightly as correspondent, feared that the Antiquities would weighten the *Natural History*; but the latter was so fresh and taking, that the majority, who did not care for the Antiquities, so delighted in it that they were never a matter of concern. The success of his book was a great delight to him, of course, but he nowhere exults over that success, or even felicitates himself upon it, as does Mulso, who was afraid he would die before he saw the book out. In the study of White's

life there is nothing more heartening than his friendship with Mulso, who, himself nothing of a naturalist, is always attempting to spur White on to a realization of the alien powers of which he knew his friend the possessor. His letters to White should be read by all who care for bright correspondence. They rank well up with the best of the letter-writing century. White's to him are lost, but they could scarcely be so valuable as his, which reflect a side of White's personality that without them we would lack.

White had lived his life in happiness, with no thought of being a literary personage, although many of his friends were writers. He went to school to the father of the Wartons, and the poet Collins was his friend. He wrote some verses himself, typical mid-eighteenth-century verses, but of interest to all to whom White is of interest, because he wrote them, and because they add to his picture of Selborne. At last he put his happy life into a book. Some have held that there was a romance that saddened his life, that he was once in love with Hester Mulso, his friend's sister, who, as Mrs. Chapone, is remembered as one of Richardson's adoring circle, as a protégée of Dr. Johnson, and as the author of *Letters to a Young Lady on the Improvement of her Mind*. It may be that White was in love with her; it is certain that she flirted with him. There is no proof, however, in any of her letters or of his that either was sorry that she was not Mrs. White. That Jack Mulso would have been pleased with the match his letters show, and I used to maintain that the letter of Timothy the Tortoise to Hecky Mulso was suggestive of romance. Hecky Mulso wrote in 1784 some verses to Timothy, which brought forth a playful reply that is White's chief indulgence in humor. Reading this letter I dwelt fondly on the situation. It was pleasing to think of the old gentleman, dating Timothy's reply "From the border under the fruit-wall," and signing it "Your sorrowful reptile, Timothy." Was the oldish lady, I would

speculate, fond of Gilbert, or only "in spirits" when she wrote the verses to Timothy? It may be that in describing Timothy's loneliness White was hinting at his own, and something in Hecky's verses may have prompted this vein. It is strange, I thought, that he should address his reply to "Miss Hecky Mulso" when Hecky was the Widow Chapone; but I dismissed this as a forgetful lapse into her maiden name on his brooding over old times. Now Gilbert's great-grand-nephew, Mr. Rashleigh Holt-White, comes along with the suggestion that it is Jack's daughter Hecky whom Gilbert is writing to. It may be that it is, but the situation is still pleasant to dwell on, — the young girl's rhyming letter to Timothy, and the old gentleman's facetious answer.

White had known Timothy for forty years in Mrs. Snooke's Sussex garden. She bequeathed Timothy to her nephew on her death in 1780, and the "sorrowful reptile" dwelt with him until his death, but did not long survive him. Timothy's shell was preserved by White's niece because his master loved him, and it may now be seen in the British Museum. Watching Timothy fondly and curiously, White noted that the tortoise could not shut tight his shell; another kind of tortoise White knew had this power; he called his brother John's attention to the fact, his brother brought it to the attention of Linnaeus, and a new classification was on record. But though White made scientific discoveries by watching everyday affairs of animals, these discoveries were few, and would not give him any considerable rank among naturalists. It is his curiosity about the ways of little living things, about their personalities, that makes his descriptions of worth. Just as he can picture to us Timothy a-tiptoe at five o'clock of a June morning, about venturing forth on a love quest, so he can give us the black-cap's song in words that catch the song's tone, and that hold it in memory: "The black-cap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud and

wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when that bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior perhaps to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted." Well put, all may see, but how accurately and how true in quality, only those who know the bird may say; how hard to do, only those who have attempted to give in words the quality of bird-song. April morning after April morning, for spring upon spring, Gilbert White listened to that song in Selborne lanes. It recurred and recurred, unforgettable in his ears; and so, on a September day, after the song was stilled, he could put it down truly. That is another secret of White's charm. The happy moments of years are pressed into small measure. It is no wonder they brim over between the lines. Of all the little living things that he loved, it is of the swallows that he has written most carefully and most lovingly. His monographs on the Hirundines were read to the Royal Society by the Hon. Daines Barrington. The chimney-swallow is to White "a delicate songster; . . . in soft sunny weather [it] sings both perching and flying, on trees in a kind of concert and on chimney tops;" martlets "are no songsters; but twitter in a pretty inward soft manner in their nests;" and he finds a good word to say even of the note of the swift, which he must admit is harsh and screaming, "yet there are ears to which it is not displeasing, from an agreeable association of ideas, since that note never occurs but in the most lovely summer weather."

The man that could so write must of necessity have believed "a little turn for English poetry . . . a pretty accomplishment for a young gentleman," that would "not only enable him the better to read and relish our best poets," but would be "a happy influence even upon his prose composition." White mentions many English poets, — Chaucer, who attracted

him by a keen eye for things out of doors; Langland; Gawain Douglas; Shakespeare; Chapman; Taylor, the Water Poet; Milton, many times; Dryden, whom he wrote down "to me much the greatest master of numbers of any of our English bards;" Pope; Thomson, "the naturalist poet;" Somerville, and John Phillips of "Cyder" fame. His letters give us contemporary opinion of Lord Chesterfield, Gibbon, and Dr. Johnson. How the Doctor would have snorted had he heard of White's opinion that the *Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland* was "a sentimental journey;" and how he would have sneered at the *Natural History*, had he lived to see its vogue! White, of course, had made Latin verses under Dr. Warton, and we find him citing Homer and Plato and Horace and Ovid, as we should expect an eighteenth-century gentleman to cite them; but Virgil among the ancients gave him most pleasure. It was, of course, the *Georgics* that, read and re-read with never-failing gusto, caused him to forget his characteristic caution and fall into superlatives, — the *Georgics*, "that most beautiful of all human compositions."

As I stood on the lawn of the Wakes, I wondered which window of the old house opened into the room where he and nephew Jack had their quarrels over Latin quantities, the severest quarrels which his gentle courtesy permitted. Here from his lawn he loved to look at the Hanger; we would go to the Hanger and from its top know his favorite view of the village with his home in its midst; and there was still to be seen the church, and his grave, and the Lithes, and the Priory Farm, — but we could not hope to see half of the places associated with him here. We passed out of the Wakes garden into the narrow street, and crossed the Plestor to the church, still shadowed by the great yew whose measurements he recorded. The grave lies close to the north wall of the church, marked by a low stone at head, and a lower stone at foot. On the headstone are the letters "G. W.," so

faint now that they look as if they had not been cut, but only scratched there. The date line is undecipherable. A few steps from the grave you may look into the Lithes and Dorton Vale. His house is but a hundred yards away. This is the church where he ministered; here, among his family and close to his most familiar scenes, he lies, as he should. It is as fitting a resting-place for Gilbert White as Grasmere Churchyard for Wordsworth.

The Hanger rose, unvisited, to our front as we came out of the churchyard, and by the sunken lane to the right we made our way toward it, turning in through a cart-way a foot deep with heavy black mud. We climbed up the little Zigzag. It led us to the site of the "Hermitage," the cut of which in the first edition of the *Natural History* so troubled Jack Mulso, since it gave no idea of the height at which the hut clung to the hillside. Here the hermit, in the person of nephew Harry, discoursed gravely and prophetically to the ladies whom Gilbert would escort thither on evenings of sweet weather. To the Hermitage ran the Bostal, or sloping path, that White had constructed at an easy grade up the Hanger, to suit the heavier steps of his later years. He then depreciated the Zigzag, and, as he carefully records, stirred up feuds among the supporters of the rival paths. The Bostal seems finally to have won the day, though the heifers and colts of the village, and some of the ladies, still remained "Zigzagians." Here at the Hermitage he would picnic or take tea with the young people he gathered about him, his own guests, or the guests of the vicarage, returning to the Wakes in the long summer twilight, to make the girls pay for their outing by singing for him. Of these little impromptu concerts he writes to his niece Mary: "I retain still a smattering of many passages in my memory, which I sing over to myself when I am in spirits." His book proves to us that there were many moments in his seventy-three long and happy years that he was "in spirits."

The prospect from this Hermitage site, at the Hanger top, is praised by all his guests when, returned home, they write him in acknowledgment of his hospitality. Even in letters of years later they recur to the prospect, and, indeed, it is as lovely a picture of quiet English landscape, set in its frame of pendulous beech boughs, as the south counties afford, — Selborne Village, and Dorton Vale below, the cluster of houses, the woods, the tilled land, the downs far beyond.

The sun was now low in the west, so we went down again to the village, where wood smoke from one cottage chimney, upcurling over the thatched roofs and timbered and plastered walls of the old houses, carried us back, with an ease no other of Selborne's many symbols of the

past afforded, to White's own day of simple leisure. Great high-piled clouds, their white now warming to gold, rode buoyantly before the southwest wind, as we trotted slowly back to Alton by way of deep lanes that took us by Chawton, where Jane Austen worked at her miniatures only twenty years after White had finished his. After leaving these haunts of old-time peace, it was a jar to take train. But this night, at least, we did not have to spend in any "great factious manufacturing town" such as White hated, but in the old cathedral and college city of Winchester, where we found a quiet inn with walled garden, and old gables across the way. I can ask nothing happier than another such blowing day in old Hampshire.

CONCERNING TEMPERANCE AND JUDGMENT TO COME

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I

SOME years ago, at a period when I still continued to have an immense appetite for life, I suddenly, and rather unexpectedly to myself, blossomed into a full-fledged reformer or reformeress, whichever you choose to call it.

I say unexpectedly, and yet, as I look back, I can see that for a long time previous to this apotheosis my habits had been vaguely leading up to it. As a headquarters for tramps, temperance lecturers, Young Men Christians, delegates to Sunday-School Conventions, and similar wanderers on the face of the earth, my house had always been "run wide open." There was, undoubtedly, a special mark somewhere about the premises that indicated my husband and myself as the ideal host and hostess alike for wayside wanderers and all creatures with a mis-

sion. We took them in, fed them, clothed them, — if necessary, — talked over their special enthusiasms with them, and sent them upon their meandering way with the hope — when we stopped to think about it at all — that our hospitality had in some way furthered the kingdom of righteousness.

This complaisance did not, on my part at least, necessarily indicate any really discriminating sympathy with the respective missions of my visitors; it simply meant, in most instances, that I possessed an inordinate zest for affairs, for trying experiments and taking chances. The system of moral ethics in which I had been educated was not a complicated one. Certain things, so I had been taught, were broadly and indubitably right, and other things were just as conspicuously wrong. Between these domains of good and evil there was a clear line of demarca-

tion whose uncompromising distinctness admitted of no shading-off whatever. This was a good working theory, and, it must be admitted, resulted in a race of strong, if rather rigid, men and women. It also threw around unformulating spir-its like my own an ægis of direction as useful as Matthew Arnold believed the creed of the Established Church to be to unreasoning souls. Under its guidance we went on cheerfully and blunderingly toward the light. I am often sorry that I ever began to analyze. That code of ethics which defined right and wrong with such finality, and comprehended the whole duty of man in always shoving the good onward and stamping out the evil whenever one had the opportunity, was much less difficult to follow out than one that regulates sin by the heredity and environment of the individual, and relieves him of responsibility if his skull does not fit accurately over the gray matter beneath.

In those happy bygone days when right was right and wrong was wrong I went gayly on my predestined way of assisting everybody to educate the morals of everybody else, undeterred by any morbid questionings in regard to the tenability of my own position. There was, so far as I remember, only one occasion when I actually balked at any duty which was suggested to me. A constitutional amendment to the prohibitory law of Maine was, after a strenuous campaign, to be submitted to popular vote. I do not think I knew then, and I am very sure I do not know now, just what the amendment was about, but I know I believed in it, whatever it was, just as I believe in the law itself, and shall believe so long as I have reason to think that every rum-seller in the United States would rejoice to have it repealed. When, however, it was proposed as my sacred duty on this momentous occasion to serve hot coffee at the polls, and decorate the brows of doubtful voters with propitiating garlands, my spirit rebelled. I felt sure that, right or wrong, I preferred polls where liquid refreshments were not dealt out, and voters

whose brows were decorated only by common sense.

Yet all these preliminary movements were leading up to the fateful moment of the formation of the Woman's Temperance League of Waterville. It is an unfortunate fact that the prohibitory law of Maine is sometimes violated just as the license laws of other states are violated, and some of the prominent men of the town, who were themselves otherwise occupied, suggested to some of the prominent women who always have leisure to reform things, that the hour for such reformation had struck. I was not one of those who signed the call for the meeting which was to inaugurate the new order of things, but I was of the number that promptly answered when the bugle note sounded. Had there been a call to form a society for altering the configuration of the earth, there were some of us who would, in those days, have presented ourselves with the same cheerful promptness, sustained not so much by our courage as by our ignorance.

We were women who thirsted for action; show us something to be done, and without altogether knowing what, or why, or how, we rallied at the sound of the tocsin. Would we form a league to wipe out intemperance? Certainly. We had no hesitation in undertaking a little task like that.

March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the border!

After all, it is by just such unreasoning courage as this that many good works have been accomplished. I wish — stay, do I wish? — that I were young enough and hopeful enough to do it all over again.

It had been promised by the instigators of our league — the care-laden gentlemen who had not time to league themselves — that when we were duly organized they would coöperate by joining in a mass meeting whose utterances should eloquently launch us on our career. While we were assembled in solemn conclave in regard to this mass meeting these good men were seized with sudden fore-

bodings in regard to their part in such a demonstration. Was it wise — thus inquired the delegate who hurried to confer with us — to convoke a public meeting without first ascertaining the temper of the community in regard to the object to be accomplished? Would it not be a politic plan to appoint a committee for circulating a petition among the business men of the town to ascertain whether a majority of them really desired to have the law enforced?

This suggestion, had it only been made at an earlier period of the world's history, would have furnished a practical precedent for Moses when he received the Ten Commandments on the Mount. "Would it not be wiser," he would, thus warned, have suggested politely, "if I first take a stroll down the mountain and ascertain what the feeling of the Children of Israel is in regard to having so many commandments unloaded on them in one afflicting lump?"

There is a great deal said about the emancipation of the modern woman. My own observation goes to show that there is no amount of foolishness to which she will not lend herself at the instigation of man. In this case our delegate had only to suggest, and we appointed a committee at once to go forth into the high-ways and byways and ascertain the number of those who had not bowed the knee to Baal. So far as I can find out, a man seldom hesitates to sign a petition because it is immoral, — it is only the moral ones which he has a conscience against endorsing hastily. The circumstance of his being fortunate enough to be a reasoning creature, too, furnishes him with a large stock of hesitations.

The lawyers did not sign our petition because the fact that a law was on the statute books constituted in itself sufficient reason for its enforcement; the physicians, as a class, did not care to commit themselves, though one of them assured us that a two or three gallon keg of whiskey or brandy would furnish all that was medicinally necessary for the

use of the community during a year; the clergymen without exception, I think, gave us their endorsement, partly because "it is their nature to" endorse such causes, and partly because they are not so constitutionally thirsty as their brethren of the other professions. Some of the storekeepers signed the petition because they thought a strict enforcement of the law would help their business, and others declined to sign lest their interests should be injured by enforcement. All sorts of politic considerations and twists and turns of argument came into the matter. One man declined to sign because he did not believe in women as reformers. A woman's place, he said, was at home looking after her husband and her family, and if she had no husband and family it was equally fitting that she should devote herself to minding her own business whatever it might be. When asked what course a woman might legitimately pursue in regard to a drunken husband, this philosopher opined that it was perfectly allowable for her to "shut him up." This, he stated candidly, was his wife's method with himself. Whenever he was observed to have vanished from public view for a season we were at liberty to suppose that he was repenting his sins in a state of incarceration.

The canvass, with all its humors, difficulties, and disagreeablenesses — which latter it did not lack — at last ended, summing up a decided majority of influential voters who were willing the law should be enforced, provided it could be done without any undue exertion on their own part. The mass meeting was therefore held, and the tide of eloquence duly poured out. Launched on this wave of plaudits the Woman's Temperance League was supposed to be amply strengthened and encouraged to be able to pursue what Amy March would have called its "Herculean labors" indefinitely and triumphantly.

That this was a woman's campaign was sufficiently indicated by the simplicity, naiveté, and directness with which it

was conducted. No man would have dared to do some of the things we did, even if he could have brought himself to believe in their efficacy, but to us there seemed but one watchword in leading a forlorn hope: "Up, boys, and at 'em!"

There were at that time three weekly newspapers in Waterville. The two Republican journals gave us a half column each of space in which to declare our sentiments and report our progress from week to week. The Democratic paper devoted itself to candid criticism. "The Waterville Woman's Temperance League," remarked a contemporary journal, "has rushed into print."

The local political situation was such that we were allowed great freedom of expression in our utterances. We were voteless, irresponsible beings with a propensity for calling a spade a spade so far as it could be done consistently with dignity and self-respect, and many a Waterville citizen went around in those days with an uneasy sense that if any of the coats advertised in our temperance column fitted him, he was at perfect liberty to put it on. The critical Democratic journal said unhandsome things about us, and being but women we sometimes wept over these compliments o' nights. In the morning, however, we dried our tears and went back to the fighting line again. With all the crudenesses and the mistakes that can be urged against it, that period of my life is not one I am going to feel meaching about when I come before the final bar of judgment.

Notwithstanding the unpopularity of our movement, — and with a certain portion of the community it was necessarily unpopular, — the membership of our league did not materially decrease, and even the most timid and naturally astounding tasks with astounding courage. There never was an enterprise more fertile in stunts than this one of ours. We sat in the City Liquor Agency, to which source of supply the increasing dryness of the times drove many thirsty souls, and

noted the number of quarts of alcohol required by town paupers, Saturday night invalids, and men whose wives had weak backs; we confronted the City Fathers to give them a reason for the faith that was in us; we raised money by subscription, by entertainments, by breakfasts, dinners, and suppers; we clothed, fed, and admonished the poor; we wept, we prayed, and, to keep our courage up, some of us laughed a good deal. We made ourselves very unwelcome, very much unappreciated, very much criticised, and it was, I think, this saving sense of humor which carried us through. I remember serving, with great inward reluctance, on various committees, the results to be expected from whose labors must, as it seems to me now, have been purely ethical, consisting, as in the modern interpretation of the virtue of prayer, principally in the beneficial effects on the mind of the performer. In one instance, which often comes back to me, one of the three leaders of a forlorn hope was influenced wholly by an unquestioning sense of the moral necessity of her mission, while the other two were hampered by a somewhat ludicrous vision of its inefficacy. In the remembrance, the humor of the scene outbalances its more serious aspect: the courteous victim firmly resolved to be mannerly though the heavens fell, yet inwardly wishing that women would be contented to attend to their own affairs; the earnest spokeswoman explaining her mission with the full conviction that only a mutual comprehension was needed to produce a delightful unity of sentiment; and the two doubters pinching each other in the background, and trying not to ruin the situation by an untimely grin.

We wished, perhaps, no less sincerely than our companion that the kingdom of heaven might come upon earth, but the belief in the immediate efficacy of moral suasion as a practical agent is largely a matter of temperament.

Whether the crusade of the Woman's Temperance League accomplished, on

the whole, any permanent good, is a question which I have often asked myself. The movement was full of pathetically humorous phases, but it was also heroically sincere. I suppose many efforts which seem futile to us as we look back upon them have an efficacy which we do not realize, because our vision takes in so small a part of the eternal scheme of things.

There shall never be one lost good! what was
shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so
much good more,
On the earth the broken ares; in the heaven
a perfect round.

When I remember the many mornings of waking to consciousness with a direful sinking of the heart at the thought that it was my melancholy duty to go on crusading, — alas, how unfailingly we see the pathos of our own woes! — when, to put selfishness one side, I recall the fortitude of those other women more timid than myself, I sometimes cherish the modest hope that there is at least one unbroken arc laid up in the happy hereafter for the warrioresses of the Woman's Temperance League of Waterville. There is no moral reason that I know why Noah should possess the only arc — spell it how you like — upon those heavenly highlands!

II

I think the psychological aspect of the question was first brought home to me during that historic campaign of the Woman's Temperance League when I recognized the attitude of the old French Canadian women who came to the City Agency on Saturday afternoons for alcohol with which to manufacture the weekly dram of "split" that should transform them from grubs into butterflies. To them this longed-for indulgence was neither moral nor immoral; it was simply a matter of enjoyment. The magic draught furnished for them the same element of excitement which the theatre,

the popular novel, the enthusiasms of football and baseball and other fashionable expedients furnish to better educated people. It was the alleviation that made their starved lives bearable. When they threatened to come with their brooms and sweep out the meddling women who were interfering with the good cheer furnished by the Agency, they too were, in their own estimation, leading a crusade for freedom and the rights of the individual.

It is a safe conclusion in regard to the average man that however logical he may be in mind, he is bound to be more or less irresistibly *illogical* in acts. This is because the intellectual assent is usually biased somewhat by the influence of the human qualification. Each of us recognizes the law in its application to the other fellow. Hence the reformer who really desires to get at the root of the matter should be a person of active imagination, and an adaptability which enables him to comprehend the standpoint of the individual to be reformed; above all, he should possess no theories incapable of modification. If he can add to these qualifications a sense of humor, a readiness not to take himself too seriously, and a recognition of the fact that the other man's right and wrong may differ in conception from *his* right and wrong, he will have an outfit which will materially lighten a thorny path. Thus much I discovered in my own brief career as a reformeress.

The advantages of a lively imagination and an active interest in other people's affairs I undoubtedly possess. There is in me also, I sadly fear, a suggestion of inherent wickedness which has always made it easy for sinners to confide their weaknesses to my ear with an unflattering certainty of my comprehension. During my aforementioned temperance campaign one kindly disposed gentleman, who was at that time recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, came to sit with me for an hour or two, that I might observe with my own eyes the discomforts attendant upon his malady.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, when

we had ended a breathless period of chasing rats around his hat brim, "that any man, especially a man of my age, would turn himself into a blooming menagerie if he could help it? I guess not."

"What makes you do it, then?" I asked rather vacuously.

"I do it *now* because I have an Appetite for drink, — and you can spell it with a large A, — but when I began the cursed business it was all for fun. Well," my visitor added meditatively, "I've had fun."

Another appreciative individual called on me on his way to the railway station, that I might enter intelligently into his motives in taking the Keeley Cure.

"I ain't going for the purpose of pleasing myself," he declared. "If it was n't for the way my wife feels about it I should n't ever take any Keeley Cures. When people tell you that there ain't any fun in drinking, you just mention to 'em that they don't know. The most fun I've ever had in my life has been when I had just enough aboard to make me feel good; an' when I've heard preachers proclaiming from the pulpit that there was n't any enjoyment to be derived from the pleasures o' the world, I've been tempted to stand right up in my tracks an' tell 'em to talk about what they understood."

"The preachers usually qualify it a little. They say there is no *true* pleasure in these things," I suggested.

"True fiddlesticks!" commented my friend derisively. "The fact is," with a sudden change of tone, "my wife's an awful good woman, and if she wants me to quit spreeing it I'd ought to be willing to please her, and I am willing. But I'd never do it to please myself."

It was at about this period, too, that I was interviewed by a gentleman of sprightly turn of mind, and gifted with great facility for unvarnished narrative.

"For God's sake," he began without preamble, "can't you, 'mongst all the discoveries you're makin', find something kind o' innocent and excitin' to amuse a man like me?"

"What would be the nature of it?" I inquired, a good deal overwhelmed by the difficulties of the task proposed.

"That's jest what I don't know," answered my interlocutor; "if I did I should n't be askin' you. It's this way with me; an' I ain't the only one in the same case: I'm old enough, mebbe you'll say, to settle down, but I ain't settled down, an' I don't know's I ever shall. There's plenty of 'em thinks I'd ought to be contented with goin' to prayer-meetin' once or twice a week, but if there's any recreation about prayer-meetin's I've never found it out. I like to read the *Youth's Companion*, but I can't set at home and do that every night in the week. I want something different," — warning to his subject, — "if it wa'n't nothing more than a toboggan slide on the other side of the river."

"I don't see anything in the way of your tobogganing," I commented rather helplessly. I seemed to be wholly at a loss for original suggestions.

"I don't want to toboggan all by myself. I want you to be there and all the rest of 'em standin' in a row at the top o' the hill; an' then all git on our sleds at the same minute an' slide — slide like *the devil*!"

At this flight of fancy the face of the narrator glowed with enthusiasm and poetic intensity. In fancy he saw the whole circle of his acquaintance sliding like the — ahem! and he knew that the realization of that visionary transit would satisfy a long-felt want of his being. I confess that I understood him perfectly. I, too, had longed to toboggan. In his rude and imperfect dreaming he had unconsciously got to the bottom, or, at any rate, *one* of the bottoms, of the whole matter.

Starved longings, unrealized desires, overflowing animal spirits without legitimate outlet, unbalanced natures destitute of training in self-control, impoverished aspirations, — these are what lie at the foundation of the social problem which the reformer has to solve, and no remedy which does not take all these into consid-

eration will ever be permanently efficacious. The would-be reformer should be willing to disabuse himself of prejudices, and cultivate what is known as "an open mind;" not so open, either, as to interfere with its capability for being violently closed as often as occasion demands.

When one strips the situation of phrases one is forced to acknowledge that there are a great many people who intend to do only what they find pleasure in doing, and who do not recognize any enjoyment in abstract goodness. "You say," they tell us in effect, "that to be good is to be happy. Prove it." We cannot prove it, at least in any concrete form, and there is no sensible reason why we should desire to prove it, but no doubt we shall go on making the statement until the end of time.

There is also an increasing number of individuals who, so far from finding recreation, or even comfort and peace in prayer-meetings, find them only irredeemably dull. If there is a steady decrease in the demand for prayer-meetings and a correspondingly steady increase in the appetite for — say, toboggan-sliding, might there not be found, gradually, naturally, and not reprehensibly, some middle ground of interest through which more prayer-meetings can be induced to consider the merits of tobogganing, and more tobogganers drawn into prayer-meetings?

It is a tendency of mankind to go on looking at subjects from an established standpoint long after the conditions which created that standpoint have become a thing of the past; and this is especially true in regard to questions of morals. Many people feel at once that to be betrayed into any fresh theory or admission on moral subjects is an inevitable step toward immorality. "He holds liberal views," they say, and shake their pious heads with conscious joy in their own narrowness. Yet to hold liberal views may mean nothing more than to be possessed of a willingness to search for and accept truth. If a great many peo-

ple who "want to be angels," or think they do, could have the privilege; if a good many more, who have no angelic leanings whatever, and never will have, could be removed to *their* appropriate destination; and if the remainder, being persons of penetrable epidermis, could read their titles clear to stripping moral questions of futilities and dealing with moral conditions as they are, what an immense amount of powder might be saved!

To say that prayer-meetings are dull is an irreverence, therefore one should never breathe the thought; to say that people demand excitement and recreation is to acknowledge the frivolity of the race, hence such a craving should never be put forward as representing a genuine need of human nature: yet many prayer-meetings are dull, and a large proportion of mankind do insistently demand to be amused; and since these are self-evident facts, the practical question arises, What are we going to do about it?

Our forefathers were a church-going people, but it does not necessarily follow that they were more innately religious than our own generation. They lived in an age when the stern conditions of existence furnished a continuous undercurrent of excitement, and what was lacking in other ways was more than made up to them by the nerve-thrilling, soul-harrowing amenities of their creeds. They were believers in a tangible hell, and to go to church on Sunday and listen to a sermon which depicted each hearer as dangling over a genuine, red-hot, steam-fitted Inferno, just as a spider sways on a single filament of his web, offered an excitement outbalancing the tensest moment of a football game, or even of a crisis in the stock market.

The man who drove his plough over a hillside never so remote, meditating as he toiled on the doctrine that doomed a large proportion of the race to everlasting punishment, and made the election of those who should be saved an arbitrary one, dependent upon the whim of a Deity

whose caprices must never be criticised, — such a man carried in his lonely bosom a whole volume of intensities. The sombre atmosphere of a creed like that was lurid enough to color the most commonplace days and nights, and lend a fearful joy to the barrenest existence.

When the old-fashioned belief in a concrete Sheol was taken out of our theology, religion, whatever it may have gained, was shorn of its most fascinating risk. “Man,” says Sabatier, “is incurably religious;” he is also incurably opposed to monotony, and the faith that gets any permanent hold alike upon his intellect and his emotions must be a broad and sane Christianity which, taking into account every rooted instinct of his nature, makes the tendencies of both body and soul enter into vigorous and sensible character-building.

I do not believe that man’s amusements will ever drive out his spiritual longings; I do not believe his spiritual longings will ever wholly root out the earthy ones. The mistake lies in the assumption that the two are necessarily inimical.

When we can succeed in developing a race of sane, sound, clean-natured, high-minded men and women their amusements will take care of themselves, but until that millennial breed really appears to inherit the earth the demand of my buoyant friend for “something kind o’ innocent and excitin’” to amuse men like him is a matter for serious consideration.

There is a certain sectarian college whose fostering church sends every year an envoy to inquire into the welfare of the institution, and to keep a jealous watch over its interests and those of the denomination. One might imagine such a messenger inquiring earnestly: Is this college educating men and women in the broadest sense of the word? Is it qualifying them to become good citizens, wise heads of families? Are they clean, trustworthy, trained to high thoughts? Have they gained spiritual common sense as well as

the learning of the schools? Above all, do you teach the youth in your charge that most significant truth that “loyalty to God means liberty for man”?

This is what one might erroneously suppose the scope of such a mission to comprehend. What the messenger really did demand to be told on a recent visit was this: Has President — yet succeeded in stamping out dancing?

Yet if it is easy to be narrow, it is also easy to grant too much latitude. He needs must be a wise man, and a philosopher into the bargain, who knows just when to be wide as the universe, and when to stand like a wall. In a world made up of wheels within wheels and ramifications within ramifications, where everything depends on some other thing and the other thing depends on everything else, the difficulty of maintaining a just balance must be acknowledged; yet in this struggle for a just balance lies the salvation of the earth.

We live — to sum up the situation — in a generation that has gone recreation-mad. Outdoor sports and indoor sports fill up our leisure moments, or, in some cases, all our moments. Athletics, golf, tennis, games of all manners and lacking manners, rise, flourish, and decay. The race horse, the bicycle, and the automobile pursue one another across the stage of action. We play at being intellectual, we play at being religious, we play at being “tough,” and all three are merged and included in being men and women “of the world.”

Our best educated classes, — and we flatter ourselves that we have the last word in the matter of education, — our wisest classes are not necessarily very wise in the matter of their recreations; our half-educated brethren and sisters ape the manners of their betters, and a degree lower down in the scale the struggling masses take what they can get in the way of amusement, and take it where they can get it. In all classes, high and low, veneered and unveneered, it is almost universally true that the founda-

tions of appetite are too often laid in the struggle to "have a good time." The instrument of an occasional hilarity has an unfortunate tendency to develop into the minister to a quenchless thirst.

I am always willing to ask questions which I cannot answer, therefore I frankly confess that I do not know just how the balance between the prayer-meeting and the toboggan slide is to be reached; probably the chasm between the two would seem to me much less abysmal than to some of my stricter brethren. It

is a chasm that will never be bridged by prohibitions alone, by persuasions alone, by sacrifice alone. Since in the last resort every thinking creature must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, to harden him for the contest, to teach him how to grow to the full stature of a man, is the burden of the human problem. It is a problem that will never be solved by demanding unnecessary sacrifices, by ignoring vital instincts, by allowing prejudice to usurp the functions of common sense.

THE PHANTOM COASTERS

BY EDWARD N. POMEROY

THE coasters of the past are back, —
 The Emblem, Effort, Enterprize;
 'T was long ago they went to rack,
 But lo, they loom before my eyes.

Below the cliffs that saw them strike
 And foaming breakers round them fold,
 Their skeletons are hidden, like
 The pirate's Bible and his gold.

Yet now, as in their golden prime,
 The circles of the sea they sweep;
 They pass behind the veil of Time
 And traverse the primeval deep.

About them howl forgotten gales:
 Above are prehistoric skies:
 The fleet of Greece beside them sails
 And Troy town's wreck behind them lies.

THE TODDS' UTOPIA

BY ELLA BETTS WATERBURY

I

LOUISA MAE hung a rusty dishpan against the outside of the warped summer kitchen, standing on her tiptoes to reach the nail under the sagging, disjointed eaves-spout. She wiped her hands on a piece of towel inside the door, and groped in the gathering dusk to find the hook again. Then she ran down the narrow path that led to the road. The hem of her scant calico dress brushed the tall dew-covered weeds in the yard, and her long black braid of hair flopped against a row of white china buttons. The air was warm, and the dust thick and heavy, curling up in little puffs at each step. The trees and bushes along the roadside appeared blurred and indistinct, and Louisa Mae walked briskly past the thick clump where the tree toads wailed their rasping song, and the katydids disputed. Down in the slough, where the crickets chirped their harsh chorus, she broke into a run again.

Across the road, a little farther beyond, she swung open a white picket gate. Then she hurried around the cinder walk to the back door, where a light shone out on a vine-covered porch. Louisa Mae stopped and listened. A song, in a high, tuneless voice, came floating out, and as she climbed the steps, she saw, through the open doorway, a plump woman in a gray dress moving an iron ladle round and round. She slipped noiselessly in, and sank into a wooden rocker by the spacious wood-box. The chorus was coming out in jerks, and the words "rolling on, rolling on" were ascending the scale to a dizzy height.

"I just hate that song, Mrs. Sawen." Louisa Mae spoke defiantly, and her two wrinkled, run-over shoes rested flatly on the floor.

The broad shoulders gave a perceptible start, and a round face, filled with placid surprise, confronted her.

"My! Louisa Mae, but you did give me a scare."

"We've rolled on and rolled on all our lives, just like it tells us to."

"What can be the matter?" Mrs. Sawen shoved a large crock to the side of the table, and gazed down at Louisa Mae from above her big glasses.

"Pa's got the moving fever again, and Hank's catching it." The brown rocker moved jerkily over the uneven floor.

"Why, you have n't been here more than a couple of months!"

"I know it. I kind of thought they might be contented. I've seen it coming on, though."

"Maybe it'll blow over."

"No 't won't. When it comes it sticks."

"Where do they want to move to?" Mrs. Sawen was sifting the creamy flour into the crock before her.

Louisa Mae's brown fingers clasped the splintered handles of the rocker tightly.

"Out to Green County. Pa's just always been set on Green County. When we were up in Dakota he said it was Green County he ought to have gone to, and when we were down in Oklahoma he said it was Green County he ought to have gone to, and now we're here he says it's Green County he ought to have kept on to." Louisa Mae sank back into the cretonne cushions with the red roses and the brown leaves.

"Green County is n't any better than Taylor County, Louisa Mae," Mrs. Sawen responded promptly, a ring of loyalty in her easy tone.

The boards beneath the clumsy rockers squeaked again. Then it ceased abruptly.

"I can't bear to leave this place." The

light in Louisa Mae's eyes softened. "And so I've come to ask you if you — if you would n't get Mr. Sawen to talk to pa. He might make him stay. Tell him to tell pa Green County ain't got enough to keep a person alive. He's always stayed shy of such places. And tell him there's blizzards in winter, — pa ain't got no more use for Dakota, — and a man has to work all day for just starvation wages."

"I'll see that Thomas does all he can for you." Mrs. Sawen set the crock on the back corner of the table. "Here's a little milk I saved for you." She brought a thick white pitcher from the corner cupboard. "Did you have good luck with your cookies this morning?"

"They were just fine!" Louisa Mae's eyes lighted up. "I meant to bring you over some to try, but pa and Hank ate them all up. They're awful fond of such things."

"And here's something I got for you down at the store to-day." Mrs. Sawen slipped a small roll into the brown fingers.

"Oh, it's a red hair ribbon! Aunt Lavina sent me and Nolie each a new hat yesterday. You're awful good, Mrs." —

But the sitting-room door snapped shut, and so Louisa Mae stole hurriedly down the steps, and out into the summer night.

II

It was one of those little country stores whose half-dozen departments or so are compressed to a single small floor. At one side were the shelves of dry goods and shoe-boxes, at the other the groceries and post office. The hardware and clothing departments were at the rear, while the surplus stock, as far as was possible, hung suspended from the ceiling.

It was six o'clock, and trade had slackened for the day. Mr. Sawen sat tilted back in an armchair, his square-toed shoes crossed on the top of a round rusty stove, and his bald head glistening above the edge of the extended evening paper.

The flies buzzed loudly, darting here and there with undisputed freedom. Suddenly a heavy step sounded outside, and the armchair rested with a thump on the floor. A lank man, with a stubby gray beard, and thick clumsy boots, entered.

"L'weezy Mae sent me down after salt. L'weezy Mae's al'ays getting out of something," he complained, his voice weak and drawling.

Mr. Sawen took a dust-covered bag from the shelf behind him, and set it down on the counter.

"Nice weather we're having, Mr. Todd." Mr. Sawen had a brisk tone with an "eye to business" air.

"Getting pretty hot to work," he responded, producing a nickel and five pennies.

"Finding you like this place pretty well, — eh?" The money rattled into a wooden drawer beneath the counter.

"Well, now, I'll tell you." Mr. Todd folded his arms and leaned up against the wooden partition setting off the "post office." "If it wa'n't for Green County I don't know but what I'd as lieve stay here as most anywhere."

"Green County? What part of Green County?"

"I kind of calculated on settling round Prairie Centre."

"Got folks there?"

"Not exactly, only my sister-in-law's husband — Levi Dobson. He's dead now. He came from near there."

"Prairie Centre is n't one bit better than this place," answered Mr. Sawen shortly, tapping the streaked show case with his pencil.

"Now that's just 'cording to how one thinks." Mr. Todd leisurely unfolded his arms. "I've al'ays kind of hankered after Green County. I'd orter gone there in the beginning, but I got to hearing so much about Dakota land I concluded to take up a claim out there. Then when we just got settled down Oklahoma opened up, and I was afraid to miss that chance. And all that time I was feeling it was Green County we'd orter be in." He

stood up, his sluggish tone rising, and his bony arms gesticulating. "If it had n't been for L'weezy Mae I'd been there now, too. She liked the looks of this place, and the team was about done out, so I give in. I never did feel as if 't was justice to me and Hank, though." Mr. Todd's voice subsided, and he leaned back, his arms refolded.

"If you know where you're well off, Mr. Todd, you'll stay right here. Everybody likes Louisa Mae, and they're going to help her."

"I ain't got nothing to say agin your treatment of us. Only I never was a hand to run down a place I never see."

A little girl with a blue sunbonnet pushed back on her head appeared in the doorway, bending to one side to keep a green glass can from touching the floor.

"My mother she forgot to get some kerosene this morning, and the lamps they ain't got no more oil left in them."

"Kind of a case of Moses when the lights went out, at your house, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Only my big brother's name's John."

Mr. Sawen leaned down for the outstretched can, and went to the back of the store. The child turned longing eyes in the direction of a row of glass jars, securely imprisoning sticks of brightly striped candy. Mr. Todd picked up his purchase, helped himself generously from the open cracker barrel, and slouched out.

III

A rude pine table stood in the centre of the low unplastered kitchen. Mr. Todd and a tall, lank young man with a receding chin sat opposite each other. At the end was a small boy with a round face and tousled hair.

"Seems as if I never could get you men filled up." Louisa Mae, with flushed cheeks, stood before the stove watching the white circles on the iron break into bubbles.

"Well, they taste real good, L'weezy

Mae. You're getting the hang to fancy cooking real quick."

"This is all there is. You've ate nine apiece." She piled four large puffy cakes on a cracked brown plate, and shoved it into the centre of the table. It scraped along the uncovered boards. Again the brief and occasional remarks ceased, and again the steel knives and forks clicked sharply.

"You ain't got none, Louisa," finally noted, with solicitude, the occupant of the lower end of the table.

"I don't want any, Nolie. I'm not hungry."

"I eat five. We get lots better stuff to eat than when pa did the cooking."

"Mrs. Sawen told me how to make other good things, too."

"Candy!" He ran his tongue about his sticky face gleefully, and slid down from the rickety chair.

At length Mr. Todd rubbed his coarse shirt-sleeve across his mouth with a satisfied air.

"I 'bout made up my mind we'd better try and get off next week. What do you say, Hank?"

"Early summer's always a good time to start," Hank responded, shoving back the box he was sitting on.

"Oh, pa! you ain't really going?" Louisa Mae caught her breath, and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Now, L'weezy, 't ain't no use taking on so."

"We won't ever get another start like we got here."

"Green County's got better chances for starting than this place'll ever have."

"You've never had so steady work before."

"Nor such small pay, neither." Mr. Todd's voice suggested irritability. "I never worked so hard all 't once in my life. I feel sorter all used up,—like as if I needed a good rest."

"Nor Hank ain't ever had such a good job, neither."

"Hauling sand the whole time's not what you think it is, Louisa Mae. Shovel-

ing all day's 'bout used up my back. I don't know but what a rest'd seem kind of good to me, too." Hank's tone was an echo of his father's.

"Rent runs out Friday, so I've kind of reckoned on getting off then. How does that strike you, Hank?" Mr. Todd rested his arms on the table, squinting one eye dubiously.

"Strikes me as being just about the time," approved Hank impassively.

"When we get to Green County, then we'll settle down for good," the father announced, his features relaxing.

"That's just what I was thinking, too," nodded Hank.

Louisa Mae picked up the cup of sugar and the molasses can with a jerk.

"You've always rolled on, and you'll always keep rolling on. You don't know when you're the best off you ever was."

"Now, L'weezy, now." Mr. Todd rose heavily from the broken chair. "When we get to Green County I'll give you everything you want, — schooling, and a silk dress, and carpets."

Hank put on a flapping straw hat, and moved languidly toward the door.

"Be easy on the team," warned his father. "They've kind of fatted up, and we'll want them in good shape when we start off." He set his shapeless felt hat firmer on his shaggy head, hitched up a drooping suspender, and followed.

As soon as Louisa Mae was alone she piled up the battered dishes, scraping them noisily. Then she opened the front door and let the warm sunlight and the cool, fresh air pervade the small, empty rooms. She leaned against the door casing, her eyes moving from the neglected yard before her, with its sagging, swaying fence, to the trim, well-kept place opposite, to the open pasture beyond, then up from the tree-crowned hills, to the blue sky and the shining sun. This, in some vague way, seemed to Louisa Mae a panorama of her own life. The bad things were near at hand, but the good things were away off beyond her reach.

A low cloud of dust came rolling down

the road, and a small tattered figure squirmed through the broken fence, and approached the sunken steps.

"Have they gone, Nolie?"

"Yes." He shifted his weight from one bare foot to the other. "Guess we're going to Green County, ain't we?"

"No!" she cried sharply. "No, we're not, and don't you ever tell them you want to, either. Have you?"

"No, I never!" One brown foot remained suspended, and two black eyes became immovable. "I just said I'd like a ride."

Louisa Mae clutched a brown gingham sleeve and shook her victim recklessly.

"Nolie Todd, do you want to freeze like we did up in Dakota, or starve like we did in Oklahoma, or be pestered with grasshoppers like we were in Kansas, or get robbed like we did down in Missouri, or nearly drown like we did out at Rapid Creek? Do you want to all the time be roaming round and round and never knowing nothing, or never living like other folks, — now, do you?"

"No — no, I'd ruther stay here," he gasped, wriggling away from his sister's hold.

"Course you would. Why, if you moved away Mrs. Sawen would n't ever give you any more apples."

She hastened back into the house and brought a tablet of pink paper, a small ink bottle and a stubby penholder, and placed them on the end of the kitchen table. Then she drew up the broken chair, took out the cork, and dipped the rusty pen deep in. But she withdrew it instantly.

"Nolie," she called, running to the door, "Nolie." Nothing but a blue jay from the green pump answered her. Then Louisa Mae sat down on the doorstep and buried her chin in her hands.

After a while, at the sound of light foot-falls on the grass, she looked up.

"Oh, Nolie, where *have* you been? I want you to run right over to Mrs. Sawen's and ask her to please lend me a bottle of ink."

"We got some. I saw it on the shelf," he answered from a safe distance.

"It won't write a bit since I filled it up with water to make it more. Run along quick, won't you? I'm in such a hurry."

He disappeared from sight around the corner of the house, but it was some time before he returned. Louisa Mae's patience had settled into despair when she finally spied a ragged straw hat bobbing along through the branches of the trees down the road.

"She says we can have this one. She's got another."

Louisa Mae took it eagerly.

"Now, Nolie, I'm going to write a letter, and I want you round handy to take it down when I've finished. You stay right here. I'll let you have my reader to look at the pictures if you'll sit on this step." She brought a red book with a warped, wrinkled cover, and put it reluctantly into two grimy outstretched hands.

Then Louisa Mae returned to her writing. She blotted and rubbed holes in the paper, and ran off the lines innumerable times. She spelled by sound and ignored punctuation. Nolie had already reached the last picture, that of a big Newfoundland dog, when she at length sealed it with the aid of a flatiron.

"It's done now." She put the letter into one hand, and a large, flimsy purse into the other. "There's a nickel in there. You're to get a stamp. That costs two cents. Then you can spend one cent for candy, and bring the other two cents home. And now don't you lose it, and you let Mr. Sawen put the stamp on. You remember how you licked all the mucilage off the last one."

"Who's it to?" he asked dubiously.

"Oh — it's a business letter, Nolie."

IV

The sun had climbed high, and was sending its hot rays straight down on a drooping felt hat and some weather-

stained canvas. Mr. Todd was tinkering around a covered wagon standing in the yard.

"L'weezy — L'weezy — L'weezy Mae," he called, his weak, drawling voice taking on a petulant note.

"What is it you want, pa?" Louisa Mae stood in the open doorway, the sleeves of her tight, faded dress rolled to the elbows, and her black hair rumpled about her small, tanned face.

"Why can't you hurry up with those things? We won't get off to-day at this rate."

"I am. I'm hunting for the big kettle."

Mr. Todd continued his work. He finished hanging some pails beneath the wagon. Then he wiped his red face on his sleeve, and leaned against the wheel, fanning himself with his limp hat.

"L'weezy — L'weezy — L'weezy Mae."

"I'm coming now." She brought a pile of cooking utensils and set them down with a clatter.

"What'll we do with the stove, and the table, and the what-not the folks here give us?" she asked.

"We'll just have to leave those."

"We won't find people out there who'll give us such a start as they have here."

"Now, L'weezy, don't go to saying things against those you never met. There's plenty of good folks everywhere."

She looked down at the tilted heap of dented tinware before her, then at the wagon, and then at the sun.

"When do you calculate to get off?"

"It'll be two o'clock straight before I ever get out of this yard. The harness broke again, and Hank's fixing it."

"I'm going over to Mrs. Sawen's to bid her good-by."

"Now, L'weezy, you know I can't spare you. You's over there last night."

"This is the last time, sure. 'T won't be nice to go off without seeing her just before we start."

"Seems as if you're getting awful fussy lately."

Louisa Mae sped across the weedy yard to the road. Mr. Todd hastened his shuffling plod in the direction of the barn. He found Hank seated on the floor mending the broken harness with pieces of rope.

"I almost feel's if I's never going to see Green County," he fretted, pacing up and down the straw-littered floor.

"Yes, we will, pa. I'm through now," Hank reassured him, shutting up his knife, and gathering together the pieces of harness. Mr. Todd stood with folded arms gazing out at his late work.

"I do wish L'weezy'd hurry up," he said peevishly.

There was the pattering of bare feet, and a small shadow fell across the ground before him.

"Say, Nolie, I wish you'd go over after L'weezy. Tell her we ain't going to wait much longer. Soon's Hank hitches up we're going, sure. Seems as if L'weezy's just got set this time." He walked over to the wagon and peered into it, but returned to the shade again.

After a while Louisa Mae came across the yard up toward the barn.

"My goodness, L'weezy, why don't you hurry up? Hank's got the harness fixed now. You go and see't we have everything, and then we'll start."

A whistle blew, and then a bell clanged. Louisa Mae stopped motionless. Then a white column of smoke rose from the trees in the distance, and trailed along in the air.

"Do go on, L'weezy. You act like you never heard a train of cars before," came querulously from her father, as he tugged to gather up the flapping canvas at the back of the wagon.

She went into the house and sat down on a box by the front window, her fingers nervously tying and untying the strings of the sunbonnet in her lap. Her eyes were bent obstinately in the direction of the road, where it ended abruptly in a slope. Suddenly a black satin parasol glistened above the top of the knoll, and then a straight, thin figure with a leather

hand-bag appeared. Louisa Mae uttered a little cry of joy and rushed out of the door, the box falling backward with a bang.

"Aunt Lavina — oh, aunt Lavina!" she cried.

"Sister Laviny Dobson — well, I swan!" Mr. Todd stood open-mouthed and motionless.

"If 't ain't aunt Lavina!" Hank stopped, the straps hanging loose in his feeble grasp.

Mrs. Lavina Dobson walked straight toward the wagon, Louisa Mae close behind her.

"How do you do, Greely? I hope my visit is convenient," she said in cordial greeting, her face beaming complacently.

"Howdy, sister Laviny, howdy? Yes — yes — why yes, you're welcome, real welcome," he responded weakly.

"Was you getting ready to go to work?" Mrs. Dobson's spectacles surveyed the scene critically.

"No — why — no. I — I was just hitching up."

"If you don't happen to be in much of a hurry, then, you'll be just handy to go down and bring up my trunk."

"Your trunk!" Mr. Todd's arms fell helpless at his sides.

"Why, yes, Greely, my trunk. I've come to spend the summer with you."

"But we're — we're going out to Green County."

"To Green County! What for?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you, Laviny." Mr. Todd stroked his stubby beard gently. "Hank and me's decided to settle down for good in Green County."

Mrs. Lavina Dobson gripped the handle of her parasol tightly. The horses patiently switched the flies. Louisa Mae's dark eyes grew large and round.

"Course I don't want to seem not hospitable, Laviny. If I wa'n't just on the point of starting for Green County, I'd be — I'd be mighty glad to see you — not, of course, but what I am now — only" —

"Dobson's folks lived there all their

lives. It's as near like this spot as two straws."

"Yes, I know, Laviny — only you see" —

"I see you're bound to go. That's all I see."

"Now sister Laviny" —

Mrs. Lavina Dobson gave the leather hand-bag an exasperated shake.

"Greely Todd, if you and Henry want to move out to Green County, you go, and you stay to Green County until you get enough of Green County. Only these two children don't budge one inch. You dragged the life out of sister 'Melia, but you don't out of them. I set my foot down squarely there."

"I — I — now, Laviny. I wa'n't meaning nothing but their good. Green County al'ays" —

"What do you intend to do, Greely Todd?"

"Why — I — I — I'm kind of set on seeing Green County. What do you say, Hank?"

"I — I think 'bout like you do. I'd feel better to see it, anyway."

"Then see Green County, and see it once for all. I can run things around here about as well as they seem to be run now."

She picked up her black lawn dress sprigged with white, and stepped carefully around the burr weeds toward the house.

"Pa, why can't you" —

"Now, L'weezy Mae, I guess me and sister Laviny knows how to arrange business better than you. Hank, ain't you never going to bring up that team?"

V

It was a drizzling, cold morning in early September. Louisa Mae was sewing patchwork by the kitchen fire, and aunt Lavina was braiding a rug.

"They've come. They've come home." Nolie fumbled at the loose latch, and stumbled into the room, his eyes wide with wonder. "The team, it's clean

played out, and pa and Hank's just covered with mud, and the cover's all torn and everything."

The red and yellow blocks fluttered from Louisa Mae's lap as she flew to meet a bedraggled, dejected-looking man coming slowly toward the house.

"Oh, pa! I'm so glad to see you. I thought you was n't ever coming," she cried joyfully, throwing her arms about his wet, ragged coat. "Where's Hank?"

"He's tending to the horses. I'm going out again soon's I get warmed up."

Aunt Lavina shoved the coffee-pot to the front of the glistening stove. Then she brought out a tablecloth, unfolded it, and smoothed it down.

Mr. Todd sank feebly into a cushioned chair by the fire.

"I suppose you're hungry," she said, trying to appear cheerful.

"Yes, I be," he responded curtly. "And Hank, he's starved."

She set the glass spoonholder in the centre of the red cover, and then brought out a pan of potatoes.

"And how did you find Green County?"

Mr. Todd rose stiffly, and shook his black clenched fist with a fierce gesture.

"Green County's the blamedest hole the Lord ever made."

After a brief silence he went out. The savory odor of coffee had taken the place of the stuffy smell of steaming clothing, when aunt Lavina lifted her shining knife from the pan of potatoes and pointed it squarely at Louisa Mae, who was cutting off thick slices of the light bread.

"Did n't I tell you they'd come back? I knew it all along. Why, do you know, Louisa Mae, that I sent twenty-five letters to those people I knew in and about Prairie Centre. I wrote them every one myself, too. I told them not to give Greely Todd nor his son Henry help in any kind of a way when they arrived. They were n't even to give them so much as a meal of victuals, nor a place to sleep, nor a day's work. Then I put my reasons and

I put them good and strong, too. I told them just exactly how things stood with those two men."

"Did you?" said Louisa Mae, a startled look in her eyes.

"T was a pretty hard lesson, I guess. But a pretty hard lesson was what Greely Todd needed," added Mrs. Lavina Dobson with decision, as she set her knife deftly into the skin of another potato.

A LITERARY BLACKMAILER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

In the middle of the eighteenth century Count Mazzuchelli, one of the most distinguished *littérateurs* of his day, published a life of Aretino. The preface of the second edition begins thus: "The name of Pietro Aretino has always been so famous in the world that it never could be hid from the knowledge of even the least learned." And Addison in the *Spectator* of March 27, 1711, declined to tell the career of Aretino as an illustration of his point because he is "too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the kings of Europe were his tributaries."

It is doubtful whether either of these sentences would be written now. The fame of Aretino, so vivid two centuries after his death, has declined, until to-day many people of cultivation would know little more of him than his name. It is, perhaps, just as well not to know anything about Pietro Aretino, because up to the last few years it was difficult to know the truth about him. Pietro's life was written by enemies, and, as his contemporary Cranmer said of his own foes, "They dragged him out of the dunghill." The scandal-mongers of later generations enlarged their invectives into the following story. And features of the disreputable career thus created for him appear in every mention of Pietro Aretino, except those of a few Italian writers of the last dozen years.

According to this legend he was the illegitimate son of a gentleman of Arezzo

and a notoriously bad woman. After such an up-bringing as might be expected from his parentage, he fled from Arezzo because of an impious poem. (A variation of the legend makes him steal from his mother.) He made a living in Perugia as a bookbinder, and picked up his education by reading the works he handled. There was a picture in the city representing the Madonna at the foot of the Cross. Aretino painted a lute in her outstretched arms. After this sacrilege he fled to Rome, where he became a servant in the house of Chigi, the great banker. He stole a silver cup from his master, and fled to Venice, where he led a life of extraordinary debauchery, and won an evil reputation as an atheist and writer of pornographic literature. He was fatally hurt by falling over backward from his seat in a fit of laughter at an anecdote of dishonorable adventure of one of his sisters, whose lives were worse than his mother's. And this scene was painted in 1854 by the noted German painter, Feuerbach. Finally, he died uttering one of the most profane sayings in the annals of blasphemy.

In addition to this unsavory life history, entirely false, Aretino has been labeled with a larger number of strong epithets than any other man in the history of literature. "The ignominy of his century;" "the Cæsar Borgia of literature;" "perverter of morals and letters;" "the synonym for all infamies." These are a few

of the judgments that have been passed upon him.

To know Pietro Aretino in the four thousand letters from and to him, which have survived in print, is to recognize that he had great capacities and some amiable qualities, which won him many ardent admirers and a number of warm friends. But it is also to perceive that his character was essentially selfish and corrupt. In spite of the strain of religiosity in Pietro's character, it is hard to raise any very strong objection to the epitaph falsely supposed to have stood on his tomb. "Here lies Pietro Aretino, who spoke evil of every one except God. He never spoke evil of God, simply because he never knew Him."

If, then, the epitaph is just, why trouble to retell correctly the story of a bad life? Simply because, to put Pietro Aretino aside labeled and classified by an absolute moral judgment, to make him a scapegoat for the sins of his times, is to miss knowing a vivid and illuminating personality. To judge him sympathetically, to see his career as it appeared to himself and to many of his contemporaries, is to throw upon the society of the late Renaissance in Italy gleams of light comparable in revealing power to those which shine from the pages of Benvenuto Cellini. If the cobbler's son, who in an age of pedantry gained fame and fortune by an untrained pen; whom Titian painted out of close friendship; whose head Sansovino cast in the bronze doors of San Marco; of whom Ariosto wrote in *Orlando Furioso*, "Behold the Scourge of Princes, the divine Pietro Aretino;" to whom his native city gave the title *Salvator Patriæ*, and the King of France sent a gold chain of eight pounds' weight; whom a pope rose from his seat to receive with a kiss of welcome, and who by command rode in a stately procession in the post of honor at the Emperor's right hand, — if this man be a degenerate type, his degeneration cannot be diagnosed by a fixed moral judgment, for his character and career are symptomatic of the disease of his times.

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There is not space in this article to show Aretino as he was. And it seems wisest to speak of one side of his career, — the financial side. Balzac, in introducing his characters, seldom fails to tell us about their income; and to understand where Pietro got the money which supported the palace on the Grand Canal at Venice, in which for so many years he kept open house, is to begin to form a conception of the man. He coined it out of a reputation for a certain kind of skill with the pen which he had acquired when he came to Venice at the age of thirty-five.

A short account of his previous career will show what that reputation was. Pietro was born in Arezzo, in 1492, of a poor shoemaker and his wife, both, so far as we know, honorable people. He left his birthplace to seek his fortune, and after a stay in Perugia, went to Rome, where he found a patron in Agostino Chigi, the rich papal banker. From the house of Chigi he passed to the court of Leo X, that Pope "who enjoyed the papacy God had given him," spent eight thousand ducats a year on his kitchen, a hundred thousand in gaming and presents to court favorites, gave Michael Angelo six thousand for painting the Sistine Chapel, and showed equal zest for a hunting trip, a fresco of Raphael, an indecent comedy, a discussion between Bembo and Bibbiena, or the elaborate farce of a wild practical joke. In the cultivated company gathered in Leo's palace, Pietro soon made a place for himself among the best, — not by training, for he had none, but by the vigor of his language. A poet, known for skill in reciting improvised verses to the lute, mentions him among the famous men of Leo's court, Bembo, Castiglione, Sadolet, and others, as "a singer sweet and free, whose lithe tongue has the mastery, both of praise and blame." But, either because the men he knew were not laudable, or because his spirit was acrid, blaming evidently came easier to him than praising. A pastoral dialogue of the day makes one speaker advise the other, "Try your

best to have Aretino for your friend, because he is a bad enemy. God guard every one from his tongue."

In 1521 Leo died. Hate followed his bier. Every enemy of the Medici family and party took the ready arms of voice and pen. The cardinal Soderini thanked God in an oration for having delivered the church from Leo's tyranny. A letter from Rome reported, "no Pope since the Church of God existed has left a worse memory at his death, so much so that all Rome is saying, He came in like a fox, he lived as a lion (Leo), he died like a dog." These were, of course, the words of Leo's enemies, and the friends of his family rallied at once for defense. They had no time to lose over the dead. They looked to the future pope. The adherents of the Medici did all they could to force the election of Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, Leo's cousin with the bar sinister. While they struggled behind the closed doors of the conclave, Pietro waged a bitter fight for the family of his patron, issuing a series of mordant satires on the cardinals. The form he gave them foretells the vigorous originality of his talent. He never cared for the fashionable style and methods of the trained *littérateurs* of his day. His bent took him into unbeaten paths. Six times in his career he gave to a literary form, as yet but little used, new power and vogue. And now, while fighting for his patron like other bravi of the pen, he made the beginning of a fame which might be called Italian. Pietro was, so far as we know, the first man whose name became noted outside of Rome as a writer of Pasquinades.

His party lost, and an outsider, whose name had never brought any price in the pools the Romans eagerly sold on the election, was suddenly chosen. When the Pope elect crossed the Alps, and drew near to Rome, Pietro thought it wise to leave. Adrian was an honest priest and a stern ruler. He wanted to throw into the Tiber the stone image of Pasquino, to which the satires were fastened, and was only dissuaded by being told it was use-

less to try and drown Pasquino; "like a frog, he would talk out of the water." If the Pope could have laid hands on Pietro he certainly would have tried to see whether "the secretary of Pasquino" could talk out of a dungeon.

Pietro was not kept away from Rome long. Adrian died, to the great joy of Roman society, whose sons of Belial decorated his physician's door with laurel wreaths and the inscription *Salvator Patriæ*. A new golden age seemed to begin. The son of Lorenzo de' Medici was succeeded, after the brief pontificate of a Flemish barbarian, by the nephew of Lorenzo, Clement VII. The whole band of those who lived by their talents rejoiced that a pope representing the reactionary ideas of the Middle Ages was replaced by a man of progress, in touch with the times. Adrian had taken great interest in religion, and none in art. They hoped that Clement would not spend so much energy in promoting the old-fashioned virtues, that he would have none to spare for forwarding men of "Virtú" who could create with pen or chisel or brush things to please the mind or the taste.

The temper of the secretary of Pasquino was soothed by golden hopes, his dreaded and applauded tongue was still. His contemporaries were ill content with his silence. After color and form in the plastic arts, the Italians of the early sixteenth century seem to have found most pleasure in satire. And Aretino had shown himself able to give them a satire suited to their taste,—suggesting no ideals, without hope of reforms, so local and personal that it is hard for another generation to understand it,—no bitter passion of the soul, but just a delicate morsel for the intense *Schadenfreude* of the day. They called on him not to stop his career. What stood for the public of our day demanded something from his pen. A poet wrote in a dialogue between a Traveller and Marforio, the comrade of Pasquino: "*Traveller*: Marforio, since the day when this Pope was elected, your

brother Pasquino is grown almost dumb and Aretino no longer reproves vice. What have you to say about it? *Marforio* : Why, don't you know that Armellino has cut short Pasquino by giving him to understand that if he makes a sound they'll slit his tongue for him? So the poor chap does n't dare to breathe, much less talk. *Traveller* : Pietro Aretino, who is in such high favor, was taken with a mouthful of bait like a frog, and now he sings, but he does n't want to touch the court. That would be a mistake, because it is giving him means to play the swell like a baron," etc.

On the 7th of June, 1525, the secretary of the Marquis of Mantua wrote, "You promised several days ago to send some beautiful and pleasing compositions, made for Pasquino, and we have been continually in eager expectation because we want always to have some new fruit of your active talent. And we don't know why we suffer such dearth of them unless it is to make us more hungry for them," etc., etc. To which the Marquis added a postscript in his own hand: "Please M. Pietro send me some of your compositions, and kiss the feet of His Holiness for me — and I am entirely yours — entirely yours. The Marquis of Mantua."

These urgings, backed by the factional hatred of the court and perhaps by disappointment because Clement's gold did not flow his way fast enough, set Pietro's tongue free. Pasquino began to talk again; more particularly about the Datario Ghiberti, Clement's chief counselor. As a result, Pietro, riding alone one day, was dragged from his horse and left for dead, covered with dagger wounds. Everybody knew who had tried to kill him, — a certain Achilles della Volta of the household of the Datario Ghiberti, and years afterward Achilles, on trial for another deadly assault, confessed that he had stabbed Aretino. It was taken for granted by all Rome that the master had ordered the servant to avenge the insults of "the secretary of Pasquino;" an accusation which Ghiberti, years after-

ward, when Bishop of Verona, solemnly denied in a letter to the Marquis of Mantua. Aretino did his best to get the Pope to punish his assailant, but Achilles remained untouched in the household of Clement's chief counselor. Vowing vengeance, Pietro left Rome, and shortly afterwards settled in Venice, where he lived for twenty-nine years.

He was a born spendthrift. Money burned in his pockets and leaked through his fingers. And, like so many men who have the gift of language, he claimed the right of genius to have every desire satisfied. In 1537 he was spending, according to his own account, about a hundred ducats a month, living lavishly in a palace on the Grand Canal, with a household of twenty people. In 1542 he reckoned his receipts at eighteen hundred ducats a year. Little, if any, of this money was from the sale of his books. In his first volume of letters he includes one to his publisher, which says, "With the same good will with which I have given you the other works, I give you these few letters. . . . The only profit I wish is your testimony that I have given them to you. I wish, God willing, to get my pay for the fatigues of writing, not from the poverty of those who buy my books, but from the 'Cortesia' of Princes. Let him learn to be a merchant who seeks material gain, and practising the trade of a bookseller, lay aside the name of a poet. . . . So print my letters carefully and well, because I do not want any other return from you."

By the "Cortesia" of Princes, on which Pietro depended for his income, he means a magnanimous readiness to promote in every way the pleasure of a man of ability. It belongs to the character of a prince. Without it the monarch is lower than the merchant who has it. "It is a noble thing," he writes, "to love a woman; it is a divine thing to wish well to be a man of genius, because the love of genius is related to the love of God." His pages are full of praises of the divine trait of liberality to genius and invective against meanness. By "Servitù" which repaid "Cor-

tesia," he meant the moral duty of the man of genius to repay his patrons by immortality. He asserts that "the road of Cortesia leads to eternal glory." For he believed that his writings would give eternal glory to those mentioned in them, and he called himself "the secretary of the world." The belief was not too fatuous in one who was told in various forms by dozens of correspondents, "your benefits are of such a nature that they render immortal those who receive them." And the world of great men treated him like its secretary, with gifts of splendid garments, heavy gold chains, splendid plate, and streams of ducats. The man who was pensioned and complimented simultaneously by Henry VIII of England, Francis I of France, and the Emperor Charles V, might not unreasonably claim to hold a position of international authority in the world of letters.

For all the favors he received from his patrons Aretino paid to the best of his ability. It is difficult to see how adulation could be raised to a pitch higher than the tone of some of his letters. He writes to Antonio da Leyva: "It is not to be doubted that Antonio is more God than man, because if he was more man than God he would not have risen from a private position to be a prince, and from a mortal to an immortal. Everybody knows how much dignity Alexander gained from his being born of a King, and how much was added to Caesar because he was not descended from an Emperor. For which reason virtue, and not fortune, crowned him in the same way in which she will crown you. And very justly, because you have gained of yourself all that is in you. Therefore the fortunate Emperor ought to count the chief of his felicities, the possession of the good Leyva." It was rather difficult, of course, to keep on the same scale in a letter to Leyva's master, printed almost next to this, but Aretino was equal to the task. He tells the Emperor that, if the scroll on which he writes had a soul, it ought "to prefer itself to all the glorious scrolls of

the ancients, just because it is not read but merely touched by the friend of Christ, Charles Augustus, before whose merits the universe ought at once to bow. And certainly, as God has enlarged the world to give room to your merits, it is necessary for Him also to raise the sky because the space of the entire air is not large enough for the flight of your fame." He is able to touch the harp of flattery with a firm hand for private patrons also. He writes to Signor Severino Bonci who has shown toward him the royal virtue of magnificence in every sort of "Cortesia," "He is worthy of being deified in the eternity of memory as a terrestrial Jove." And he bids Signora Beatrice Pia, "exulting in the thought of the graces with which the grave qualities that make you illustrious, thrive in splendour, feel certain that you abound in such great perfection of your essential nature, that you could with the mere superfluity of such a divine gift change into goodness the imperfection of the being of all your sex."

But perhaps the masterpiece of the vast collection of flattery, of which the reader has only a few scattered specimens, is found in Aretino's dedication of his second volume of letters to Henry VIII. "O supreme Arbiter of peace and war, temporal and spiritual, do not be indignant that the Universe does not dedicate to you temples and erect to you altars as to one of the more sublime *numi* because the infinite number of your immense deeds keeps it confused, just as the sun would confound us if nature, taking it from its place, should place it close to our eyes."

In this exchange of "Servitù" for "Cortesia," Aretino was simply carrying into literature the relation of the mercenary soldier to his patron. And as the Swiss Guards of the Tuileries two centuries later felt bound to die for their bread, so Aretino felt bound to exalt and defend the glory of those who sustained his genius. He writes to Signor Luigi Gonzaga, "I was always, Signore, and always will be as faithful to my patrons as

to my friends, and unless I am given cause of offense, would rather die than attack the honour of another."

In thus hiring himself out as a giver of immortality, Aretino was playing on the common weakness of the men of his day, — an insatiable desire for fame. This craving for glory, which possessed the age like an infectious disease, was not the desire to be praised by those who knew, for doing well things worth doing — but a passion largely vulgar, — a thirst to be known among one's fellows for anything and everything; a material pride that made all ears itch for even the coarsest flattery. The liking for applause beset the men of the Renaissance. One has only to glance at a book which shows the best side of the society of the first generation of the sixteenth century, the *Cortigiano* of Castiglione, to see that he advises the perfect gentleman to be always, in every act of his life, playing to the gallery.

Aretino has given, perhaps, the most striking description of this characteristic passion of his age, — this thirst and hunger for praise which made fame seem almost like a material thing to be eaten and drunk. "I do not know the pleasure misers feel in the sound of the gold they count, but I know well that the blessed spirits do not hear music which is more grateful than the harmony which comes out of one's own praises. One feeds on it as in paradise the souls feed on the vision of God." He writes to the Cardinal of Trent at the baths, "Although it may be that crowds of friends, a swift succession of pleasures, harmony of instruments, the sight of jewels, the suavity of odours, the delicate folds of drapery, the pleasantness of books, the joyfulness of songs and agreeable conversation may not seem to you suited to your pious dignity — you can enjoy instead of such pastimes the thought of your own merits, recreating your senses and spirits with the goodness which all people perceive in you, for which grace all men bow before you, praise you, and watch you. Certainly there is no joy which surpasses the joy of

him who is not only known as good but is approved as the best."

It was the shrewd choice of a man who knew his public which led Aretino to give up the small gains of bookselling to levy heavy tribute on the inordinate vanity of the great men of his day.

And he would not sell flattery at retail. He writes Signore S. G.: "I have sent back the ten ducats to your friend, begging him on receiving back your gift to return the praises I gave you. Because it does not seem to me the part of an honest man to honour one who vituperates me as you would have vituperated me if I had accepted what is rather an alms given to a beggar than a present to a man of genius. Certainly those who buy fame must be generous minded, giving, not according to the rank of their soul, but as the condition of him to whom they give demands, because the poor ink has a hard task in trying to exalt the name which is weighed down as if by lead by every sort of demerits."

The passion for fame had another side, and the audacious cleverness of Aretino's scheme for coining his reputation cannot be appreciated until we have looked at it. The love of flattery seldom fails to breed an extreme touchiness. To the man greedy of adulation the time comes when one word of dispraise gives more pain than ten words of praise can give pleasure. If the Italian of the Renaissance was apt for satiric speech, he paid for his evil tongue by a thin skin, sensitive to every malicious breath. Even to-day among the Latin races, where the Renaissance flourished in its vigor, there is a lasting sense of wrong for verbal insult — "injuries," *oltraggi* — which the English-speaking race, used to a word and a blow, or to words forgotten, finds it hard to appreciate. And Aretino counted on this shrinking hatred of mordant words to bring in his tribute from those who thought the price of his praise too high.

He tried his hand with success at comedy, tragedy, letters, verse, religious works, and pornographic works, but his

specialty was *maldicentia*. It was admitted that he had the worst tongue in Italy. Nobody cared to feel the rough side of it. Every prince and lord in Europe whose name was mentioned in Italy was anxious to keep Aretino from commenting on those facts of his career or those traits in his character which would provoke cynical laughter. They were the more anxious not to become the theme of Aretino's wit because he was shrewd enough not to invent scandals. Those he uses in his satiric writings are either true or had become current in private talk.

From the time he went to Venice until his death, Aretino asserted that he had a divine mission, — to punish the vices of princes and expose the hypocrisy of priests. And one cannot turn over five pages of his letters without finding vague allusions to the crimes which haunt princely courts, and the vileness by which prelates rose to power at Rome. For example, promising to write regularly, he adds, "And in case I fail, put it down to the fault of a certain beastly desire to resemble princes, and not being able to do so with any other mask than that of lies, it may be that I make this promise, keeping it in the way they keep theirs." Asked by a preacher to define charity, he answers, "A friar's hood, because the shadow of its sanctity covers the multitude of the vile progeny of your hypocritical actions." A certain transaction he says would be dishonest "even among cardinals." "If," he writes to the Spaniard Don Luigi d' Avila, "from being Italian one could change into a Spaniard, as from being a Christian one can change into a priest," etc. Through all his letters runs a stream of such allusions to the meanness and bad faith of princes, or to the hypocrisy of all ranks in the church. These allusions in his published letters are, for the most part, vague. Occasionally, indeed, when the pay of one of his patrons had been too long delayed, he becomes more pointed. He writes to Count Massiliano Stampa: "It is so

difficult to decide, O Marchese, which is greater, the praise with which I exalt your honours or the trick with which you delude my hopes, that I keep silent about it, and in my silence I am sorrier for myself who believe in you than for you who trick me — because my trustfulness comes from a certain stupid simplicity of nature, and your cheating me comes from princely malevolence. Wherefore in such a matter I am more worthy of excuse than you of blame." And sometimes he names prelates who for him incarnate the hypocrisy he denounces in the church. But these passages, though not few among his published letters, would hardly have maintained, amidst the strong competition of the day, his reputation of having the most dangerous tongue in the world. This reputation, absolutely necessary for keeping at its highest figure the income he drew from his profession, he maintained in satiric verse and unpublished letters circulated, for the most part, in manuscript. By these less public writings he could cause fear without giving deadly offense, and if necessary he could disavow them.

The choice which Aretino presented to kings and great men was a very simple one. A eulogistic letter assured them of his desire to spread their fame and make them immortal. Not to accept the offer was to run the risk of being pilloried for the laughter of Italy. This literary mill, whose upper stone was flattery and its lower satire, squeezed from the vanity of men a steady stream of gold for its ingenious author. The plan was not entirely original. In the fifteenth century the sale of eulogy and invective had been common among the humanists, but Aretino first assembled and arranged the rude and elementary devices of his predecessors. And he drew from his machine a large income which enabled him to live in far better style than Erasmus, the acknowledged father and king of letters.

From the seventeenth century on, writers have expanded in severe epithets on the infamy of this system. One ob-

vious thing seems to have escaped them. If the system had seemed in its own day too infamous, it could not have been so successful. The utterances of a ribald blackmailer, looked down on by all honest men as infamous, could not have steadily flattered pride nor stirred fear. Nor did Aretino try to hide his practices. On the contrary, he made so clear an explanation of his system in letters he printed that we trace it entirely in them. And he is proud of his office as the "Scourge of Princes." His letters abound with passages like the following: "Believe me, I am the same good companion I was in old days, and my joyful amiability has grown with my growing reputation and ease of life. The weight of years would seem light to me if I were not fat. . . . For my increase of flesh, many attribute the fault to the happiness with which God has surrounded me, and the talents He has showered on me by His grace. And I confess it because mummies would be restored to life if the world continually visited them with tribute. And for that, I render thanks to Christ, because certainly these things are His gifts and not our merits." "If I were not worthy of any honour for the originality with which I give life to style, I merit at least a little glory for having forced truth into the ante-chambers and the ears of the great ones of the world to the shame of adulation and falsehood. And not to defraud my rank, I will quote the words which fell from the sacred mouth of the great Antonio da Leyva. 'Aretino is more necessary to life than sermons, for they direct

towards the right way only simple people, but his writings, men of birth and power.' " He is equally frank in showing the gains of his service and his willingness to sell either silence or speech. He speaks of "one of those presents which Princes often give me, I hardly know whether to say out of fear or out of liberality," etc. He often threatens "the vendettas of ink, more eternal than the offences of blood." "The stinginess of promises and the tenacity of avarice is a reason for acting badly, not simply for speaking badly, and if they don't look out I will put an ornament on the face of the name of somebody which shall stand for a sign until the Day of Judgment." He considered that he had done a great service to literature in systematizing this commercial use of invective and eulogy. He asserts that he is the "Redeemer of Genius who has returned her to her ancient place." "Her glory was dimmed by the shadows of the avarice of men of power, and before I began to lacerate their names men of genius begged the honest necessities of life. And if some one rose above the pressure of necessity, he did it as a buffoon and not as a person of merit. My pen, armed with its terrors, has brought matters to such a pass that the Signori coming to themselves have cherished great intellects with enforced 'Cortesias.' "

He left to posterity, as a proud record of glory, a medal which shows on the reverse Aretino seated while figures bring him gifts. The inscription reads, "Princes supported by the tribute of their people bring tribute to their servant."

MACHINE-MADE HUMAN BEINGS

BY MARY MOSS

BEYOND a handful of born leaders to whom being "different" has ever spelt distinction rather than disgrace, and a yet smaller group who find no prohibitive effort in the repulsive act of thinking, from time out of mind the mass of mankind has instinctively gravitated toward uniformity. Like the nineteen million logical descendants from Darwin's original pair of elephants, this tendency has hitherto been kept within bounds by time, space, and a few other natural enemies which we complacently accepted as permanent limits to human enterprise. Within the past quarter of a century, however, science applied to every-day life has practically nullified those barriers. We all vaguely remember what happened when the multiplying propensity of rabbits struck a too favorable environment. In the long run these catastrophes evolve their own remedies, — I forget how Australia was rescued, probably the small boy followed the rabbit, — but the mills of the gods grind slowly, and at our present stage of adjustment they seem to be grinding out a new and peculiarly insufferable product, — the machine-made human being.

It is true that Frankenstein once succeeded in manufacturing a man, but, working in an amateurish way, this inventor failed to provide a mate, and the machine-made race perished. A century later, human intellect in triumphant progress has perfected cheap production, reproduction, and distribution. These improvements straightway facilitated diffusion of knowledge and culture as imparted in public schools; likewise they have developed the department store (as a social and intellectual factor), the up-to-date newspaper and inexpensive, genteel magazine. These in turn, instead of temporarily animating one lay figure, are successfully putting upon the world

myriads of human beings who enter life with almost no handicap upon their passion for resembling one another.

Of course common tendencies have always existed, — witness that mystic recrudescence on a certain unspringlike February day of whip tops, which have long lain neglected in toy shop windows. No mild January sun had power to lure them forth, but when the sap began to rise, every urchin vibrated to racial promptings and hastened to buy a top. In the same way, vernal prickings instigate every woman to procure Spring headgear; that law is also cosmic. But here creeps in a difference, the note of a changed era. Owing to improved processes, she not only wants it, but she gets it. The new hat is at once generated for rich and poor alike. Syndicate newspapers, five and ten cent magazines carry the glad tidings to remote country villages. Nowhere will you find a maiden so mean-spirited as to wear the cast-off finery of her wealthier sister. Crowns were high last year, this year they are non-existent. Traveling salesmen see that demand is duly met. The same pace being set for every department of modern life, the influence wielded by modes is really unprecedented, although from the beginning of things dress, education, amusements, morals, and behavior have been swayed by irresponsible glacial movement.

To speak flippantly, even the Crusades might be classed as fads, — even those strange, heart-rending children's pilgrimages of the Middle Ages. Many religious movements, however genuine their inspiration, have a touch of the same hysterical taint. Coming to lesser instances, it was a fad of Marie Antoinette to milk her cows. Fine ladies were induced by fashion to learn maternal in-

stinets from a crabbed bachelor, not himself the best of fathers. The fainting, gaming, and ready tears of eighteenth-century heroines, duels about nothing in the early nineteenth, "Frazzling," that idiotic raveling of gold thread so piteously described by poor Caroline Bauer as the exasperating occupation of her morганatic spouse, — all of these were far sillier fashions than any which beset the present generation, not excepting Christian Science, or heavy masonry pergolas in small back yards. The point is that fashions to-day have gained a distinctly new and baleful authority simply because the most efficient contemporary effort is applied to stimulating them and to hastening their diffusion. Addison wrote, in 1711, "A man who takes a journey into the country is as much surprised as one who walks into a gallery of old family pictures, and finds as great a variety of garbs and habits in the persons he converses with." The *Spectator* goes on to tell how "a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than Cornwall. I have heard that the Steenkirk (a military cravat dating from the battle nineteen years before) arrived but two months ago at Newcastle." In sober truth, it took longer for Edinburgh to hear the news of Waterloo than it now does for Freeland, Pennsylvania, to learn that white was worn at the Grand Prix. After that Freeland also wore white till an English duchess came out in scarlet, upon which, by some magic *tour de force* in the dry goods trade, Freeland immediately turned geranium color. Formerly, even in great cities, a fashion required some time to permeate the masses; now a fresh mode strikes the whole continent broadside, reaching all classes simultaneously. The Plaza, Madison Avenue, the Tenderloin and Rivington Street all wear the same costume at Easter, varying only in fineness of material, not a whit in general effect. The cunningest Héloïse or Annette in her Fifth Avenue "Petit Paris," strive as she may, cannot keep her one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar "confection" one

little move ahead of apparel marked "Four ninety-eight" in Fourteenth Street, and "One ninety-eight" on the Bowery. Nor does it stop there. In the department stores of small fresh-water towns, the ready-made "gown" of April, 1904, revealed fully as much beribboned underwear through its curtain lace transparencies as the gayest "smart little frock" in a Twenty-Third Street window. And those frocks, without the slightest regard for becomingness, or heed for the disastrous state of their filmy textures after a few Sunday trolley trips or Saturday afternoon picnics, swept the continent like prairie fire.

Uniform dress again merely illustrates a universal condition which has blighted every pursuit and amusement, till by dint of increased facility for doing precisely what our neighbors are doing, — neighbors in California, Bangor, London, Grand Rapids, Vienna, and the Rocky Mountains, — we stand an excellent chance of attaining absolute sameness. It has already come to pass that the inconvenient pariah clinging to an individual taste fares no better than the lonely man whose sole topic was the Prophet Habakkuk. To prove this, only ask at any well-equipped shop for a garden seed, a game, a shade of ribbon, or a book not in actual vogue. In the city of Philadelphia, not famous for pace, you might as well expect to find calashes or loaf sugar as to buy at first or second hand one copy of *Robert Elsmere*. Following the mode, on the contrary, has grown so easy that, moving in the direction of least resistance, we are fast reaching a complete abdication of individual rights, a sheeplike acceptance of every diversion, form of instruction, or way of life labeled "the latest." And after all, instead of making us freer, these material advances have ended by creating a power which is relentlessly herding us into flocks and droves, to be led hither and yon without our exercising a spark of independent volition.

It is superfluous to hint at the bearing of this upon our politics. My perception

of its effect upon the stage was rendered articulate by a popular continuous performance at one of the showiest theatres in a city whose inhabitants have passed the million.

Stylish, prosperous adults filled the house. There were beautiful picture hats, immaculate ostrich plumes, lace blouses, jewels real, as well as *articles de Paris*. Men and women sat in well-fed content without apparent wish to lynch the box-office man, or otherwise testify their sense of having been buncoed. A magician came first. After watching attentively to the end of his turn, I was at a loss to decide whether his exhibition was meant to puzzle, or to lay bare the whole mystery of parlor magic. Hearty applause! Next, a ventriloquist. The skill of this artist rose to the level of a fair Punch and Judy show. It might have imposed upon an average child under ten. The stage was peopled with clumsy manikins, not even marionettes; the ventriloquist slapped these quite often, and they replied with facetious repartee. His jokes were stale beyond belief, but a thoroughly docile audience greeted every sally with approval. The ventriloquist then wound up by dancing a cakewalk with a life-sized black doll which he carried in his arms. The audience seemed greatly pleased. Enter six young ladies dressed like a mill girl's vision of luxury, one pretty, five decidedly plain. With the aid of six dreary youths they sang, or rather squeaked, the most banal, tuneless ditty in voices both thin and flat. At the fifth encore I left, although an acrobat, an entertainer, and eleven other acts were still to come.

Such a spectacle must leave any thoughtful person wondering why grown men and women liked so tame and worthless a hotchpotch. Decent it was, but no domestic evening with the Halma board under Bernard Shaw's family lamp could possibly have been duller. Liked it! There lies the crux. Had they ever stopped to consider whether they liked it or not? Was one spectator capable of indepen-

dently liking anything so abstract as a show? The women would as readily dream of questioning the fashion in coiffure, or of rebelling against the prevailing outline for head, foot — or midriff! Correspondingly, that part of them which is not body (neither mind nor soul seems an exact definition) submits with equal docility to the prevailing amusement. Nor were the escorts more impatient or discriminating, although, judged by the splendor of their womenkind, many of them must have been shrewd business men. But here, once more, the machine rules. Carried along by mechanical contrivances and the elaborate organization of commerce, a man is now compelled to move rapidly, but in grooves. He depends upon a stenographer with a manifold typewriter. He remembers with a mimeograph; he exists by grace of system and card catalogues. Over-specialized along one line and totally undeveloped in every other direction, taken off his own ground, at a play for instance, he is all abroad. Yet any ordinarily sensible merchant or broker should be qualified by mere living to reach some opinion of his own about the doings of fellow creatures, even upon the stage. But away from his office, our merchant can only flounder. Send him to 33 West Fifty-Sixth Street, and his trained mind directs him to the exact spot; but caught out of town, he could steer no approximate course by the points of the compass. Apart from business, he takes all of life on faith, guided by the sign, "Standing Room Only."

Next to clothes and recreation, nothing, not even education, is more subject to fashion than literature. Listen in any public library: something like this is bound to happen several times an hour.

Customer. *Lady Rose's Daughter*, please.

Librarian. Not a copy in. What would you like instead?

Customer. Well, I don't much care. *Pigs in Clover* and the *Simple Life*, or any of the new books.

Librarian. None in. Did you ever read Mrs. Ward's *Eleanor*?

Customer. No, I missed that.

Librarian. Six copies are in now, shall I —

Customer (justly incensed, as if plied with stale eggs or ancient oysters). . . . That! Me read a last year's book!

I who write saw one and the same damsel, after demanding the *Wings of a Dove* and *Dorothy Vernon* (books of the year), roundly snub the librarian for suggesting the *Awkward Age* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* (unread works of the same authors), and finally depart in content with Gorky's "latest," *Mrs. Wiggs*, and the *Valley of Decision*. To that girl books were as little a matter of choice as the weather, as evanescent as omelette soufflé; and owing to accelerated facilities for distribution, every visit to the library only intensified her conception of literature.

Again, I confess, there is nothing new in this but the pace. Hand-made processes took a little time, time enough for an individual here and there to find personal satisfaction ministered to in one direction, thwarted in another. There was leisure for palates to register a flavor. Our brisker methods have now brought about a grotesque condition. They have moulded a populace much alike in mass, but whose separate development utterly lacks homogeneity. The rabbis of old held up as an aim in life "unending variations of mind and the difference of facial expression." We, on the other hand, positively glory in an attrition which can only make for odious regularity. At the same time, our advanced educational institutions are laboriously teaching children how to be individual, if you please! And pages of magazines are devoted to formulas for achieving originality. Set down in cold print, these two statements savor of satirical invention. Would they were not literal fact!

There can be no more pertinent example of this unequal development than the faultlessly elegant appearance of

those young ladies who abound in suburban trains, at matinées, and watering-places. Since the human nail was popularized by the discovery of manicuring in the early eighties, their well-kept hands carry out the deception of their faultless attire. In a few instances, owing to a wide acquaintance with the uniform elocution now practiced upon the stage, their voices are dropping from the nose to the chest register. It is true that pre-digested pedagogy has fostered youth's inborn dislike to mental effort to the point of leaving their ordinary speech at least — shaky — in grammar; but a liberal range of general culture is supplied by daily advertisements which keep them posted in anniversaries of important events, while Mr. David Belasco, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and other educators constantly open up over-grown historical vistas. (Is there a saleslady on the Atlantic slope unfamiliar with the touching story of Madame Du Barry?) The pianola tribe, along with vaudeville and department store concerts, keep them in touch with the musical world. Thanks to an observation trained in Nature Study courses, they can foretell the approach of Christmas by holly-decked bulk windows. From their outer shell it is a pardonable error to suppose them civilized, yet if their actual grade of *Bildung* were expressed in clothes, these seeming princesses could be with difficulty told from avowed barbarians. Yet these future mothers of our nation have ideals of their own, and are spiritedly sincere in the pursuit of them, and, unfortunately, they are entirely successful in acquiring an impermeable veneer which effectually protects the amazing rawness within from any ripening gleam of genuine development. Consequently our public unprotestingly accepts upholstery drama, costume novels, machine-made music, high feather ruffs one summer, open-work lace collars the next winter, in a mood of machine-made content, till the whimsical paradox is reached. Collectively, they rush after whatever is labeled

new; as units they balk at anything not approved by their fellows. The New may be as hoary as the "continuous" jokes; the Old as little known as the wit of Charles Lamb or Sidney Smith.

Of course, we may comfort ourselves with platitudes: "It is never wise to attempt swimming upstream." This current which bears us along with distracting haste may ultimately serve some good purpose. Indeed, one true point of light here and there struggles to be seen, but the magnificent machine-made organization of our society hurries to snuff it out.

Among the barely tolerated immigrants who complicate our social condition, there come backward folk from the Old World, with backward, hand-made tastes and traditions. A "Dago" woman of the first generation is contemptibly indifferent to fashion. Strict sumptuary laws would in no way infringe upon her personal liberty. Thickset and comfortable, she wears a short, full skirt, while the slim, sophisticated "American" lady on the next floor draggles a yard of sinuous train. But that sturdy peasant woman knows strange and graceful choric figures, far superior to the ugly, indecorous cakewalk and high kicking which to her daughter will represent the worship of Terpsichore. Her husband, too, can tune a violin and play on it charming strains brought from his native land. Italians still love *Funiculi Funicula*, at least—a contemporary of *Whoa Emma!* and far older than *Ta Ra Ra Boum De Aye!* both of which, after the merciful habit of American and English topical songs, failed to weather their second summer.

When families named Malatesta or Ricciotti go to a theatre, instead of passively enduring jerky and unmeaning vaudeville, they follow with consecutive attention stories of Charlemagne and his Paladins, finding nothing tiresome or

ridiculous in the words "Morire pro Patria, Morire pro Honore."

The Hun also brings his fiddle, and if you know where to seek it, you may sit on a huge *duvet* and listen while Mr. Ondrecek or Mr. Lipsack reels off, not rag-time, but *czardas*, music, real music! And neighbors, gathering outside in the dusk, also listen with enjoyment, drifting at last into a national dance, till little Rosie, who attends public school and is "learning," scornfully remarks, "That old back number! Can't he give us *Mr. Dooley*?"

With the Italians again, in camps of berry pickers where whole communities rough it for the harvest weeks, you will find groups of men lying on the earth after their day's work, clustering about a fat pine fire, eagerly following the classic narrative of an improvisator.

In the Bowery, a Yiddish company lately gave—*Monna Vanna!* Not because manager or players thought it a paying piece, but from an abstract ambition to keep abreast with the best contemporary art. And while in this case the audience were not entirely in sympathy (giving only six recalls after the curtain), as a rule, the Eastern Jew—Russian, Pole, Roumanian—brings to the theatre a serious appreciation for serious drama, a toleration for mental effort, a willingness to exercise individual judgment in his amusements.

Until assimilated by our civilization, all these "inferior" peoples have power of attention, capacity for interest in interesting things. This is the wail of an avowed pessimist. I see no way to stem the tide of hateful similarity, unless, indeed, some optimist can devise a check by which fragments of a precious inheritance may be preserved to our uses, before the hoarded tradition of centuries is ground up and dispersed by the baneful leveler of our comfortable, flavorless, machine-made existence.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD : BOOKS AND THE HOUR

BY H. W. BOYNTON

I

HOWEVER plaintive one may grow at times over the neglect of greatness by its own age, one must note that a great man often owes his first hold upon posterity to the enthusiasm of his surviving contemporaries; or, if not his first, his best hold. The younger critic is at a disadvantage in dealing with writers of the generation just past; for here is a fame not quite old enough to be established, not quite new enough to give a fresh intelligence free swing. The older critic is himself a part of his theme. He has had his chance of original impression. He recalls the first appearance of *Sartor Resartus*, or of *Bells and Pomegranates*. He has had, it may be, some direct or indirect acquaintance with the man himself. *Virgilium vidi tantum*: the mellow effectiveness of criticism so inspired can hardly be overset by any brilliant contrary-mindedness on the part of the younger generation.

The complementary value of these two methods of approach has been well illustrated by two recent studies of Browning. Mr. Chesterton's book was a brilliant performance in the not altogether grateful rôle of the contrary-minded. Professor Dowden has produced¹ a study based upon a more intimate, long-standing, and cordial knowledge of the man and his work. The result is a critical biography of Browning, altogether the most valuable that has as yet been produced. Mrs. Orr is, of course, drawn upon largely for facts, but Mr. Dowden's interpretation of them is quite his own. It is, however, by delicate shadings, rather than by bold strokes, that the Browning whom he paints for us is distinguished from the

portraits which we already have from other hands. Especially happy is the present treatment of that relation in Browning's life to which public attention has been so recently and so unduly redirected.

Mr. Dowden's criticisms, considerable both in quantity and in quality, are interwoven with the narrative, and so presented, effectively illustrate the development of the poet's art. From this point of view much work commonly rated as immature, minor, or decadent, assumes significance. Now and then it seems that the critic is a trifle over-influenced by the prepossession of the biographer. "*Pauline*," he says, "is a poem from which Browning ought not to have desired to detach himself. Rarely does a poem by a writer so young deserve better to be read for its own sake. It is an interesting document in the history of its author's mind. It gives promises and pledges which were redeemed in full. It shows what dropped away from the poet and what, being an essential part of his equipment, was retained. It exhibits his artistic method in the process of formation. It sets forth certain leading thoughts which are dominant in his later work. . . . The poem is dramatic, yet, like so much of Browning's later work, it is not pure drama coming from profound sympathy with a spirit other than the writer's own; it is only hybrid drama, in which the *dramatis persona* thinks and moves and acts under the necessity of expounding certain ideas of the poet."

But Professor Dowden is by no means rigidly bound to the historical method. At times he detaches himself to such effect as this, apropos of *Pacchiarotto*: "But vigour alone does not produce poetry, and it may easily run into a kind of good-humoured effrontery. . . . There is a little too much in all this of the robust Herakles sending his great voice be-

¹ *Robert Browning*. By EDWARD DOWDEN. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

fore him. An author ought to be aware that no pledge to admire him and his writings has been administered to every one who enters the world, and that as sure as he attracts, so surely must he repel. . . . Browning's good-humoured effrontery in his rhymes expects too much good-humour from his reader, who may be amiable enough to accept rough and ready successes, but cannot often be delighted by brilliant gymnastics of sound and sense. In like manner it asks for a particularly well-disposed reader to appreciate the wit of Browning's retort upon his critics: 'You are chimney-sweeps,' he sings out in his great voice, 'listen! I have invented several insulting nicknames for you. Decamp! or my housemaid will fling the slops in your faces.' This may appear to some people to be genial and clever. It certainly has none of the exquisite malignity of Pope's poisoned rapier. Perhaps it is a little dull; perhaps it is a little outrageous."

Mr. Benson's *Rossetti*¹ is one of the most satisfying of the later issues in the English Men of Letters Series. It is less brilliant than some of its predecessors, but it is apparently based upon more thorough original investigation, and composed with greater deliberation. In spite of its brevity, therefore, it deserves more attention than the ordinary biographical sketch. The author's manner of approaching his theme is reassuring. He promptly disclaims the common view of Rossetti as "an affected, decadent, fantastic figure, posturing in a gloomy *danse macabre*, or wandering in an airless labyrinth of poisonous loveliness." Rossetti is here to be pictured rather as "a brave, genial, robust personality, which, sadly as its early brightness was dimmed by the years, still kept its gaze resolutely on the ultimate hope, the further issue, the central vision." Nor are we to be allowed to retain illusions as to the outward man. He was, it seems, a short, stout,

¹ *Rossetti*. By ARTHUR C. BENSON. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

shabby figure of a man, rather fond of slang, broad humor, and loud laughter; whose talk was at all times "plain, brisk, sensible, pungent, and vigorous." There was nothing of the prophet about him, nothing of the poseur. There was, to be sure, a touch of mystery in the authority which he seemed to possess over even the strongest spirits with whom he came in contact. "This magnetism," says Mr. Benson, "dominated Morris absolutely for a time, it determined the art of Burne-Jones, it upset Ruskin, it profoundly affected Mr. Swinburne's poetry. . . . He laid no snares for other natures; but in his presence his conceptions and aims naturally presented themselves to others as the conceptions and aims most worth striving for." Mr. Benson's treatment of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and its work is discreetly sympathetic. He has no liking for the extravagances and *morbidez* to which the movement led, but he discerns its origin in a true instinct of youth. The *Germ* faithfully expresses that instinct: "It is all fragrant of sincere and enthusiastic youth and artistic purpose. It suggests a whole background of ardent impulsive figures, inspired by a generous emotion, and determined to see things with their own eyes, and to say them in their own way." The outward beauty which Rossetti saw brought him no abiding sense of peace. For the sake of Rossetti as a man we must, with Mr. Benson, deplore the limitation of his ideal; nevertheless, it is an ideal worth embodying in art, and Rossetti gave it a true embodiment.

One may naturally, though not very reasonably, connect the name of Mr. Yeats with that of Rossetti. Both are poets of cult, if not of coterie; and there the resemblance ends, if we are to believe Mr. Yeats. Rossetti was not a pure mystic, and his lack of instinct for symbolic expression was, says Mr. Yeats, so marked as to disqualify him for the editorship of Blake. To the younger poet mysticism, poetry, and symbolism appear to be almost synonymous terms. A recent brief

study of his personality and work¹ will be of value to many persons who have but a vague notion of what he has done and what he stands for. A cult is likely to have its devotees and its scoffers; Mr. Krans fortunately belongs to neither class. He displays a sympathetic understanding of Mr. Yeats's mysticism, his belief in magic, his love of symbols. He is, meanwhile, calmly observant of the paradoxes, the lapses from taste and from common sense, the special addictions, which belong to the chosen method. "After all allowances have been made, there remains a not inconsiderable part of his work that is darkened by a recondite imagery which for him, no doubt, has a meaning, — for no one would dare to appear so meaningless unless he felt he meant a great deal, — but to the rest of mankind conveys no idea, induces no mood, and is at most a perspicuous gloom." The specific service which, independently of his methods, Mr. Yeats may be seen to be doing is to promote a movement "against that externality in life of which the theatre of the day is the great monument. . . . In the Ireland of to-day Mr. Yeats is important as the leader in a literary awakening that may go far toward bringing into being what Ireland most needs. — a cultivated national public."

II

It is a favorite theory of Mr. Yeats that the poetry of the coterie and the poetry of the people are really the same poetry; while what is commonly known as popular poetry is only the poetry of the middle classes. Longfellow he numbers among producers of this kind of poetry; and, what is more surprising, Burns. Whittier, in many respects more like Burns than like Longfellow, he would doubtless re-

fer to the same category. One can see truth in this contention about middle-class poetry. It is not of the highest order; the average reading person, represented by the middle class, is baffled by the highest. He must have his poetry made in simple and obvious forms to fit his simple and direct habit of thought and feeling. But though Whittier's poetry was not of the subtlest or of the richest, it was genuine; and it is not a merely middle-class sentiment which cherishes the poet's memory. His biographer has just produced a volume² containing a good deal of interesting information about the places which Whittier poetized. The purpose of the book, as the sub-title shows, is sufficiently modest. It aims to be a handbook. But it contains, also, some literary relics, the value of which is mainly autobiographical; the most interesting of them are written in a playful vein, the quality of which indicates, to say truth, good humor in the man rather than creative humor in the poet.

Among other recent books of the gleanings sort is a volume of material connected directly or indirectly with that famous resort of French *émigrés*, Juniper Hall.³ The book is handsomely made, and has some interesting pictures, notably a portrait of Fanny Burney here first published. It will be of special interest to the student of eighteenth-century history, but contains not a little which concerns the general reader.

Both of these classes will be appealed to by the recently published Ford lectures of Sir Leslie Stephen.⁴ Their composition was completed when the critic's health had begun to fail, and they were delivered and sent through the press by his nephew, Mr. Herbert Fisher. Sir Leslie's work might have had a more showy conclusion, but it could hardly have had a more fitting

¹ *William Butler Yeats, and the Irish Literary Revival*. By HORATIO SHEAFE KRANS. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

² *Whittier - Land: A Handbook of North Essex*. By SAMUEL T. PICKARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

³ *Juniper Hall*. By CONSTANCE HILL. New York: John Lane. 1904.

⁴ *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century*. By Sir LESLIE STEPHEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

one. His distinction lay in the quiet precision with which he arrived at and expressed perfectly independent judgments. Under the consulship of Dobson the literary eighteenth century has been subjected to sufficiently minute examination. To the research of others Sir Leslie doubtless owes much of the careful knowledge upon which his generalizations are built; but the firmness and breadth of his judgments belong to no one else. The union of common sense and imagination has issue in a sense altogether uncommon. Stephen was as incapable of the merely robust as of the merely fanciful. His thought is both fine and direct, and his style, even to that favorite weapon of irony, expresses the essential fineness and directness of his impulse.

The present lectures are based upon a belief that the historical method of criticism is, on the whole, the most fruitful; and that one of the facts most clearly proved by such a method is the close relation between the social life of any given period and its literature. Sir Leslie has no little admiration for the temper of the eighteenth century: "the century, as its enemies used to say, of coarse utilitarian aims, of religious indifference and political corruption; or, as I prefer to say, the century of sound common sense and growing toleration, and of steady social and industrial development." The literary product of the century was what conditions made it; and of course the spirit of conservatism ruled. "It did not generate that stimulus to literary activity due to the dawning of new ideas and the opening of wide vistas of speculation." It produced, however, a literature of practical efficiency, uttering, with singular distinctness, "the beliefs prevalent in the social stratum to which the chief writers belonged."

III

Sir Leslie's development of this theory, as it is borne out by specific instances, is well worth following, and his conclusion is striking: "The watchword of every

literary school may be brought under the formula, 'Return to Nature;' though Nature receives different interpretations." To Pope and Addison it meant the Nature of the Wit; to Richardson and Fielding the Nature of the middle-class John Bull; to Scott, "his 'honest gray hills' speaking in every fold of old traditional lore;" to Wordsworth the Nature of the peasant and uneducated man; and so forth. In short, the "Return to Nature" means the discovery of a literary type best expressing "the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society. The great author must have a people behind him; utter both what he really thinks and feels and what is thought and felt most profoundly by his contemporaries. As the literature ceases to be truly representative, and adheres to the conventionalism of the former period, it becomes 'unnatural,' and the literary forms become a survival instead of a genuine creation."

Such a generalization ought, it seems, to help us in arriving at a sound opinion of contemporary literature. What does the Return to Nature mean to us? What sort of writing now expresses "the really vital and powerful currents of thought which are moulding society"? Is it journalism, or scientific writing, or literary dogmatism, or poetry? Evidently it is not elegance; the wit, or man of cultivated taste, had his day in the nineteenth century as well as in the eighteenth. He still has an audience, but he does not, even in his own fancy, stand for what is vital and powerful in modern life. His qualms and niceties are quite beside the mark to a generation of plain blunt men hot on the trail of the dollar, the microbe, and the Filipino. Such a writer as Vernon Lee can hardly, even with the help of Browning, be made to seem a quite live and modern person. A cultivated woman of letters and of the world, she produces a superior kind of boudoir literature. Her latest essays¹ display the technical

¹ *Hortus Vite*. By VERNON LEE. New York: John Lane. 1904.

skill, the evidences of a well-stored and ingenious mind, the carefully attenuated humor, the simplicity *à la mode*, with which her former books have made us familiar. It is all very clever, versatile, and finished; but one is not sure whether it is the product of a true, though faint, creative impulse, or of mere literary habit. Certainly there has never been an age to which mere refinement and the literary habit have seemed more impertinent. Nature means to us something very different: now the Nature of the mystic, now that of the *épiciër*, now that of the scientist; never that of the dilettante.

A more than local impulse is suggested by the Irish literary movement, which is, indeed, in most essentials European rather than Irish. There is much to irritate the hardy mind in current expressions of mysticism *via* symbolism; there is something of wholesomeness, however, in the goad which, as a reaction against immediate conventions, it succeeds in applying. Moreover, a clearer definition, a more indubitable creative impulse, is evident in the prose essays of a Maeterlinck than in those of a Vernon Lee. The devotee is, after all, more in our line than the connoisseur; for his purpose, if not his method, is sure to be more to the point, though the concrete value of the point remain in doubt. I am not sure what the title of M. Maeterlinck's new book means,¹ unless it may signify the contact of a mystical intelligence with the Garden of Life and the Garden of Letters. I miss the meaning of several of the essays here collected, and disagree with a large part of what I seem to understand. But I am sincerely glad to have read the book, much of which, after all, is perfectly simple, direct, and spiritually, if not intellectually, sound. M. Maeterlinck has an interest in the active world which most of his brother symbolists lack; and special enthusiasms for the things of the active world: for dueling with the sword,

democracy, the automobile, to suggest the substance of a few of the present papers. One turns with special interest to the essay on the *Modern Drama*, and the interest increases as one perceives that it is in no obvious sense a defense of his own work. Modern life, he holds, no longer affords material for tragedy; it lacks the atmosphere, the glamour, which make so much for the effect of such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*. As for modern drama, inevitably "its scene is a modern house, it passes between men and women of to-day. The names of the invisible protagonists — the passions and ideas — are the same, more or less, as of old. . . . But how great is the difference we find in the aspect and quality, the extent and influence, of these ideal actors. Of all their ancient weapons not one is left them, not one of the marvelous moments of olden days. It is seldom that cries are heard now; bloodshed is rare, and tears not often seen. It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fire, that the joys and sorrows of mankind are decided. We suffer, or make others suffer, we love, we die, there in our corner." Modern drama has, therefore, been forced to look to the treatment of psychological or moral problems. But action, not psychology or morals, is the end to be sought by the dramatist; and the moral problems treated upon the stage have been connected with conventional ideas of duty. M. Maeterlinck sees in the prospect of a more resolute struggle of charity and justice against egoism and ignorance, the only hope for "a new theatre, a theatre of peace, and of beauty without tears."

Even more clearly in the final essay does M. Maeterlinck's sturdy optimism make itself heard. It is striking that this dreamer should base his hopes for the future upon the efficacy of reason. "We no longer believe," he triumphantly concludes, "that this world is as the apple of the eye of one God who is alive to our DE MATTOS. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

¹ *The Double Garden*. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK: Translated by ALEXANDER TEIXERA VOL. XCIV - NO. DLXII

slightest thoughts; but we know that it is subjected to forces quite as powerful, quite as alive to laws and duties which it behooves us to penetrate. That is why our attitude in the face of the mystery of these forces has changed. It is no longer one of fear, but one of boldness. It no longer demands that the slave shall kneel before the master or the creator, but permits a gage as between equals, for we bear within ourselves the equal of the deepest and greatest mysteries."

Such writing as this cannot possibly appeal to middle-class sympathies. If a numerical constituency counts, M. Wagner is far more representative than M. Maeterlinck. *By the Fireside*¹ will doubtless be as popular as its forerunners. It is deliberately didactic and undisguisedly sentimental, and its opinions are based upon precisely those notions of conventional duty the need of which, by M. Maeterlinck's showing, the world has outgrown. These intimate homilies on the conduct of life seem, indeed, to be always sure of an audience. Another excellent book of the day treats of work,² as M. Wagner's treats of home life. It is admirable in its kind, restrained in sentiment, simple and vigorous in style. Perhaps there is nothing new in it, but, since it is the expression of a distinct personality, there is nothing trite either. Unfortunately its title is of a sort to warn off indolent persons, so that, as is commonly the case, one supposes, with such books, it will be read most by those who need it least.

IV

Of a far sterner sort is the book by Mrs. Gilman³ on the same theme. This, we see at the outset, is to be no mere literary effusion, no mere product of individual reflection. It represents, indeed, still another current notion as to what the Re-

turn to Nature means. A glance at the table of contents intimates plainly that such things as psychology, sociology, and political economy are in the wind. Our noses are at once applied to the scientific grindstone. We learn what a concept is, and wonder that we have so long been indifferent to it. We have interesting illustrations of what the concept can do by way of interpreting incidents of which poets have loosely prated: "An excellent proof of the power of concepts compared with conditions is given in the heroism of William Phelps, the Indianapolis negro. Two colored men were at work in a great boiler, riveting. Some person by accident turned on the steam. Hot steam as a material condition is quite forcible, and the two men started for the ladder. But Phelps, who was foremost, was arrested by a concept. He stepped back, saying to the other, 'You go first — you're married!' Even in that comparatively undeveloped brain, a group of concepts as to Duty and Honour were stronger modifiers of conduct than boiling steam." The description appears to be not without humor, whether conscious or otherwise. Elsewhere, an impatient habit of generalization compromises the effectiveness of the book both from the literary point of view and as a scientific study. It is all very well for the lady writer to say, "A flourishing society can maintain more fools than any savage period could afford." But when she proceeds, with such dicta for authority, to nudge us toward the conclusion that nothing that is right, we begin to surmise that at least there is much to be said on both sides. There is not a little cleverness in the book, much raw output of intellect; but so little literary quality that the substance of the work may be had pretty satisfactorily from the summaries which are methodically prefixed to the several chapters.

¹ *By the Fireside*. By CHARLES WAGNER. Translated from the French by MARY LOUISE HENDEE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

² *Work*. By HUGH BLACK, M. A. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 1904.

³ *Human Work*. By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The latest venture of that talented and irrepressible, irresponsible Mr. H. G. Wells¹ displays less irascibility, though hardly less common sense. Seldom has there been given a more brilliant display of intellectual pyrotechnics. The book is remarkable, as his other speculative books have been, for the extreme mental agility employed, and for the perfect confidence with which the author erects rapid inference into philosophical truth. As he Jamesily admits, he is "remarkably not qualified to assume an authoritative tone in these matters;" but there is hardly a department of philosophy or science into which, during the course of these inquiries, he fails to insert his wandering mental proboscis. He succeeds in doing whatever clever assurance, not always attended by common sense, can hope to do. Those who have read the volume of papers called *Anticipations*, published a year or two ago, will know what to expect from this book, which is intended for a sort of sequel or complement thereof. In connection with a pamphlet called the *Discovery of the Future*, Mr. Wells intends these two books to present "a general theory of social development and of social and political conduct." One is not sure that something of the kind is not actually presented, but the pages so bristle with theory and sparkle with epigram as to leave the outline of the alleged theory somewhat thin. Where a tangency does not offer, a contiguity often suffices to create a diversion. Diverting the book is, and suggestive as a parcel of fragmentary surmises may be. It is hardly possible for the reader to be side-tracked, as there is no clearly marked main line of thought to follow. All sorts of trouble is found with modern society, and all sorts of novel specifics are recommended; but I do not see what in the way of coherent analysis or construction is to be had from the book.

It is a relief to turn from it to such a study as Professor Shaler's,² in which

¹ *Mankind in the Making*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

scientific observation is made the basis of reasoning rather than of speculation, and the attempt is to convince rather than to startle. The specific aim is "to array certain tolerably evident facts concerning the conditions of development and of contact of the diverse tribes and races of men with a view to providing foundation for some considerations as to the way in which various grievous evils of human intercourse may be remedied." The writer has further "endeavored to apply certain observations on those contact phenomena to two various race problems, those presented by the intercourse of the Jews and the Negroes with the people of our own race." Professor Shaler's treatment of these questions is broad and unhurried. Now and then it seems that he is making a somewhat ponderous statement of minor or obvious truths; but he does well, on the whole, to leave the light glancing style to brilliant amateurs like Mr. Wells. His suggestions toward a method of handling American race problems are, when the fit moment arrives, concretely stated. The tribal sense must be suppressed; and intelligent study of the causes of racial difference must supplant prejudice. At the same time, certain precautions are to be taken against unnatural admixtures, physical or social. Black and white blood are not to be mingled; and immigration is to be so far restricted as to exclude those (except the Jews) whose racial strain is altogether different from ours; and such of our own race as have shown themselves worthless. As for the black race, Mr. Shaler believes that "a considerable part of them will be found very well fitted for the more serious duties of citizenship, and that with fit help in education and incentive somewhere near half of them can be uplifted to a plane where they will contribute to the quality of the state. Of the remainder, the most that can be hoped is that they will make useful laborers. In this lower group there is a

² *The Neighbor*. By N. S. SHALER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

remnant, probably not five per cent of the whole black population, which retains so much of the primitive brute that it cannot be turned to account."

There is much to be had from such a book as this. Literature in the narrower sense it is not; nevertheless, it is within the bounds of possibility that it may appear more true to Nature as this age sees it, more suggestive of "the really vital and powerful currents" of modern life than most of the pretty things we succeed in producing in the name of pure literature.

LETTERS, DIARIES, AND REMINISCENCES. 1800-1850

FEW men well known in the social and political life of their time — a time abounding in published memorials of all kinds — had been till the other day so entirely forgotten as Thomas Creevey. Since the publication of the *Creevey Papers*¹ the editor has told of a visit paid by him to a lady who had just completed her hundredth year, and who at once greeted him with: "People keep asking me, Who was Creevey? Why, dear me! I recollect when I was a young woman, seventy or eighty years ago, everybody was talking about Creevey, and speculating what office he would get when the Whigs came into power." Not that he had remained quite unrecorded, for Greville drew a pen-portrait of him, which has excited the curiosity of at least a few readers of the *Journals*. The subject of it, a man of obscure origin, was educated at Cambridge, read law at Gray's Inn, entered Parliament in 1802 as member for the pocket borough of Thetford, and the same year married a widow, well connected and of comfortable fortune. This fortune passed from him on the death of his wife in 1818. But Creevey had excellent health, unfailing good spirits, and a wealth of friends and acquaintances. He passed from one great house to another,

always a welcome, indeed a sought-for guest. "He is certainly a living proof," writes Greville in 1829, "that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth."

Occasionally for brief periods a diarist and always the most indefatigable of correspondents, — especially in the letters which he wrote almost daily to his step-daughter, Miss Elizabeth Ord, for nearly a score of years, — Creevey is a very lively and complete chronicler of the political and social gossip of his time. Broadly speaking, literature, science, or art interested him not at all, though of course a diner-out in such request often met, with more or less pleasure, personages of other worlds than that which governs and that which amuses itself. Politically he was a Whig of Radical proclivities, and a thoroughgoing partisan. "I scarcely know an earthly blessing," he writes in 1804, "I would purchase at the expense of those sensations I feel towards the incomparable Charley;" such devotion to his leader being mingled with virulent abuse of Pitt, even when the hand of Death was upon him. But not all the epithets in Creevey's rich and varied store of vituperation were reserved for the party in power; there was never-ending strife among the members of the Opposition, — one cause that it remained the Opposition through so many weary years. Like his friend Sheridan, Creevey was among the habitual guests at the Pavilion while the Prince was the hope of the Whigs; but his liking for "Prinney" speedily vanished when the Regent retained his father's ministers. His former adherent's disgust at the whole squalid business of the Queen's trial was sincere enough, though his letters show plainly that the desire to make political capital out of the miserable affair was the sole aim of Caroline's leading

by the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart., M. P. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

¹ *The Creevey Papers*: a Selection from the Correspondence and Diaries of the late Thomas Creevey, M. P. Born 1768 — Died 1838. Edited

advocates. As an extreme Whig, Creevey of course "hated" (and attacked) the Wellesleys, a hatred that personal intercourse dissipated. He was living in Brussels during the Hundred Days and when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and was treated then and later with the utmost friendliness by the Duke, who apparently, like so many others, found this aggressive Radical an agreeable companion. Creevey's vivid, unstudied record of the Duke's conversation and conduct before and after the battle shows the literal truth of his summing up years later: "Nothing could do a conqueror more honor than his gravity and seriousness at the loss of lives he had sustained, his admission of his great danger, and the justice he did his enemy."

Whatever his theories as to political reform, socially, Creevey was content to take the world as he found it, to amuse and be amused. The side-lights he throws on men and manners are always of interest. One single instance of a change in two directions may be quoted. Writing of Lady Darlington, — a Second Mrs. Tanqueray of 1820, — he finds her faultless in dress and demeanor; but happening to have with her a somewhat prolonged tête-à-tête, he says "the cloven foot appeared. I don't mean more than that tendency to *slang*," which he thinks a person of that sort can never entirely get over. Mr. Creevey and some of his friends often used great license in language, but, as the editor comments, "if swearing was reckoned a grace in male conversation, slang was pronounced a disgrace among ladies." When the day of the Whigs finally came, Creevey was past sixty, and had lost his seat in Parliament, but offices were conferred upon him which made easy his last years, and quite softened his tone regarding those in authority. He was keenly curious respecting "our little Vic," and bears testimony to her amiability, simplicity, and homeli-

ness in private, her dignity and distinction in public, her good sense and strong will. "What is to become of her, or how she is to turn out, who shall say?" The height to which she was destined to raise the Monarchy from the seemingly hopeless disrepute in which the sons of George III had left it would have appeared a wild imagination to the writer.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's work as editor, in selection, comment, and annotation, is exceedingly well done, and wins the gratitude of the reader. In one case we note that he fails to correct Creevey's misspelling of a name, that of Eliza Linley, and indeed shows an imperfect acquaintance with the history of Sir Joshua's St. Cecilia, whose beauty has been transmitted to the fourth and fifth generations, for he confounds that lovely singer with her successor, Hester Ogle, the Mrs. Sheridan of these memoirs.

Lord Francis Leveson Gower (later Lord Ellesmere), the younger son of that great Highland chieftainess, the Countess-Duchess of Sutherland, very early in life became a devoted admirer of the Duke of Wellington, and various circumstances promoted an intimacy between them, which continued unbroken till the Duke's death. Lord Francis had many attractive personal qualities, and undoubtedly won from the elder man so unusual a degree of confidence and affection as to give to his *Reminiscences of the Duke*¹ a quite peculiar interest and value. He drew not only upon his recollection, but often from a diary whose records are vivid and to the point. There are bits of illuminating detail as to the great man's habits, manners, tastes, sentiments, and beliefs, occasional reminiscences of his own, and a full account of his oversight of the article written by Lord Francis for the *Quarterly*, in "refutation of Alison's nonsense on the subject of Waterloo." It is amusing to note that Wellington had jumped to the conclusion that the historian was a Whig

Ellesmere, by his daughter ALICE, COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

¹ *Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington*. By FRANCIS, FIRST EARL OF ELLESMERE. Edited, with a Memoir of Lord

"hired to depreciate and defame him," and the reviewer had some difficulty in convincing him that Alison, "that pompous compiler from gazettes," sincerely admired the Duke, but admired himself a good deal more. The brief introductory sketch of Lord Ellesmere, and especially the too few letters of his quoted therein, give a most agreeable impression of a man, whose literary and artistic tastes and manifold good works would probably have made him the subject of a much more extended memoir, if he had died nearer to our day of the ever ready biographer.

A sometime companion - in - arms of Colonel Arthur Wellesley in India was Captain George Elers, who late in life wrote memoirs¹ covering the years of his military service, which ended in 1811. Captain Elers was a nephew of the Miss Elers with whom Richard Lovell Edgeworth, at the age of nineteen, eloped to Gretna Green, and their daughter Maria seems to have remembered her cousin kindly, as letters here given show. His father having lost his fortune, young Elers had neither money nor influence to assist him in his profession, wherein he differed, as in most other things, from his friend Colonel Wellesley, and he finally, in a fit of pique (or, as he says, despair), was foolish enough to resign his commission, while the great war was still overshadowing Europe. He doubtless would have proved a brave soldier had chance ever given him an opportunity to show his mettle, and his descriptions of military life have sometimes a good deal of interest, though the scribe is the most commonplace of men. An officer's life in India a century ago seems curiously like the accounts of it to-day, with one important difference, — the custom of dueling. Concerning this, the tragic tales Captain Elers tells almost rival those that come to us from the German army of to-day.

Perhaps a hundred years hence those may seem as strange to German readers.

Very pleasant glimpses of English society in early Victorian days are given in the home letters of Mrs. George Bancroft,² written during her husband's service as American Minister. The lady is quick-sighted, sensible, open-minded, and intensely interested in the new world opened to her under such favorable auspices, and she writes easily, unpretentiously, and always readably. It is largely a record of that abounding and delightfully well-ordered English hospitality in town and country shown to her by new friends whose names are a part of the history of their time, political, social, or literary. The visitor finds that for the thorough enjoyment of the great world, "mere fine ladyism will not do, or prosy bluism," but "a healthy, practical, and extensive culture" is needed, as well as an easy use of several languages, and she is rather surprised at the number of women she meets having such qualifications. She notes, too, the simple, unaffected manners of personages of high position, which makes society something like a large family party; also the subordinate position held therein by the young, — a contrast to all American usages. She describes with some humor the etiquette of the servants' hall, finally realizing the enviable position and privileges of the butler and lady's maid, but never quite mastering the division of labor between the upper and under housemaid, though the upper patiently explains that she does only "the top of the work." She finds there are Anglicisms as well as Americanisms, but she goes on to say, "The upper classes here do *speak* English so roundly and fully, that it pleases my ear amazingly." On reaching the last page the reader is sorry that Mr. Bancroft's term of office should have been so brief.

S. M. F.

¹ *Memoirs of George Elers, Captain in the 12th Regiment of Foot (1777-1842)*. Edited by Lord MONSON and GEORGE LEVESON GOWER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

² *Letters from England, 1846-1849*. By ELIZABETH DAVIS BANCROFT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

VICTUALS AND DRINK IN JANE AUSTEN

HAVE you ever observed, in reading Miss Austen, how frankly and frequently people eat? They are unashamed of food, soberly putting through a full day's victualing. They breakfast none too early, for Catherine Morland on her first morning at Northanger is awakened by the sun at the cheery hour of eight; and it is a hardship worthy of note that William Price, entering on his lieutenancy, must be up and off by half-past nine. The breakfast menu is slurred over for the most part. In the leisurely breakfast-room of Northanger Abbey, that humorous old scoundrel, General Tilney, sips his cocoa and reads his newspaper. At Mansfield they breakfast on eggs and cold pork, for William and Crawford are breezily off and away, after the manner of gentlemen, leaving their cluttered plates of shells and bones for Fanny to cry over.

If breakfast is a somewhat unemphatic meal, not so the mid-morning collation, always served to visitors. These refreshments vary in kind and quality. While Miss Crawford plays away the morning, harping to Edmund Bertram, her attendant brother-in-law assiduously plies the sandwich-tray, — love is not above bread and butter. Even the indecently humble Miss Bates can offer a caller sweet cake or baked apples from the buffet. But this is mere sit-about-as-you-please refreshment; at Pemberley, the abundance of the feast calls for more decorum. The “entrance of the servants with cold meat, cake, and a variety of all the finest fruits in season,” interrupts a most awkward and chilly call. Yielding up the ghost of conversation, the company cheerfully gathers around the table loaded with “beautiful pyramids of grapes, nectarines, and peaches,” well worth the price of a bad half-hour.

Dinner is a meal of which the hour is not exactly determined, seeming to be shoved at pleasure to one side or the other of four o'clock. At dinner the stand-by is mutton. There is a surfeit of mutton in English literature. It is boiled mutton usually, too. Now, boiled mutton is to my mind a poor sort of dish, unsuggestive, boldly and flagrantly nourishing — a most British thing; it will never gain a foothold on the American stomach or imagination. But the Austenite must e'en eat it. Roast mutton is a different thing. You might know Emma Woodhouse would have roast mutton rather than boiled; it is to roast mutton and rice pudding that the little Knightleys go scampering home through the wintry weather.

The manner of serving dinner arouses some questioning. Mrs. Bennet does not invite Bingley to dinner impromptu, “for though she always kept a very good table, she did not think anything less than two courses could be good enough for a man on whom she had such anxious designs, or satisfy the appetite and pride of one who had ten thousand a year.” The two-course dinner with which Jane's lover was afterward honored comprised venison, soup, partridges, and, I surmise, dessert. One queries at just what item in the menu the dinner was broken into two courses.

Dinner over and the gentlemen's wine-drinking done, the company must have tea and coffee in the drawing-room, served with substantial accompaniment of cake. Coffee would appear to have been an unfeminine thing, for it never appears in the after-dinner equipage unless there are gentlemen present. The tea function varies in formality. At ceremonious Mansfield it is ushered in by “solemn procession, headed by Baddeley, of tea-board, urn, and cake-bearers.” It is all much prettier and cosier at Long-

bourn, where Jane Bennet makes the tea, and Elizabeth pours the coffee.

But the most savory meal in Jane Austen is the supper that rounds off a social evening. No hungry balls for Jane Austen's doughty dancers, but draw up and sit down, all of you, and eat in earnest of cold ham and chicken, rout-cakes and ices, and if you are a frail-strung Fanny be flushed and "feverish with hopes and fears, soup and negus." These are ball-room refreshments; for utter toothsome-ness commend me to a little Woodhouse supper, when the "table is set out in the drawing-room and moved forward towards the fire," — suggestive, this last. It warms the very palate to read of that minced chicken, the scalloped oysters, the apple tarts, the custard, the wine, the muffin. There is nothing niggardly about Emma Woodhouse: husbands for Harriet or food for the hungry, she is always a good provider.

Thus the day's eating. However, you must still, if you would fulfill your whole duty, sip a glass of warmed wine before you go to bed and sink into the deep slumber of the bountifully nourished.

For the most part Jane Austen treats food frankly *qua* food, aliment for aliment's sake and no bones about it, but the victualing of character may be put to more subtle use. The fluctuations of the appetite may indicate an emotional crisis. I reckon up four notable heroines who promptly "go off their food" under amatory discomforts. Of these Marianne Dashwood is the most prominent, of course, — perfectly proper of Marianne. Yet one sympathizes with Mrs. Jennings's misdirected attentions, — poor Mrs. Jennings, who cannot "cure a disappointment in love by a variety of sweetmeats and olives and a good fire"! Perfidious Willoughby, to work such havoc with a young lady's digestion! Marianne Dashwood *could* not eat, but Jane Fairfax *would* not. Don't tell me she could not have choked down her mutton and saved a solicitous aunt and grandmamma much anxiety, if she had

wanted to! I never did like Jane, — she was close-mouthed and contrary, and I don't believe she was nearly so pretty as Emma.

Even that buoyant child, Catherine Morland, can be laid low by love, and when reproved for some chatter about the beatific French bread of Northanger, replies from utter heights of woe, "It is all the same to me what I eat."

But the love-versus-nutrimment motive has fullest treatment in the story of Fanny Price. Quite early in the history of her heart we find that when nipped at her rival's attentions, this sensitive maiden, if cousin Edmund is not there to mix her bedtime wine and water, "would rather go without it than not." I am glad that Miss Austen is not above sustaining the most spirituelle of her heroines on this nightcap toddy.

To me the most agonizing scenes to which Miss Austen ever works herself up are those that picture Fanny Price's visit home. Here Miss Austen for once tries to harrow, tries to do her worst, — and that worst is — disgusting food, supreme emblem and expression of the sordidness, vulgarity, and shiftlessness of the family of Price. With positive revulsion the novelist draws that nauseating picture of "the table, cut and notched by her brothers, where stood the tea-board never thoroughly cleaned, the cups and saucers wiped in streaks, the milk a mixture of motes floating in thin blue, and the bread and butter growing every minute more greasy than even Rebecca's hand had first produced it." This after the venison haunches of Mansfield! It is starvation or surrender with Fanny now, and if Crawford had not misbehaved, dear knows what might have happened! When a delicately reared heroine is reduced to a diet of baker's buns, it is enough to drive the most faithful heart to matrimony. It must have gone hard with Miss Austen to starve a heroine, for, like Emma Woodhouse, Miss Austen is a good provider. Sometimes you might think her more careful after the stomachs of her people

than after their souls,—so much the better for them and for her.

THE BOVINE CLUB

A Society conducted on Gladstonian Principles

Fired with a zeal for achieving sound health, certain ladies have started a club called the "Organized Ruminators," or "Bovine Club." William E. Gladstone is naturally their patron saint, for did he not chew every mouthful thirty-two times, and retain his faculties in full vigor until he was more than eighty years of age?

We resolved to do likewise, and in the enthusiasm of the hour it seemed as if we were attempting an easy task. We had observed the success attained by the unscientific in the discussion of tutti-frutti gum, in the trains and trolleys, and we rashly inferred that the true Gladstonian doctrine could be carried out at the hospitable board with the same ease.

Alas! We were reckoning without our host, or rather without our host's butler, a much more important person. It may seem a simple thing, to those who have not tried, to paraphrase Mark Twain, and to

Chew, my sisters, chew with care,
Chew in the presence of the black butler.

But it is not. That solemn functionary regulates the length, I am tempted to say the shortage, of a course, on mystic principles known only to the cook and himself, but possibly having some connection with meals in the servants' hall. His calculations are by no means based on a unit of thirty-two to one. Unless you hold firmly on to your plate with both hands,—and this proceeding society does not look upon favorably,—he will whisk it dextrously away, when you have reached point seven, let us say.

All of us do not, it is true, possess butlers in solemn black. But even the humble maid-servant of the suburbs has her rights, to say nothing of her young man

waiting in the kitchen. It is found that a dinner absorbed on Gladstonian principles produces a cloud on the brow of the waitress, an admonitory rattling of dishes in the pantry, followed, perhaps, by a week's warning given next day.

Difficult as the members of the new society find it to face the frozen butler and his ilk, they find it even harder to pursue correct principles of mastication, and at the same time maintain conversation as a fine art. How and when did Mr. Gladstone deliver himself of his thoughts during the progress of a meal? How did he answer questions? or did he maintain a silence as of pastoral glades, broken only by faint bovine echoes? Doubtless in the bosom of his own family the great man would have replied to a question inopportunely asked by his better half, "My dear—seventeen," or whatever number he had reached in his progress to the correct thirty-two. Should his noble example ever be followed by the world in general, we might dare say this to a neighbor, or make the necessary signs in the finger language. But the brave pioneers of the Bovine Club hesitate to do this, lest they be thought deaf and dumb or crazy.

It is said that English dinner-tables are surrounded by a rather sad and silent company, which we can well believe, if all are bent on performing faithfully the Gladstonian act. For if you speak before you reach thirty-two there is a manifest danger of losing count. It does not add liveliness to the conversation, if your next-door neighbor asks you a question, say at the eighth point, and you maintain a stony silence until you have dispatched that mouthful.

Conscientious persons must also take into consideration the case of their companions. The gentleman next me, with one eye on the flitting butler and vanishing plates, has doubtless begun on his next campaign of food-trituration. Shall I interrupt him with a frivolous answer and perhaps cause him to lose his reckoning? Perish the thought!

Possibly Sir Thomas More and the

great men of earlier days, who listened to reading aloud at their meals, were prehistoric Gladstonians. In Henry James's new book, *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*, we find that Lady Stowell thus rebuked Walter Savage Landor for trying to engage her in talk. "For the love of God let me alone and don't bother me so, Mr. Landor; I don't know what I'm eating." Thackeray has a similar anecdote, it will be remembered, of an alderman eating turtle. In a society regarding its food with such earnest concentration of thought, it was evidently an easier task for Mr. Gladstone to introduce his principles than it is for his humble followers in America.

The Bovine Club find, moreover, a lack of detail in his statements. Thirty-two grindings of the dental mill to every mouthful. This historic utterance is in the grand style certainly. But how about soup? And what is the proper size of a bite? After careful experiment, our society has voted unanimously to make a difference between the small bite and the large bite, just as between the long haul and the short haul.

Another point on which the English Oracle fails to enlighten us is as to the rate of speed,—the quickness of the stroke, as the oarsmen have it. Should we imitate Harvard's thirty-five to the minute, or should we adopt the longer, slower, more successful stroke of Yale? Doubtless something must depend on the age and agility of the butler, as well as on the appetite of the diner-out. A stout, elderly functionary of rheumatic tendencies might permit the slow sweep of Eli's oars—or here we should say jaws—provided it were not his "hevening hout." But a young, brisk butler-waitress would wear the crimson of Johnny Harvard.

The stroke of the oarsmen is set by the coxswain, as all the world knows,—a young, small, slim, and hungry person, who sits at the training-table with the crew, in order that they may prevent him from eating. He must, perforce, be a "lean and hungry Cassius," for otherwise

he would weigh too much in the boat.

When Gladstonian principles begin to prevail it would be highly convenient to borrow one of these captains of athletics, from the nearest university. Being accustomed to speak, or, more exactly, to roar, and not to eat, what could be more congenial to his taste than to attend elegant dinner-parties, and, seated in the place of honor, to give the word of command?

Thus when the fish course was brought in he could arise in his place, and say, "Now, then, fellows—I mean ladies and gentlemen—Now—Now—Now!" A judicious coxswain could of course "hit up the stroke" if he noted impatience in the eye of the butler, or if the kitchen-maid made signals of distress from the butler's pantry, denoting the falling of the omelette soufflé. He would also keep his eagle eye on old gentlemen pulling an irregular stroke, and admonish such offenders in the gentle language universally used by athletes.

"In union there is strength," and the Bovine Club, undismayed by the difficulties of their present task, look fondly forward to the day when, led by youth of genius, all sensible people shall chew in unison, at the rate of thirty-two to one, corrected time, and shall live to be a hundred as a necessary consequence.

ON READING ALOUD

There appears to be a generally cherished household belief that reading aloud is of itself a virtuous domestic exercise. It has, no doubt, its value as a social expedient for "keeping the boys at home," or for mitigating the *ennui* of such as must sew or darn of an evening. It affords a practical method of diffusing information among the greater number at the expense of one pair of eyes; as well as of lulling the aged or infirm to that luxurious slumber which is likely to be insured by the assiduous wakefulness of somebody else. That is a charming picture of the united family gathered about

the hearth while paterfamilias reads aloud. It really does not matter, so far as the attractiveness of the group is concerned, what he is reading; it may be the *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Sherlock Holmes*, or the latest number of the *Ladies' Domestic Twaddler*. Never mind. The fact remains that father is reading aloud.

Now I do not wish to scoff at any institution, or even at any theory, so venerable. I do wish to suggest, however, that comparatively few books are fit to be read aloud. One may make a reasonable contention to the effect that all literature should have a vocable and audible quality; but the fact remains that outside of poetry there are few forms of literature which are not as well or better off without the interposition of the voice. The reason appears to be that a printed page empowers the ear with a faculty of rapid hearing. The inward ear may receive an impression quite as surely as the outward ear, and far more rapidly. Printed words represent sound rather than form to most people; and this is at first an obstacle to the attainment of pace in reading. Many persons never lose the sense of literature as printed speech, and consequently read a book aloud almost as fast as they read it to themselves. They would like to read it quite as fast, and their attempt results in that hurrying monotone which is characteristic of most family reading. The voice is not really called upon to exert itself intelligently. It is merely made use of to *suggest print*; an odd retaliation of the eye. Such reading is nothing better than a labor-saving makeshift. It does not interpret, it only makes a clumsy conveyance. The process is amusingly complicated, if we follow it from the first conception of the author's mind to the final interpretation of the reader. A sentence, we will say, suggests itself to some person's mind as speech. He makes a record of it in writing, which is rendered more legible and available by print. This record the eye is able to reconvert into material for the inward ear

to deal with. But the eye acts rapidly, and is all the time urging the inward ear to shake off the sloth of the outward ear, and to get on with the business in hand. Consequently, the inward ear becomes impatient of its clumsier fellow, and prefers to rely directly on that brisk official, the eye. The voice is first embarrassed by this impatience, then discouraged. It finds that a rough and hasty appeal to the outward ear serves; thence an impression is communicated to the inward eye, by means of which, in turn, the inward ear is able to make a satisfactorily rapid interpretation of what the original speaker was saying.

I am afraid this sounds a good deal like a bit of amateur psychology; but I lean toward the hope that there is common sense in the speculation, notwithstanding. I should draw two deductions from it: the first, that no literature is worth reading aloud which will endure a markedly greater pace than the voice is capable of making intelligible; the second, that only persons who are capable of interpreting literature by means of the voice ought, unless for social or practical purposes, to read aloud at all. Literature has a right to be interpreted, and not merely made vocal.

It is clear that poetry most naturally lends itself to reading aloud; for it is essentially musical and compact, and so pregnant in substance as to make hurried reading out of the question. Beyond this, the briefer prose forms are most amenable. Whatever is most compact, whatever is most dramatic, or, better, most lyrical, is made for *viva voce* treatment. A letter, an entry or two in some diary, a chapter of autobiography, a few pages of Jane Austen, a humorous short story, a chapter of the *Autocrat*, — these offer the readiest voice-hold to the family interpreter. A half hour of such reading may be one of the happiest of daily episodes. It sets no premium upon mere indolence; it interferes in no serious way with the liberties of the family circle. It does absolutely the best that can be done for the

interpretation of the purer forms of literature. It reserves the other forms (and the modern reader has, also, to concern himself largely with these) for the individual reader, who may profitably decide for himself whether the special instance calls upon him to peruse, to skim, or to skip; and at what pace. The experienced reader, in short, is an artist, and, like other artists, attains his highest powers only when he has learned what to subordinate, to slight, or to omit. The unhappy person whose conscience will not let him refuse an equally deliberate consideration of every six inches of black and white that comes his way may be an excellent husband and father, a meritorious lawyer or merchant, a model citizen: he is certainly not a good reader.

SWINDLING AND NEWSPAPER- ADVERTISING

It will have to be fought somehow. It will have to be conquered somehow. For it has grown to be a public menace, — this SWINDLING THROUGH NEWSPAPER-ADVERTISING.

What is the best method of contending with the menace? How shall the Public get at the Newspaper Proprietor and the Newspaper Business Manager who stand ready to take the money for every line of fraudulent advertising that is offered them? Is there any means of punishing or restraining the man who prints advertising that he knows is nothing other than an absolute swindle?

Few outside the journalistic profession have an idea of the immense sums drawn out of the public each year through the medium of newspaper advertisements, heralding wild-cat mining schemes, "get rich quick" enterprises, and the multitude of "stock," prize-puzzle, and "development" snares. But of them all, the bogus mining or "investment" device undoubtedly leads the van as a swift bringer-home of the coin.

The spirit and fibre of the class that patronize these schemes are represented

in the words of a citizen from central Illinois, whose acquaintance I made a few years ago, while doing newspaper work in Chicago: —

"Yes," he confessed to me, in a burst of philosophical confidence, "I tackle every patent medicine as comes along. Been at it forty years, an' I 'low if my 'innards' holds out, I'm good for a few years more."

He was a member of a vast clientage, this corn-fed enthusiast, — the unnumbered thousands who will send on their money the moment they conclude that the particular thing is "well advertised."

The promoter of a bogus enterprise understands this peculiarity of that portion of the public he seeks, and instead of inch items he announces "The Rising-Star Ebenezer-African Mining, Development and Ameliorating Corporation, Limited" in advertisements that cover solid pages in the daily newspapers. This is the peg of the successful advertising swindle: Show the "come-on" that it is "well advertised" and he will throw in what ready cash he has, mortgage his house and lot, and then make himself a missionary for "The Rising-Star Ebenezer-African" among the army of his wife's relations. When the wife's relations throughout the country have been rounded up and have yielded over everything but their immortal souls, "The Rising-Star Ebenezer," etc., goes into the hands of a receiver, and the divisions and brigades of maternal relatives — may think it over. The "Rising-Star" is never heard of again. Some months after, when things have "quieted down," the promoter of that institution suddenly flares forth as the "Wind and Water Promoting and Pyrotechnical Company" "controlling umteen million acres in Popotalego County, Salt River, Jumping-off-place." Again, the solid newspaper page. Again, what shekels the mourners of "Rising-Star Ebenezer-African" have managed in the interim to save or borrow!

In the course of a recent information

quest in Boston's State Street, the centre of her financial operations, I was referred to a certain statistician as the man who could, more accurately than any one else, give me the figures upon the annual volume of financial deals. To him, I put this question: "Can you make a guess as to the losses of Boston and New England during the past ten years in wild-cat speculation?"

His answer was: "I think I am safe in saying that if I should compute the statistics it would figure up fully five hundred million."

And it was the Newspaper Advertisement that was the principal avenue of the takers of this \$500,000,000 in reaching their clients. Of these miles of newspaper columns, it may be hazarded that at least one third were fraudulent on their face. Newspaper Business Managers accepted those advertisements, and Newspaper Proprietors allowed those advertisements to continue to be published when they knew, or criminally neglected easy means of knowing, that those advertisements were but the announcements of gigantic swindles.

What is true of Boston, which is a noted centre for financial schemes, is true of New York and Chicago, or any other large city. Incidents illustrating actual newspaper-swindling operations in Boston are typical. Here is one of the incidents:—

Some months ago, the Boston press was flooded with page announcements of an "oil company." The men back of this "company" were known by reputation, or personally, to even the routine local reporters of Boston. One of these men had been repeatedly cited into the Poor Debtors' Court. Coming to Boston, a few years ago, from a Western state, he had started his financial career in the East by mortgaging a piece of pasture land for a few thousand dollars. Then by successive mortgage raising he ultimately ran his string of mortgages up to \$150,000! And all out of a piece of pasture land. Another official in this precious "company"

had been a leading official in a swindle by which so many thousands were duped. — This for the biographical.

The Boston dailies ran the advertisements, which in ingenious and artful eloquence dilated upon the acres and acres of "holdings" of "oil lands" in a South-western state, the wells that were being sunk, and the wondrous prospects of "commercial oil." The speedily acquired means enabled the promoters of this concern to page-advertise in the dailies of New York, Chicago, and other great cities. Money was coming into the Boston headquarters in an unceasing tide. The advertising was distributed over the country by a Boston advertising agency, and, as a rule, Proprietors and Business Managers of Newspapers were ready, and did publish every penny's worth of this "oil company's" advertising that was offered them.

Now, what were the facts regarding this "oil company"?

The facts were that it did not own an acre of commercial oil land, and that it did not dispose of a gill of commercial oil.

Any Newspaper Manager could have so satisfied himself within twenty-four hours by wiring the local correspondent of his paper or the representative of the Associated Press in that portion of the country where the "holdings" were alleged to be located. But — these Newspaper Proprietors and Business Managers did n't wire. They did n't want to wire. Wiring for that information was n't popular! The advertisements suggested enough, and, bidding his conscience, "Be silent, little trembler!" the eager Business Manager gleefully rubbed his hands, and wondered how long the "graft" would continue. — It should be said, and said to its distinguished honor, that, of the Boston dailies which were offered these columns of "oil" advertising, just one Boston daily did refuse! Nor is that daily, which is, and justly, celebrated for its editorial and business office dignity and probity, a feeble and unprofitable sheet, but it is and has long been, with a

single exception, the greatest dividend-payer of any newspaper in Boston. So there is at least one instance of honest journalism paying financially!

But what of the "oil company"? As usual, — after the "come-ons" had been nursed along from one variety of its "stock" to another, and every cent that the promoters figured could be wrung out was wrung, — the next ring was to ring down the curtain. A brief newspaper dispatch, one morning, from the "field of operations" in the Southwest told of the Boston "oil company" going to pieces, and the appointment of a receiver. It may be remarked in passing, as an instance of man's sublime faith in man, that there still are men and women investors in this "company" who have hopes!

The above incident has been cited solely because it is typical. There was nothing especially novel in the way this gigantic scheme was worked. It was "the same old tune in the same old way," and the typical class of gullibles joyously paid for hearing the inspiring strains of its favorite national air.

BROKEN GLASS AND ORANGE PEEL

My middle-aged friend Gratiano, being an *animalier* rather than a prosy philanthropist, has set out to reform human manners and customs on behalf of the courteous friendly beasts. In the country he hunts for fragments of bottles as persons of other minds hunt for lunar moths, four-leaved clover, and *Lactarius deliciosus*. Every glisten in the road suspends his conversation, and draws the soul out of his eyes; he growls, pounces, retrieves, and presently inserts his ugly nugget of glass in the crevices of the next stone wall, or jabs it viciously, with a stick, deep into a bank of mud. You are to understand that this proceeding is protective; it is part of the ritual of his passion for dogs: his own big dog, your dog, and dogs alien, distant, and unborn.

Again, Gratiano dedicates no inconsiderable number of minutes during the week (to the chagrin of his family and friends) in applying the toe of his boot to banana or orange peel dropped in the city streets. He curvets obliquely and hurriedly from your side, bringing himself to a standstill among wheels and cracking whips; then he deftly and elegantly shies the offending object into its haven close under the curbstone, and returns, to take up his interrupted paradox. If there be two pulpless skins, he repeats the gesture with an impassioned lightning-like kick; his gymnastics will never cease so long as, literally, they bear fruit. Gratiano excuses this singular urban industry, if pressed on the subject, by saying that he pursues it on principle, for the sake of law and order, also of horses; but it is debatable whether some demon of unreason does not impel him to attack garbage as soon as spied, even as it repeatedly forced Dr. Johnson to number the Fleet Street posts, touching each of them with his benighted fist as he passed.

It seems to be part of Gratiano's philosophy to take account of the fact that peel is a singularly visible object. He plays up, as actors say, to this fact. As along his line of march, down town, peel always gets into the gutter, that tends to make gutters look as if there, and there only, were the happy predestined home of peel; and so, by a long, patient, suggestive process, the good diplomatic Gratiano arranges that all folk of that neighborhood shall shortly begin to throw peel where they have seen it lying all their lives! Lastly, as boys and girls, teamsters and hoodlums are as repetitive by nature as sheep or the Chinese mind, in due time every scrap of wasted civic peel, the world over, must attach itself to the circumjacent gutter, and menace nevermore any traveling creature. But ages before the reformation of Young America in these public particulars is complete, Gratiano will have gone to Paradise, to be embarrassed throughout his new and

more passive career by the effusive soft-nosed thanks of myriad dogs and horses who have brought away their full quota of four sound paws and four unbroken legs from the highways and byways of our perilous civilization.

ON WRITING FOR THE CLUB

Why do we love so well these back pages? Why do we convene here regularly, happy in this obscure company of literary nonentities? Is it not because here, in the common parlance of the day, we "get together," you and I of literary aspiration; express our opinions freely and quite informally; use the personal pronoun liberally, and, in fine, enjoy ourselves in the egotistic fancies of our own conceit? — all of which might be considered distinctly bad form, not to say vulgar, in that more formal and distinguished company gathered in the front pages. Those of us who have not as yet acquired that nicety of expression, or that elegance of style, *de rigueur* in the fashionable literary world of our time, and who, perhaps, do not as yet feel quite at ease in the more formal literary soirées of the day, nevertheless like much to sit here in this quiet ante-room, a little off the grand Salon, and breathe the rare and scented atmosphere environing its learned and aristocratic company, though we venture not our presence in their midst. Of course we have all had invitations, many of them, to be sure; and as for social standing, pooh! we could take our place with the best blood on the front page, but our modesty, our reserve, and, perhaps, a kindly thought of others who set more value by such trifles, deter us from claiming what is clearly our place. Candidly, fellow scribbler, speaking for myself, I am no great lover of formal gatherings, and find, among those persons assembled here in the modest obscurity of literary incognito, much pleasant and congenial company. Here we are protected from a vulgar notoriety, and from those offensive public attentions so annoying at the

larger "functions;" our names are not bawled out in stentorian tones to a gaping crowd the instant we enter the room. Here we may glide in quite unnoticed, almost imperceptibly in fact, and gossip vaguely and ramblingly on our favorite topics with any chance acquaintance, without fear of being stopped on the street the next morning by some man we hate, and asked if we really meant all that nonsense we said last night. When I consider these things, fellow scribbler, I sometimes wish we were all back in the days of literary incognito, when a man could say what he thought on a public occasion and not be immediately taken to task in a private capacity. In those good old days there was less formality and more individuality displayed at literary gatherings. For when nobody knew a man's name, but every one knew his personality, a man cared more to say what he thought than what people thought of what he said. Supposing the Saturday Reviewers might have been buttonholed by the first vulgar critic of the street and called to a reckoning, think you they would have concocted such splendid philippics?

Again — in those palmy days an essay was an essay. It was no cut-and-dried affair of so many words, with a determined beginning and a logical and ultimate end. A man was not supposed to start out with a theme, and viciously track it down with an all-pursuing and implacable logic until it was clearly exhausted, and then to baselessly murder it in some final and ultimate judgment, a dead and wholly undone thing, of no further service to mortal man. It was, as it claimed to be, an essay, — a slight attempt, a trial, a sort of feint at the subject. It was something like a good fox hunt. You usually started out from some definite point, one, if possible, happily commanding a large and comprehensive view of the surrounding country, but you were never supposed to confine your chase within the limits of your first view of the field. Your purpose was to enjoy yourself, and to follow the wily fox into whatever new or strange paths he might

lead you, being not too scrupulous either about cutting through the well-tilled fields of any thrifty husbandman if the way seemed promising, or seriously concerning yourself as to where or when the hunt should finally end. I don't think Addison, or Swift, or Lamb ever bothered really very much about any particular theme; they just let themselves play around one in a light, fanciful way, never considering it very seriously, but merely letting the vagaries of their wit touch it now and again, then roving off on long and happy parentheses, in a sort of prolonged detour about the subject. How think you they could otherwise have written such ample, not to say copious essays, without becoming tiresome? We follow the devious windings of their happy rambles because we never know just where they are going to turn up next, and what happy circumstance may enliven the occasion. Is it not this vagabond characteristic, combined with the delightful fascination of their personalities, which makes them such good company, and keeps our literary appetites whetted with impatience?

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT OF LITERATURE

Apropos of that able "Plea for the Typewriter" in the July Club, I have a piece of evidence in my possession. The firm favored by the flattering testimonial could not decide whether it was intended to advertise the typewriter or the writer. One member of the firm has a sense of humor, and has entrusted the letter to me for private circulation among my friends of the Contributors' Club. It is addressed

to "The Blitzen-speeder Typewriter Company," and speaks for itself:—

Out of gratitude for what the Blitzen-speeder has done for me I wish to state my reasons for preferring it to all other typewriters. It is easy to run, light, compact, convenient to carry about on one's travels. When I start on a journey I take my dress-suit case in one hand and my typewriter case in the other. I have no sooner seated myself in the train than I see a freak of some sort, or some person or thing worthy of honorable mention. I immediately remove my typewriter from its case, give the subject one quarter, one half, or one whole column, as it may deserve, mail my copy at the next station, and receive by return mail a check for from ten to twenty-five dollars. Such rapid and satisfactory results would be possible with no other machine on the market. I had labored for years with the old style, non-portable machine, all to no purpose. I was on the verge of starvation when a friend advised me to try the Blitzen-speeder. Since I began the use of that machine I have lived well, have paid all my debts, and have a snug sum of money in the bank. I have gained twenty pounds in weight, six inches in height, am in excellent health and spirits, and have had my picture in all the Sunday papers. I attribute my phenomenal success in literature entirely to the use of the Blitzen-speeder Typewriter. You may use this letter where it will do the most good. I wish to give honor where honor is due, and I have no desire to monopolize success.

Yours for rapid production,

REDDY RUYTER.